N.S.E.

Outdoor America

JANUARY, 1928

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

AN INTERNATIONAL PLAYGROUND

"I Nominate____"

Waltonians!

The League has adopted a new war cry . . . . . You have read it at the top of this page . . . . . "I nominate—" is going to become a famous phrase in Waltonism . . . . . You are urged to use it . . . . . Use it in connection with the names of your friends . . . . . Use it! . . . .

Use this slogan to spread Waltonism, to rally all the real red blooded Americans to the standard of this League. The blank is below. Now nominate!

Faithfully yours,

FRED H. DOELLNER,

General Manager, I.W.L.A.

Izaak Walton League of America,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Attention Mr. Doellner:

I believe in Waltonism, and I believe in the character and integrity of those whose names appear below. I believe the two—Waltonism and these men—should get together. I want them to know that I am a Waltonian, and I want them to become Waltonians. Tell them to either join a chapter or start one. Tell them I told you to tell them! And I'll tell them too!

"I Nominate_____"

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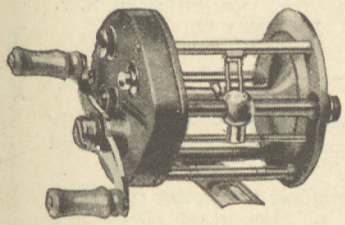

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

"If you want better fishing and shooting for yourself and your boys, go out and do what you can to put one million members into the Izaak Walton League. When that is true, you will have won your fight."
EMERSON HOUGH

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

Will You Fight to Save Our Outdoors?

Do you want your boys and girls to enjoy hunting, fishing and camping?

If so, use this coupon now.

Join This Great Movement Now!

Izaak Walton League, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.
Please tell me, without obligation or cost, how I may best aid in the campaign to save our outdoor heritage.

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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Editor

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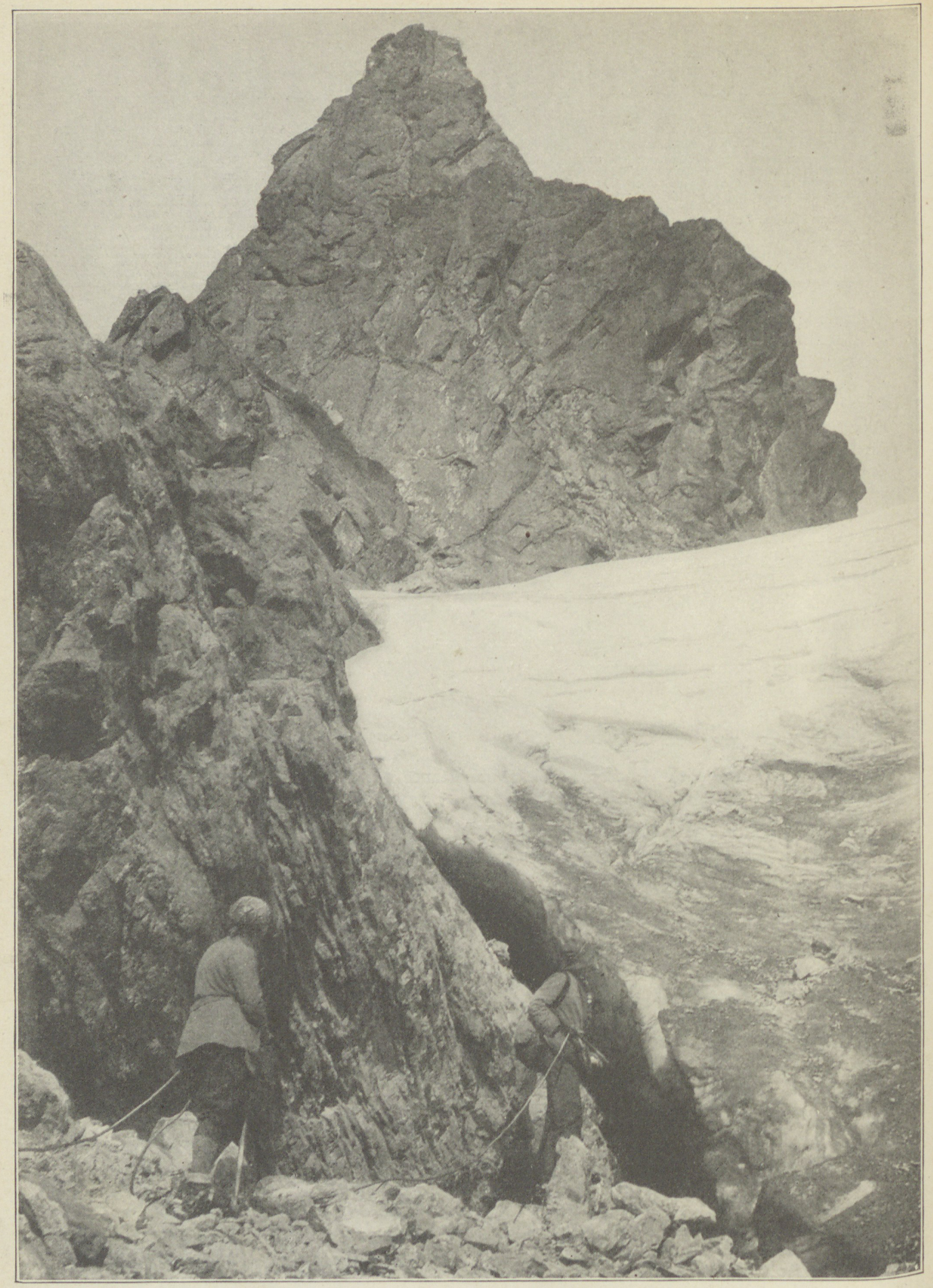

Photograph
by
Bert Huntoon

Mt. Shuksan, in the wilderness of Washington, formed ages ago when the earth was very young

Illustrating
"Our American Alps"
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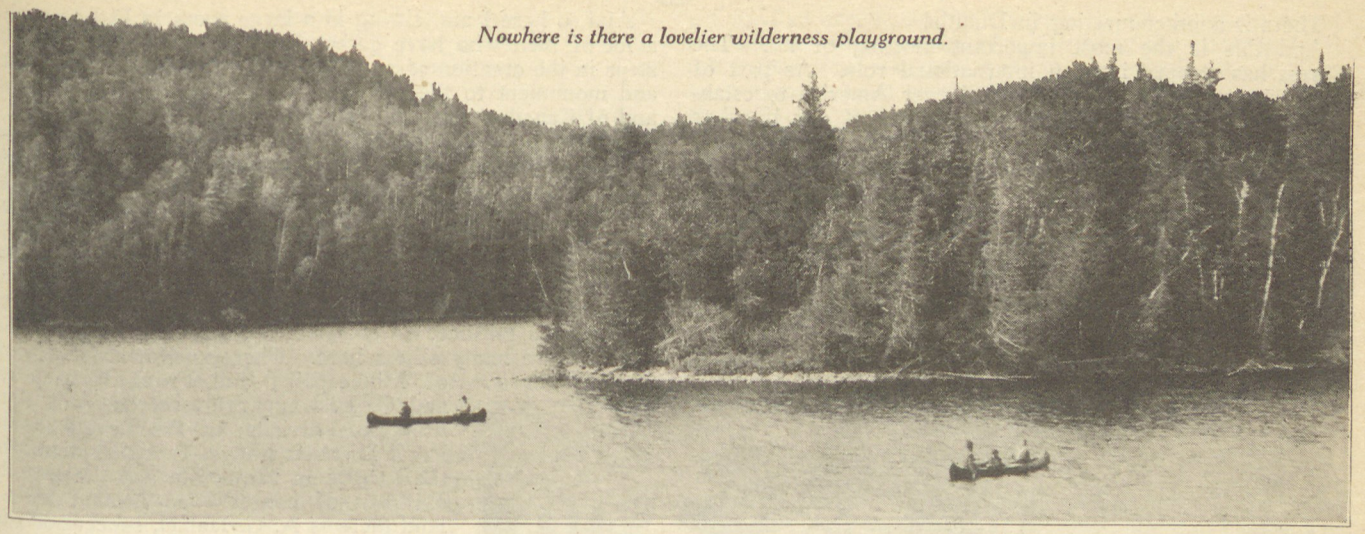


Nowhere is there a lovelier wilderness playground.

An International Playground

A new plan for development of the Superior-Quetico Wilderness

By DONALD HOUGH

IT is wonderful to go to sleep in Chicago and wake up in Duluth.

Chicago is a great sprawling thing surrounded by inane prairies and suburbs and colorless lowlands and an outdoor country the strength of which is typified by its major wild animal, the rabbit.

Overnight, by courtesy of the railroad, you reach a city that perches on a granite ledge of the north coast of Lake Superior, surrounded by big waves on one side and by big boulders on the other, and by pine forests that reach on until you come to the Eskimos.

A high rocky bluff virtually hangs over the head of this city. It is crowded against the bluff by the encroaching lake; it is forced to the rim of the water by the threat of the frowning hill. It overlooks the lake where mighty ore freighters breast fog and wave and ice, and men in oiled clothing face the worst of the elements.

Great ore docks jut out into the harbor, and mighty freighters steam toward Buffalo and other foreign parts, passing tugs full of lumberjacks on their way to Superior, Wis. Clouds of industrial smoke hover over St. Louis Bay and the canoe voyager coming down the river has to steer by compass.

I shall never forget Duluth. It was in Duluth for example, that I met Will H. Dilg, founder of the Izaak Walton League.

He had come from Florida, I from St. Paul, and we ploughed through monster snow drifts to meet men who had come from Illinois, from all parts of Minnesota, from Washington, D. C., from the north woods, from Denver, and from almost any place else you might mention—within reason.

There was a plan on foot to build roads through the Superior Forest, which lies a hundred miles or so—maybe three or four or maybe only one or two hundred—back of the frowning hill that threatens to fall down on the city of Duluth and that is really the edge of the north country that extends way to "hellengone" up near the north pole. We were attending a conference which with others piled on top of it resulted in withdrawing Federal support of the road program in order to *let the Superior remain a wilderness.*

That conference was national in character and helped settle a general policy of the United States government in the matter of public use of the National Forests all over America.

Then, in 1925 came another conference in the north, to which men came from all over the United States and Canada to protest against the proposed private use of the international boundary waters, and in this and in subsequent agitation against the same move, the Superior again jumped into the front line trenches of conservation.

What more could the Superior Forest do? It seemed to have reached its limit of service as the battlefield of conservation policies.

But here it is again!

This Resolution Was Passed

READ this. It is an important document in the progress of conservation, in the progress of outdoor recreation and of the use and disposition of our outdoors. It was adopted and passed unanimously by the meeting at Duluth on November 29.

RESOLUTION NO. 1.

RESOLVED: That this Meeting go on record as advocating and approving the following general principles for the preservation and development of the public-owned lands and waters of the Quetico Park, the Superior National Forest, and areas of like character contiguous thereto:

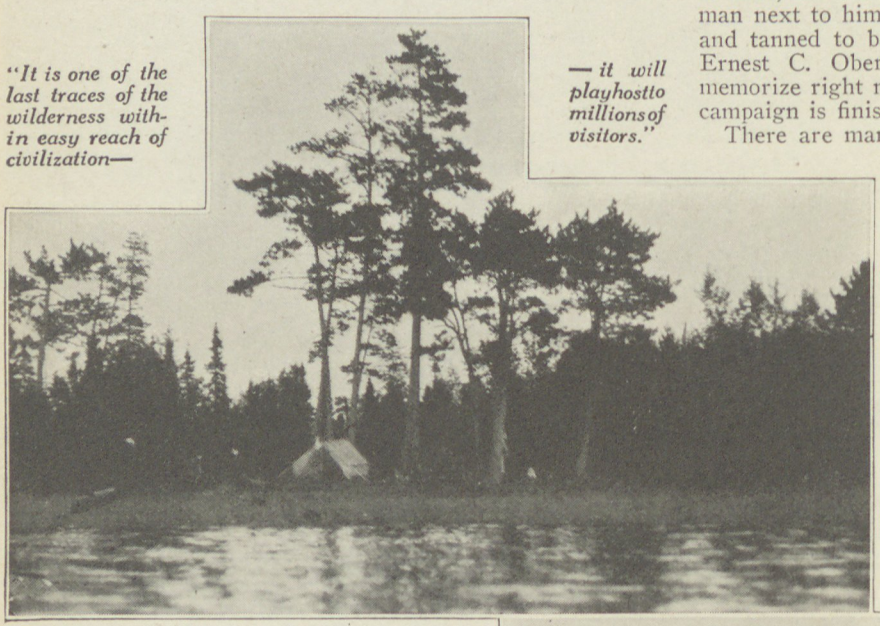
1. Hold inviolate the existing natural water levels and regulate in the public interest the levels already under artificial control of all lakes and navigable streams within the area designated.
2. Hold inviolate from logging the shorelines (including islands) of all lakes and navigable streams to a reasonable depth within said area.
3. Reforest such shorelines and other areas as will not reproduce desirable forest growth by natural processes.
4. Perpetuate the historical values, promote the recreational and tourist values, and preserve wild life in the area designated in such manner as will not be inconsistent with the foregoing general principles and the proper utilization and development of said area under modern forest practices.
5. In the development of this plan give due recognition to the taxation, mineral and agricultural problems of said region.
6. To carry forward these major objectives, a treaty should be negotiated between Canada and the United States looking toward a uniform policy in the administration of said region.

There is another meeting in Duluth!

And this is the most important meeting of all. The Forest has stepped into an international role. As part of the great movement under way all over America to establish outdoor recreation as a major phase of our life,—as part of the newer and broader significance of the outdoors as a playground for the people rather than as merely a hunting and fishing ground—the Superior Forest is to become the American half of a great international recreation area, the Canadian half of which will be the Quetico Provincial park—already one with the Superior topographically.

"It is one of the last traces of the wilderness within easy reach of civilization—

— it will playhostto millionsof visitors."



Camping, fishing, hunting, canoeing—all are to be found at their most satisfying best in this "most famous forest in all the world."

This is a tremendous undertaking. Although it seems to come out of a clear sky, it has been long in the making. As a culmination of long-considered plans, there has been feverish activity recently in the ranks of the League. Charles W. Folds, chairman of the Executive Committee, and Seth E. Gordon, Conservation Director, have just returned from Washington, where they had a series of conferences with government officials.

Ernest C. Oberholtzer of Ranier, a small town on the international boundary, came to Chicago with plans of his and of other Minnesotans for an international area. His plans were identical with those outlined by Mr. Gordon. He and those he represented at once "threw in" with the League, and he continued on from Chicago to Canada, empowered to act for all interests. He enlisted Canadian support. Arthur Hawkes, leading Canadian journalist, wrote a story which appeared in Canadian and American newspapers on November 26, enthusiastically suggesting the aid of all Canada. Said Mr. Hawkes in his first paragraph:

> "Probably the oddest episode in the history of foreign government acting cooperatively in the disposition of their own territory occurred in Sir James Whitney's time between Ontario and Minnesota. Nothing was said publicly about it then, and it is recalled now because the time is ripe for that forgotten precedent in diplomacy to be repeated on a bigger scale, by the setting aside as an international playground the whole of the Rainy Lake Watershed which is divided between the Canadian province and the American state."

News of the impending action was released through all American newspapers on the same day, stating that the League had called a conference in the matter, to be held at Duluth on November 29. All organizations were invited to send representatives; steps were taken to insure the presence of local settlers and those with commercial interests.

And so here I am, sitting in a large room in Duluth with a lot of men who have gathered together to take the first steps in the creation of an international outdoor playground and monument to the wilderness explorers of this country and of Canada. And this is a new idea under the sun.

In this room, sitting on a platform, is Seth Gordon, Conservation Director of the Izaak Walton League, with whom I have just come from Chicago. While waiting for things to start, for the meeting to open, he is conversing with the man next to him—a short man, good looking as he can be, and tanned to beat anything you ever saw. His name is Ernest C. Oberholtzer, and that's a name you'd better memorize right now, because you'll hear it often before this campaign is finished.

There are many others here. There is Howard Selover of Minneapolis, and Frank Hubachek, and O. L. Kaupanger, secretary of the Minnesota division of the League, and Prof. Dietrich Lange, first president of the League in Minnesota and the grand old man of conservation in that state. And there is A. G. Hamel, supervisor of the Superior Forest, and there are representatives of the Minnesota Conservation Council, and of the American Legion, and of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and of the Minnesota Game Protective Association and I don't know how many other organizations.

And in this room are rows and rows of chairs, filled with people. I know some of them. I know a lot of them. There are familiar faces from far off Grand Marais (which hopes some day to have a railroad), and there are several hardy pioneers who have carved homesteads out of the wilderness, and who speak with a French accent.

There is a gamewarden, and a dog musher (who I recall always drank a quart and a half of tea at noon) and a Congressman from Eveleth. These are Canadians, such as Mr. Preudhomme, City Solicitor of Winnipeg, and there are community leaders and Kiwanis men and distinguished people from other cities, and at least a dozen men in stagged pants and mackinaw shirts, from all parts of the woods. And these people all came to Duluth to take part in this meeting, because it affected the destinies of their country and of themselves.

The wind is swirling around the top of the great hill behind the city, and far back of that—far back, maybe a hundred miles, perhaps more—lies the great, dark Superior Forest. Moose are looking about for a good place to yard up, and beaver—countless beaver—are sighing contentedly over their stores of food for the winter as the thickening ice cracks and booms under the sweep of the cold out of the north. Deer are finding sheltered lowlands, and wolves

are looking forward to deeper snows so they can switch from rabbit to venison. Trappers have piled the wood to the eaves and have repaired their snowshoes; steam rises high above the waterfalls.

The great forest lies as black as ink for two hundred miles, and the breeze moans through the countless branches and twigs; it plays a million, billion, trillion symphonies among the needles of the spruce.

The forest doesn't know that it is causing so much commotion. It can't be expected to know that it is destined to play host to millions of people.

The forest never has studied geography, so it doesn't know that it is one of the last traces of the wilderness that remains intact within easy reach of civilization, and that it lies in the center of the American continent. That the great population that is to come in the center of America will look to it as its only outdoor playground of a size compatible with numbers, and of a character compatible with the desire of world-weary men to get back, for brief periods, to the wilderness which gave them birth.

The forest doesn't know that it is cut in half by an international boundary line, and that the very presence of this lins is going to make it one of the most famous forests in the world some day—the most famous forest in the whole world. An international playground, in the heart of the greatest of all continents, dedicated to health, to happiness, to play, to the rejuvenation of mind and body, to education.

Poor forest! It doesn't know all of these things!

The forest is dumb. It just stands there, or lies there, trying to keep warm as the blast from the north makes the ice of its lakes crack and boom, makes the beaver grin and the moose snort and the wolves cry and the deer trot to cover and the trappers pile wood to the eaves—and the blast goes on south, tumbles over one last hill and swirls in amazement down the streets of a city, and causes an Associated Press man to come shivering into a luxurious, warm hall where many men from many places have gathered to talk about that same forest.

The forest can't understand a word of what Seth Gordon is saying as he stands up in front of the people and talks. But I can understand what Seth says. He is talking about the Izaak Walton League. How it became interested, years ago, in the Superior Forest, and how it is like a bulldog in one respect; that it never lets go once it takes hold, and that it never is satisfied simply to stop unwise action, but always tries and tries until it has found a constructive plan to take its place. And how the League, because of these tendencies, perhaps, has been uncommonly successful in its great task in America, and that it has grown from a baby to a youth, and from a youth to a man, until its voice is heard in every part of America. Even in so remote a place as Washington, D. C.

The Izaak Walton League is vitally interested in this Superior Forest-Quetico park playground, because its establishment, its preservation for all time, will be exactly in line with what the League is trying to do—is doing—all over America. The Walton League is made up largely of sportsmen and devoted advocates of the outdoor life, but these rather believe that outdoor recreation is bigger than any group, any class, any hobbyists—that it will increasingly become a major phase of life for all Americans, and that as a direct contributor to American character, to American health, happiness and prosperity, it must be preserved for everybody.

That, in a way, is what Seth is talking about. He does not see the boundary region merely as a place in which to go fishing or hunting, as a place to serve as a playground for canoe enthusiasts. He sees it as a place to be sought by hundreds of thousands of people who will some day make up the center-of-America population, in both countries, as a wilderness playground, as a breath of the old north, as a beautiful virgin region of pine forests and lakes and streams which will be a virtual fountain of health and mental and physical joy.

He sees it as a monument to the pioneers of both countries—those northern pioneers whose covered wagons were canoes, whose long trails were over portages, down rivers, across lakes, as they pushed on into the romantic wilderness of the north.

There's another man standing up now. He's speaking with a Canadian accent, and he's saying, in no uncertain terms, that the city of Winnipeg, of which he is city attorney (they call them solicitors), cares nothing whatever for the development of more water power from this great Rainy lake watershed. He would much prefer to see the great area represented by the Quetico Provincial Park, on the Canadian side, and the Superior National Forest, on the Minnesota, held inviolate as an international recreational area.

Now comes Mr. Oberholtzer. In his hand he holds a manuscript, which he has written. He has given the greatest study to this matter. He lives on Rainy lake. He has just returned from Chicago, where he conferred with the Walton League, and from the East and from Canada, where he conferred with various people, having received authority to speak for the League as well as for himself.

Before I turn the floor over to Mr. Oberholtzer, let me tell you, in advance, what happened after he had finished speaking. First of all a resolution was adopted, a resolution of the utmost importance, and that resolution is printed elsewhere in this article. And then a second resolution was adopted, and that one formed an organization to carry on the detailed work of furthering the plan outlined in the first resolution. This organization was composed of Seth Gordon of the Izaak Walton League, W. G. Dorr and Frank Hubachek of the Minnesota Conservation Council, Mr. Arthur Hawkes of Toronto, and Mr. Jules Preudhomme of Winnipeg, Mr. James H. Harper, Mr. Fred D. Vibert, and Mr. Rollo N. Chaffee of the Arrowhead Association, and Mr. O. L. Kaupanger and Mr. Harry J. Denney of the Minnesota Division of the Izaak Walton League, and Mr. Ernest C. Oberholtzer of the Rainy Lake Association, Mr. J. F. Sutherland of the American Legion, Mr. Sam G. Anderson of the Minnesota Game Protective League, Dr. Nellie W. Nelson and Mrs. Willard Bayliss of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, Mr. J. F. Reed of the Minnesota Farm Bureau.

This committee is to enlist the cooperation of every public welfare body in America. I could continue and tell you all about another meeting the following morning at which Mr. Oberholtzer was elected general chairman, and at which plans were laid for the beginning of the work of the committee, but we'll save that for another time—and besides here is Mr. Oberholtzer ready to speak.

What Mr. Oberholtzer had to say—or rather part of what he had to say, because I've taken up so much room for myself that the really important things have to suffer for space—is in the article that follows. It is on the next page. Just the minute you have finished this, turn the page and read what Mr. Oberholtzer has to say. There you will learn all about the details of the great movement to make this international playground. Mr. Oberholtzer will speak of the effect of the plan on all people, and just how it will be put through, and all of the other things in connection with a project of this kind that require real thinking.

And while you're reading it, picture yourself in this room in Duluth, far up on the northern shore of Lake Superior, while men from distant cities and men from the woods up north listen, because everybody is interested in this proposition.

And after you've read it, we'll go out into the cold world—the Associated Press man says it's now ten below—and so to our homes to think it all over, while the lakes of the Superior Forest, just north of us, crack and boom with the frost, and the northeaster plays a million symphonies among the spruce needles, and the whole forest (or at least it would if it could!) heaves a sigh of happiness and settles down to its destiny of becoming the most famous forest in all the world.

What Do You Think?

PERHAPS you who are reading this are familiar with the wilderness area under discussion. If so, what are your ideas about the step taken by the League? Let us hear from you, after you have read Mr. Oberholtzer's article. We will pass along your ideas to the General Committee of which Mr. Oberholtzer is chairman. Now read his article on the following page.

Conserving the Public Values of the Rainy Lake Watershed

By ERNEST C. OBERHOLTZER

THE keynote of any plan to bring about the creation of a great international recreation area and forest reserve, is a treaty between the United States and Canada, recognizing the paramount public character of the region under discussion, and clearly defining a policy of public use and development which will represent the best mode of thought in game protection, outdoor recreation, and practical forestry.

Briefly, the treaty might provide:

1. That all visible shores of islands, lakes and rivers within the area covered by treaty be made forever inviolate from logging, flooding or other form of exploitation.
2. That all the hinterlands be devoted to practical forestry for economic purposes.
3. That all fish and game be recognized for the maximum productivity.
4. That these major objectives be carried out under the direction of a Joint Commission representing the Forest Service, the Park Service and the Biological Survey in the U. S. and similar authorities in Canada.

Boundaries

I HAVE merely tried to express the intention. The treaty would have to be complete and explicit. The ultimate objectives might be remote, but should be distinctly stated. For instance, the matter of boundaries. There would seem to be no difficulty about including immediately the Quetico Park in Ontario and the Superior Forest in Minnesota. Nor about extending the principle of inviolate shores to all public lands on the balance of the boundary lakes within the watershed. More than that, however, it would seem highly desirable that, as soon as possible, the entire Rainy Lake watershed and portions of the Lake Superior coast in the neighborhood of the historic Grand Portage should be included.

Residence Lakes

THE plan would contemplate designating some of the larger and more accessible lakes within the area which are already partly settled, "residence" lakes, where property could be owned subject to the regulations of the area. This would seem necessary not only in view of present private holdings but also as a means of assuring full use and enjoyment for outing purposes of the whole region. Here would be built cottages, hotels, and other facilities for the public, either as headquarters for canoe cruises into the interior or as permanent summer abodes.

Leases

IN addition, the Forest Service at present permits the leasing of camp sites under strict rules on certain lakes. This enables visitors of small means to enjoy a home of their own on the edge of the wilderness and recommends itself as an important means of providing enjoyment to the maximum number. It is hoped that agreement could be reached to extend this system of leasing without encroaching upon the primary wilderness character of the main lakeland.

Primarily a Wilderness Area

THE public preference in the United States undoubtedly is that the greater part of the watershed shall be kept as nearly as possible in a state of nature, with no roads and no sign of human activities except such as pertain to the present normal life of native Indians. The average city man wants to enjoy a bit of the original America, not just to pass through it on a day's sight-seeing tour but to lose himself in it for days at a time.

Three Zones

SUCH regulations as suggested might result, it is thought, in classifying the domain into three main zones: (1) an innermost zone, embodying the main portion of the area and to be kept as nearly primeval as possible; (2) a within middle zone, fairly accessible by trails or water routes, where leaseholds for private camps would be permitted; and (3) an outermost zone, in contact with railroads and public highways, where private ownership of homes and private activities in harmony with the purpose of the treaty would be recognized.

Private Holdings

ON the Minnesota side, unfortunately, there is much private ownership of land, besides Federal and State. The problem is intricate, involving patient consolidation of lands under one jurisdiction or at least under one management. Naturally, not all holdings could be acquired, though their owners may be expected to abide by regulations governing adjacent areas. The best that can be done is to extend immediately the treaty provisions over all public lands and to begin acquisition by purchase, gift, trades, or other methods, of whatever State and private lands can be secured. The hearty co-operation of individuals and the State of Minnesota would be required. On mineral lands in private hands, of which there is a considerable block, perhaps only surface rights could be secured, at most. As to timber holders, their duty does not end when they provide employment, great as that service to a community is. Our relations with them should be reasonable and equitable but we have every right to expect their hearty co-operation in carrying out an enlightened forestry policy so much to their advantage. In particular, it is to be regretted, when timber holders, unless through absolute necessity, go on violating all the best practices of modern forestry.

Fish and Game

IN carrying out the provisions with reference to fish and game the purpose would be not to lock up these resources but to make them more abundant and available. The first task would be to restock and restore all the native game, such as elk and woodland caribou. Moose in particular, though this is their natural habitat, have declined at a rapid rate through lack of proper care, since I first came to the district.

Consistent with the policy of maximum productivity, hunting as well as fishing would be permitted under proper regulation and in certain prescribed sections of the domain. The Zone plan, already mentioned, might even be helpful in determining where game animals might be kept as a complete sanctum. There is no question but that under wise management the region would produce many times more fish and game than now.

Restoration as Well as Preservation

IT is evident that in any plan of co-operation for the object here outlined the task would be one not only of preservation but of restoration. Even in Quetico Park, a magnificent tract and still the loveliest part of the boundary waters, fires, logging, and logging dams have played havoc. The fact that many of our own shores are now desolated,

(Continued on page 51)

Our American Alps

The thrilling story of the ascent of Mt. Shuksan

By BEN THOMPSON

Photographs by Bert Huntoon

THERE'S a strange fascination about mountain climbing—the love of adventure; the exhilaration of standing on the uppermost crag of a high peak and breathing the thin air—sensations that are difficult to express. To be understood, they must be experienced. One must feel the urge to conquer the unattainable and have a desire to explore the ultramontane to really understand the feelings of the true mountain enthusiast—those inward emotions that continually lure the climber onward and upward.

Returning from our conquest of Mount Baker, our thoughts turned to Mount Shuksan. Here, indeed, was a mountain. A peak, not quite as high as Baker, but much more fascinating and picturesque, with steep glaciers hanging in narrow gorges and fleeting shadows that chase each other across the chasms. Shuksan could well be the grandfather of the larger mountain. It was formed during the earth's cooling process, when, as the huge molten mass shrank and hardened, whole mountain ranges were left standing like wrinkles on the surface of a parched apple. Mount Baker, on the other hand, is of volcanic origin and is, as mountains grow, much younger.

While resting at Mount Baker Lodge, Miss Pilley, Professor Richards and I planned our route as much as we could from the hotel. Our objective was the northwest face of the mountain, and, like Mount Baker, it had only once before been scaled from that side. Although we did not know exactly how this climb had been made, we had a general idea of the route and decided to make our ascent much the same until we reached the lower edges of Price glacier. From here, instead of following south on the glacier as the previous party had done, it was our plan to swing to the north and from there scale the steep rocks lying directly below the summit.

The next day we left for Shuksan, expecting to make camp after dark near the foot of the mountain. We traveled light, carrying only the sleeping bags, ropes, ice axes and crampons and a very limited amount of food. The plan was to make the ascent as quickly as we could and over the shortest route possible, making use of every bit of daylight on the day of the climb and returning late that night.

By nightfall the distance to the mountain was shortened by several miles and we stopped to camp near a small lake. A large congenial fire kept us from crawling into our sleeping robes until quite late. This, my companions told me, was quite a new experience for them. Coming from Europe, where they had climbed extensively in the Alps, they said that finding an abundance of firewood was to them a novelty.

Rising at 2:30 we stirred the fire and fixed a light breakfast. During the night, clouds had formed in the sky and the moon was riding low like a ship in the northeast. One or two drops of rain warned us of a possible change in the weather. Soon we were on our way, leaving behind only the sleeping bags, which, had we known what was to befall us, would wisely have been carried along. For two or three hours climbing was over much the same sort of country as the day before. Now it would be rocks and the next moment we would be scrambling up a steep heather slope, pulling ourselves upward with the limbs of scraggly trees. Again the limbs would be so thick and matted together that progress could be made only by lying flat and wriggling upward beneath the branches.

A few steep cliffs halted us. It was very evident that to get to the glacier below we must descend through the rocks. After examining several ways that appeared safe, we chose a route that would put us on the upper section of the ice field. Taking a coil of rope out of one of the packs we fastened it about our waists and carefully started down. We found it impossible to descend there. Besides being steep, the rocks were crumbly and loose. We climbed back up and then by sliding down and under a huge outcropping of rocks found a safe way down. For the next mile the travel was easy across the upper edges of the glacier. We planned to leave the glacier and climb up to a rim of crags

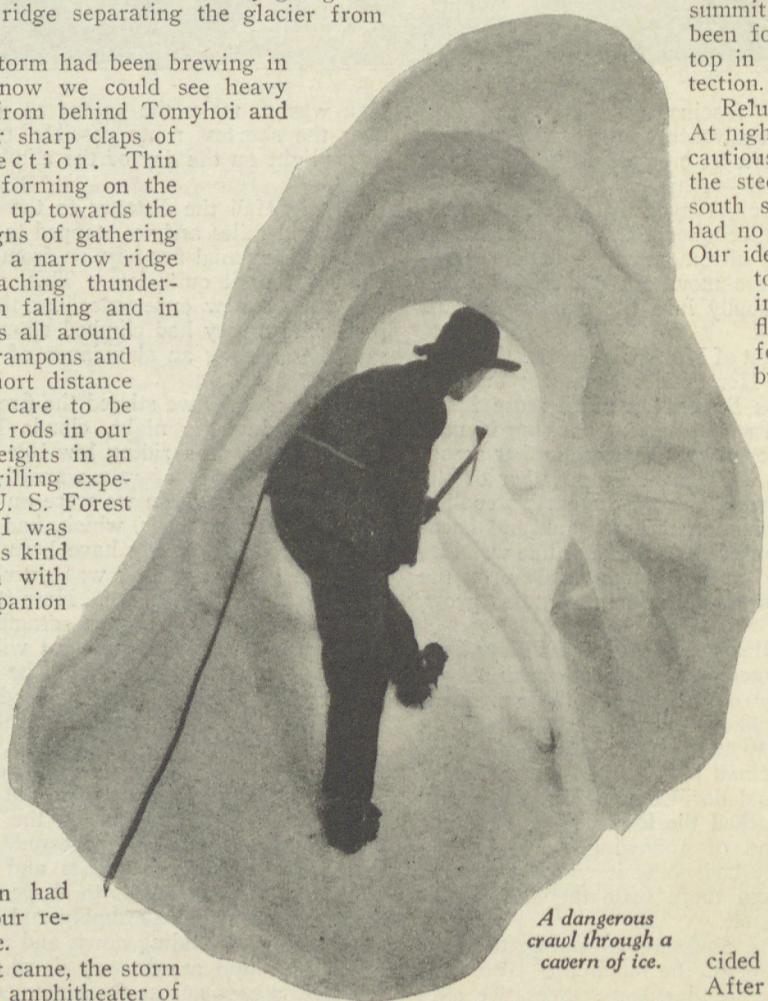
that fringed the upper edge of the ice field. At the rocks we were blocked by a huge rift in the ice. To get across we would have to cut steps almost vertically for eight or ten feet down the side and then jump to a large chunk of hard snow that hung in a rock chimney a few feet away. We chopped steps down and then had to give up the attempt. It was doubtful if the snow would have held our weight after we jumped. The only plan left was to stay on the glacier and follow down and around until the rocks had been skirted. This brought us into a chaos of jumbled seracs and crevasses. It was impossible to pick any direct route in this disordered mess. We could only climb and cut our way through, taking everything as it came. Many times, thinking we had surely found a way through, we would find ourselves stopped by a huge cleft in the ice and be forced to retreat.

A steep ice wall threatened to block our entire ascent. We went from one side to the other, only to find great *schrunds*. There was no way around the obstacle. To go back and search out another route would mean dropping far down on the glacier and would require so much time that we would be unable to reach the summit that day. A tunnel formed by the melting of the ice gave us a possible way out of our difficulties. After crawling through the cavern of blue and green ice we found that it terminated in another immense crevasse. There was only one move left to make and that was to scale the wall by cutting steps and handholds out of the solid ice. It was a decidedly dangerous undertaking. The wall was about 100 feet high and very nearly perpendicular. It was, however, the only way to avoid failure in our ascent. After nearly an hour of cutting and hanging on the ice we reached the top. Many times it seemed as though our hands would freeze, as we dared not wear gloves for fear they would slip out of the handholds. Great precaution had to be taken in changing from one position to another, for the careless maneuvering of any one would have been disastrous to the entire party. Once past this we had rather easy going until we reached a rocky ridge separating the glacier from a larger one above.

For several hours a storm had been brewing in the valleys below and now we could see heavy dark clouds rolling up from behind Tomyhoi and Ruth mountain and hear sharp claps of thunder from that direction. Thin feathery clouds were forming on the glaciers below. Looking up towards the summit we could see signs of gathering clouds there. Seated on a narrow ridge we watched the approaching thunderstorm. Raindrops began falling and in a moment the storm was all around us. We removed our crampons and placed the ice axes a short distance away, for we did not care to be caught holding lightning rods in our hands. To be on the heights in an electrical storm is a thrilling experience. While in the U. S. Forest Service two years ago I was caught by a storm of this kind on Church Mountain with Mitchell Smith, my companion in a number of mountain trips. Lightning passing from one cloud to another burned our faces, stinging us as though we had been slapped by a whip. Our hair stood on end—not from fear, but because it was surcharged with electricity. Perhaps the name of the mountain had something to do with our receiving a baptism by fire.

Almost as quickly as it came, the storm passed over. The whole amphitheater of precipices and glistening ice now shone with a divine glory as bright streaks of sunlight pierced the clouds. We resumed our climb and by the middle of the afternoon stood on a rocky moraine 4,000 feet above our last night's camp. Around us towered high buttresses, whose smooth granite walls rose almost vertically for hundreds of feet. On one side we looked downward into a blood-curdling abyss, the very edge of which was only a few feet away. From this rose the sound of subterranean streams and waterfalls, with now and then the thunderous echo of an avalanche. One cannot estimate the thousands of tons of snow and ice and boulders that go dashing and crashing into the depths below, sweeping everything before it like a mighty broom. It is Nature engaged in her slow, but certain work of destruction.

Before us rose the rocky summit, a steep eminence clustered with mist. We decided to continue on up Price glacier and approach by way of the north side. Our last one thousand feet or more to the very pinnacle would be over abrupt cliffs and through rough chimneys—great grooves gouged out of the rock by ages of wearing and weathering. More step cutting and detouring around crevasses slowed up our climb and it was late in the afternoon when we at last stood on the highest point of Price glacier near the *bergschrund*, as the great crevasse at the head of a glacier is called. Because of the lateness of the day we knew it would be foolishness to try to pick a route up through the mist in an attempt to reach the top from that side. The only alternative was to descend to the east of the glacier and swing clear around the peak. Clouds rising from the lower levels mingled with those above and we were now climbing in the fog. Crossing a number of smaller ice fields and earthy plateaus we made our way in the direction which we knew the summit must lie. At 8 o'clock we reached a loose black rock formation at the head of Curtis glacier. Behind this, piercing through the pall that covered it, rose the very peak; a dark, lugubrious sentinel. But, it was madness to even think of getting up, for should we have reached the summit, the three of us would have been forced to spend the night on top in the storm and without protection.



A dangerous crawl through a cavern of ice.

Reluctantly we turned to descend. At nightfall we left the glacier and cautiously started down through the steep cliffs that flanked the south side of the mountain. We had no idea where we were going. Our idea was to drop low enough to escape the storm. Reaching in my pack for the only flashlight in the party, we found to our dismay that the bulb was broken. A candle fastened upright in a small mica lantern then had to serve as our only illumination and with this for light we began to descend. The steepness of the cliffs in many places forced us to slide down, face against the rocks, feeling for handholds and clinging to the roughness of the rocks. Coming to a steep ravine covered with wet slippery moss we looped one section of rope around the trunk of a small tree and lowered ourselves to the bottom. A thousand feet or more below we found a group of scrubby Alpine hemlocks standing on the crest of a small knoll and decided to spend the night there. After several attempts a fire was started and we huddled around it.

But, a fierce mountain gale blew hard and cold, making it nearly impossible to get any warmth from the fire.

Daybreak found us above the storm, which during the night had settled in the valleys. We were high above the clouds that banked in against the surrounding peaks. Mount Baker was gorgeous, standing above the mists like the pyramid of Cheops beautified and changed into sugar. Completing the picture were the irregular saw-tooth peaks of the Twin Sister range and farther over, like a giant drowning in a sea of clouds, rose the rugged form of Bacon peak.

Expecting fair weather on the trip we had hoped to make the summit and return to the lodge the same night. With this in mind we had cut our packs down to the minimum weight before leaving the hotel and carried very little food. Looking over what was left, we found that our provisions consisted of two or three chocolate bars, a handful of raisins, and one or two oranges. So we divided an orange and a chocolate bar and had breakfast!

Soon we had climbed up through the cliffs, down which we had descended the night before, and again stood on Curtis glacier. To our right broken ice fields stretched downward for miles. In spite of its being early, morning avalanches were falling frequently and we could see them, tons and tons of dazzling ice, sliding downward with a deafening roar.

The clouds in the valleys had risen and again we were in the fog. Earlier we had a good view of the black summit and were climbing in that direction. The glacier here was furrowed and crenated like the surface of a scallop-shell. We climbed warily. The surface in places hinted of concealed crevasses and we sounded the snow as we went with our ice axes. Reaching the escarpment that led to the summit we removed our packs and left them to be picked up on the descent. From this point to the summit climbing was mostly through steep chimneys, filled with loose, smooth rocks. Occasionally we would have to help each with the rope and at times depended entirely on handholds, pulling ourselves up with our arms.

At last, foot weary, but filled with the thrill of triumph, we stood on the highest pinnacle, the summit of Mount Shuksan. And what a view we had. The fog was so thick we could scarcely see each other and the wind howled mournfully as it blew through the rocks. Five minutes on the summit—all our work and hardship for the privilege of standing there in the clouds for five minutes. In spite of it all, we felt exhilarated, and thrilled, knowing that we had gained the highest crag of the lonely peak.

Now the descent. It is particularly true of mountain climbing that it is often easier to climb than to descend. In mounting one experiences a buoyant feeling, a desire to reach the top. But in descending there is the anticlimax which is the breaking down of morale; the goal has been reached and what is left is the arduous trip down, actually the hardest part. For the first time we noticed the effects of going without food, together with the cold, sleepless night we had spent. If the clouds could have broken for only an instant we could have gotten our bearings, but in the dense fog it was impossible to tell where we were.

Without warning the clouds parted and gave us a view of the lower levels. We quickly picked our route and started down. It was nearly 4:30 in the afternoon and we knew another night on the mountain was inevitable. Knowing that our not returning would cause anxiety at the hotel as to our safety, we decided that one of us should go ahead alone and try and get in that night. Taking the rope off and leaving my companions to come in later, I set out for the lodge. By 6 o'clock I had descended from Shuksan into a deep canyon between that peak and Mount Ann and had climbed out of this onto a ridge connecting the latter peak with Shuksan Arm. Looking back at Mount Shuksan I could see a storm forming there and knew the other climbers must be in it. Traveling as fast as possible I reached the Swift creek valley by nightfall. The storm by this time had reached me and I was in a driving rain. A short time before in crossing a stream, I had slipped and fallen headlong into a pool of water, which completely drenched me. At dark I had reached the Baker Lake trail and knew that by following this it would take me to the lodge, now about four miles distant. A steep climb still awaited in order to reach Austin Pass. It was difficult to follow the trail as I neared the pass. Time and again I would have to wait for lightning flashes to light the way and often could keep to the trail only by going on my hands and knees. From Austin Pass it was just a short distance down to the ranger station, from where I was able to telephone to the hotel.

Meanwhile, on Mount Shuksan, Miss Pilley and Richards had found shelter beneath a large overhanging rock, where they passed an extremely cold and miserable night in the storm, their clothing soaked with rain, and without food. There being no trees at that elevation, just sheer rock and ice, they were unable to kindle a fire. The next day they made their way safely to Mount Baker Lodge.

Thus ended our glorious trip. We had listened to the hoarse challenge thrown out by the great mountain; had answered and had won. Winter was now approaching in the hills and we had to give up our plans for further ascents that year. What a pity it is that we, the people of this country, know so little of the great mountain regions of the west; are almost entirely ignorant of the fact that stretching along the Pacific coast for hundreds and hundreds of miles are mountains, range after range, of glacier covered summits that are second to none in the world. How few of us realize that our own wonderful mountains, Mount Baker, Mount Shuksan, Mount Rainier, Mount Adams, and countless others, are equally as great as such famous European peaks as Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn and Jungfrau. It is these western peaks of this country that have often been appropriately called by European visitors, "The American Alps."

Vicissitudes of a Mountain Climber

Portion of a recent letter received from Ben Thompson

THE past summer was very successful from a mountaineering standpoint. I made two, what you might call, "record" ascents. One when I scaled Mount Shuksan with Geraldine Fitzgerald, of Tipperary, Ireland, in one day. We made the entire ascent from Mount Baker Lodge to the summit and return in daylight! Later with Elsie Hanft, a German climber, I made the only ascent of the north face of Mount Shuksan, considered up until then impossible to scale. Was fortunate to get through the summer with practically no casualties. Another guide, who was with me when we made the one day trip up Shuksan, had an ice axe run clear through his leg when we all three fell on that climb.

While returning from the ascent of Mount Baker on a trip last August an avalanche very nearly buried a party of seven that I had taken to the summit.

Two days ago I started on a snowshoe trip across the mountains, but was caught in a slide yesterday near Hannegan Pass, spraining my ankle and breaking one snowshoe, but I am waiting to start again in a few days.

A Speculation on Trout Flies

By
G. E. M. SKUES
Author of "Minor Tactics of the Chalk Streams" and "The Way of a Trout with a Fly."

GEORGE M. L. LaBRANCHE, noted dry fly authority, writes us, "Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream," by G. E. M. Skues, in my opinion, is one of the finest books on angling that has ever been written, and I say this notwithstanding the fact that it deals almost entirely with wet fly or under water fly fishing. He is the lessee of a very beautiful beat on the Itchen, where I had the pleasure of fishing with him the past season. He does not confine himself to under water fly fishing—as a matter of fact, he fished almost entirely with the dry fly during the two days we were together. He visited me on the bit of the Kennett which I have under lease, and there fished with the dry fly almost exclusively, taking a large number of fish up to 3½ pounds, the capture of which I witnessed. I consider him one of the most expert fly fishermen I have ever known and perhaps the most knowledgeable of all. He is about 70, but is very active and very keen for the sport. OUTDOOR AMERICA *is to be congratulated upon getting an article from him.*

IN my library of books on fly fishing and its kindred subjects is a copy of Orvis & Chaney's "Fishing with the Fly" containing on the fly leaf the inscription 'Mr. Henry P. Wells from his brother of the angle—A. Nelson Chaney—Glens Falls, N. Y., April 25th, 1884.' In perusing it, and in reading Mrs. Marbury's large work on Favorite Flies, I have often, in common, I think, with other anglers on this side of the damp, speculated on the conditions which in the United States of America and Canada appear to render it necessary to employ the large and often garish flies illustrated in these two works to take trout.

I have never had the privilege of visiting either the U. S. A. or Canada and such impressions as I have of American and Canadian trout fishing are derived from the reading of books and magazines, from illustrations and photographs, and from an occasional cinema film or two, not necessarily dealing with flyfishing, but depicting waters which often look extremely charming.

I realize of course that the brown trout is in the U. S. A. an imported fish, that the speckled brook trout (S. fontinalis) is the indigenous fish and that it is a char rather than a trout, and I recall that in England and in Norway the char is not found in rivers and that in the lakes where it is found it is not a free riser to any imitation of the natural fly. If one may reason from analogy, one might guess that S. fontinalis like the grayling must be especially a victim of that curiosity which makes him amenable to the attractions of a fancy fly. But after all, I imagine, the bulk of his food must be the same as that on which the brown trout lives in American waters, and on general principles one would infer that he would be attracted just as the brown trout is by well conceived and well executed representations of the natural fly. If this is so, a speculation based upon experience of British and European waters might not be out of place.

Much of my experience of flyfishing for trout has been gained upon the Chalk streams of Hampshire and Dorset. These streams are not absolutely slow, indeed they often move at a good pace and they are extremely clear, but the outstanding feature which makes them so attractive to the fly fisher is the nature of the food supply. There are practically no coarse fish, and comparatively few large flies, outside the Mayfly season; and autopsies of trout, taken from one end of the season to the other, would show that the fish are dependent for their diet and growth upon the several series of small upwinged duns in the nymph stage, the subimago and the imago stages. The consequence of this is that, in order to nourish themselves sufficiently, the trout must rise a large number of times during the course of each day. The pace of the rivers is not so great as to cause the movement required to capture the food to involve more expenditure of muscular effort than the nourishment obtained is worth. So the fish grow and thrive, and they continue to take the small fly until at an age and size when the expenditure of effort in doing so ceases to be justified by the capture. They also develop an extreme degree of discrimination as to the particular fly which for the moment they will take, both as to color and size. And these observations are as true of imported stock turned into the river and having been in it long enough to learn their business, as of the native stock bred from the egg in the river. It follows therefore that it is the character of the river coupled with its food supply which produces the conditions in which the small fly closely imitating the natural insect is that which proves most attractive to the trout. There are similar streams in Northern France.

In this the chalk streams are exceptional. Other rivers produce much the same classes of fly, but seldom in such profusion—and thus it comes that, in the rough tumbling streams of the Northern Counties and of Scotland, trout, which have a hard time to earn a living, whose food if not taken passes them in a flash, and is often broken up and tumbled by the force of the current, cannot afford to be as particular about precise imitation as those of the chalk streams. But on streams of this character there are occasions when there occur hatches of large insects, such as the March brown and the stonefly—and with these there come periods when the small fly which has hitherto been proving attractive is almost utterly neglected in favor of the larger mouthful.

The river Kennett, one of the larger, if not the largest, of the tributaries of the Thames, is a very instructive river. In its lower reaches there is such a huge underwater supply of food, in the form of small fish of various species and large caddis flies and stone flies, that notwithstanding that there is an ample supply of the small upwinged duns which prove so attractive to the Hampshire trout, the Kennett trout entirely neglect the small fly and are only seen taking surface food on three occasions (1) when the grannom, a small but exceptionally palatable caddis fly which hatches in enormous quantity, is coming to the surface to exchange its pupal stage for the winged insect (2) when the Mayfly is well on and (3) late at night in the later part of the year, July, August and September, when Phryganea Grandis (the largest of English Caddis flies, known as The Big Red Sedge—often as the Kennett Sedge) is hatching. The river holds pike in great quantity and it is probable that the trout do not care to expose themselves to the risk of being slashed from beneath while hovering near the surface and feeding on surface food. For even on the three occasions mentioned above, the Lower Kennett trout do not hover but come up from the bottom and take the fly with a splash which has much the effect of a small dog being thrown into the water. This I understand is called in the States 'a strike,' and quite appropriately so. From this it will be inferred that the trout of this part of the Kennett run big. In these parts of the river the only hope of taking a trout (out of the Mayfly season or possibly in Sedge time at night) is with a big and brilliant Salmon fly.

As one works up the Kennett one finds the trout more and more amenable to the temptation of a small fly until

"Such impressions as I have of American and Canadian trout fishing—derived from photographs—depict waters which look extremely charming." Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

from Hungerford up to the Source their feeding is much more like that of the trout of the typical chalk streams—though as on these upper parts the small Ephemeridae are relatively not very numerous, the Kennett is not what may be called a free rising river. One finds thus that if a trout be taking duns he will not rise frequently as not many are going down, but he will probably take your artificial dun whether it be or be not a creditable representation of the fly on the water. Nor will he, like his brother of the true Chalk streams make much bones about its being a size larger than the natural fly.

In the Kennett again one finds that the habits of imported stock are the same as those of the native trout of the river; and from this I deduce that these habits are due not to the strain of trout or to their education, but to local conditions of stream and food.

From the Kennett let me pass to the limestone waters of Bavaria in which I have had several holiday experiences. These rivers present many of the characteristics of the Chalk streams as regards pace, depth, weed supply, etc., but they are slightly less clear and they produce enormous quantities of Sedge or Caddis flies—diurnal as well as nocturnal—and such quantities of Alders as I have never seen in Britain. The natives fish downstream in the more open bits with large garish flies, and on a rough day sometimes do surprisingly well. It will be realized that Sedge flies are not brought to waiting trout in a string like hatching duns on Itchen or Test, and that where the Sedge flies are in great variety the fish have less occasion to be suspicious of an artificial Sedge fly differing even materially from the last few that he has devoured. The trout of these rivers is therefore readily taken with a good sized Sedge whether it be or be not a good representation of one of the hatching insects, and it prefers it on the whole to the small duns which are also hatching in quantity as affording a worth while mouthful.

I have also fished in Bosnian waters, beautiful blue rivers ultimately finding their way into the Danube, and coming from the big limestone reservoirs of the Dinaric Alps. The pace of these waters was, however, greater than any of the waters before described (except the Northern England and the Scottish streams) and though limestone they are not heavily weeded. They produced, in the September at any rate when I was there, no great hatch of Sedges to compete with the Ephemeridae. I found therefore that the trout were much more entitled to respectful treatment and to the presentation of a small fly representing that on which they were feeding, than were those of my Bavarian rivers.

My last example will be taken from a rough stream near the Eastern side of Norway on the Swedish borders which I fished in 1900. It then contained innumerable trout and some grayling, both frequently running to three pounds in weight and some over. The bottom was rocky without weeds, but throughout the short season—some five weeks only—during which the fly was of much use, there was an enormous hatch both by day and night, though mainly at night, of flies of all sorts and sizes from huge stone flies, Mayflies and large Sedges to small duns.

I soon found that to use quite small flies was to condemn myself to poor sport among small *(Continued on page 57)*

Western Waterfowl To Be Saved

The First Step Taken in Another of The League's Big National Campaigns

BY

SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

OH, what rejoicing there has been all over this land of ours! Rejoicing not only among us humans, but there have been ever so more than many thankful quacks and truly grateful honks from the wise old drakes and the shrewd old ganders as they led their flocks to their winter homes. They had all heard about the announcement in OUTDOOR AMERICA and over the radio that the Izaak Walton League has pledged to throw its full nationwide strength into the SAVE-THE-WESTERN-DUCKS-CAMPAIGN! They well know that once the movement gets under way it won't stop with the ducks and geese in the West, but that it will spread like wildfire. Other parts of the country need help, and they will get it if they want it badly enough to really help fight for it.

Doing good turns is catching—just like smallpox only much more pleasant. All the Waltonians have caught the significance of this campaign and are enthusiastically back of it regardless of their place of residence; they want to do their bit in this crisis. This is concrete evidence that the League's pledge "To do and grow" is being kept by the National organization, by the Divisions, by the Chapters and by the individual members. And say, the way their outdoor brothers in every nook and corner of this old United States of America are responding would warm the cockles of a snow man's icy heart. They are putting their shoulders to the wheel without reservations.

U. S. Game Warden rescuing ducks sick from alkaline poisoning.

The seriousness of the situation in the West has been brought home to the people of America as never before. Governor George Hunt of Arizona wires us, "Conditions surrounding wild ducks and geese have been steadily growing worse in western states. Diversion of water for irrigation purposes has depleted source of supply of small lakes and sloughs causing them to become alkaline with the result that ducks are poisoned and die by thousands. I approve and heartily commend any practicable effort to improve the situation."

Outstanding conservation officials, leading naturalists and sportsmen from all corners of the nation have commended the League upon its action, and have assured the officials at headquarters that they "will roll up their sleeves and help put it across." Space does not permit the publication of even a fraction of the assurances of support received. We can give only a few here, but to one and all we say a hearty and most sincere THANK YOU!

Another Appalling Example

ADDITIONAL evidence of the fact that this terrible loss of waterfowl is not confined entirely to any one western state is submitted herewith in the shape of a photograph showing a section of the shore line of Priest Lake, Teton County, Montana, taken a little over a year ago. United States Game Warden George E. Mushbach, who made the investigation, reports that the snow geese shown were not gathered up or arranged in this fashion for the purpose of securing an appalling photograph, but that they were photographed just as he found them. This lake, only about a section in extent, Mr. Mushbach says "was lined with dead birds around the entire shore line. Actual count disclosed 1546 greater snow geese, one lesser snow goose, one Canada goose, and 22 wild ducks. Undoubtedly some were overlooked, and it is quite probable others were carried away by animals, so the total fatality was in excess of these numbers. Some of the sick birds were captured and penned up by a deputy state warden where they could get fresh water. Most of them recovered." Quite conclusive proof that all these wonderful game birds needed was fresh water.

Can we Americans permit these conditions to continue? Can we stand idly by and see literally millions of birds die throughout the West all for the want of suitable feeding and breeding grounds? Most assuredly not! We can't shirk such a moral obligation. We must act and act now! If we don't act at once it may forever be too late.

Must Concentrate on Bear River

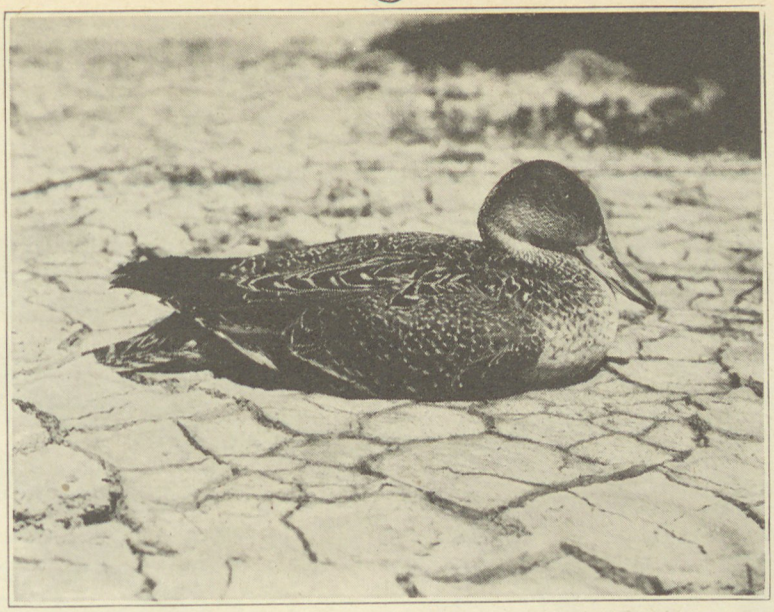
SINCE the League first pledged to make this western waterfowl crisis one of its big national projects, the engineers have completed their reports to the United States Department of Agriculture on reflooding Lower Klamath Lake in Oregon. The use of water from Klamath River for irrigation and power has made it impossible to keep the remaining marshes of Lower Klamath Lake habitable for waterfowl. The engineers report that there are many obstacles which in their opinion preclude the reflooding of that area except at an enormous expense.

In the first place they say the entire water supply is needed for irrigation and power, and in the second place legislation of the States of Oregon and California, which ceded the lands involved to the Federal Government for use as a reclamation project, stipulated that the water shall be used for irrigation purposes. In the third place, even if water were available, it is held that reflooding would be detrimental to profitable agriculture in the immediate region, and that the cost would run into a very large figure. In view of these almost insuperable obstacles, at a conference of Federal and State officials it was decided to drop further consideration of this area and to concentrate upon the restoration work on the Bear River Marshes.

In our article on the "Western Duck Crisis" in the December issue the many reasons why this area is of such vast importance were fully explained. The unfavorable report on the Lower Klamath area makes the Bear River Marshes much more important than ever.

In a letter just received as we were ready to go to press, Mr. Mark Anderson, former President of the Utah Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, says, "Received today the first literature on your move to save the ducks. Nothing has pleased me so much in a long time as to know that the League has determined to put this big conservation job through. We are with you."

What Leading Conservationists Say



Pintail duck helplessly sick with duck malady at the arid mouth of Bear River.

"THE decision of your splendid organization to make the western waterfowl situation one of your national issues is a most commendable one and certainly will meet with the immediate approval of all western sportsmen," writes Hon. Thomas N. Marlowe, the efficient Chairman of the Montana Fish and Game Commission. Mr. Marlowe says:

"The appalling loss of migratory birds, especially ducks, in these regions, is making serious inroads upon the visible supply of these fine game birds in our western states. There is no supply of wild life today which can withstand legitimate shooting and an unnatural demand like this each year.

"Montana raises considerably more ducks than are killed by the hunters of this state. The Bear River Marshes of Utah are on a direct line of flight of both the birds raised here and those coming through here during the northern flights. Much to our surprise, banding operations in this state show a large percentage of these banded birds killed in Oregon and California.

"*The problem of saving these birds is a national one* and must be dealt with by legislation enacted by Congress. The food and recreational value of these birds justifies a bill being introduced at the next session of Congress asking for a substantial appropriation with which to eliminate for all time the terrible loss of wild life in these sections. If such a bill is sponsored by your powerful organization the sportsmen of Montana have no fear of the final result. *We are with you and will do our part.*"

Hon. Thomas N. Marlowe.

"THE Izaak Walton League has contributed wonderfully toward this good cause," writes Doctor Barton W. Evermann, the internationally known scientist and director of the Museum of the California Academy of Sciences, and who has given this western waterfowl situation much careful study. He says:

"The wild duck situation in California and in all other parts of the west has become a very serious one. I feel that the two causes are the enormous destruction of ducks on the Bear River and elsewhere resulting from the draining of marsh lands and the killing of too many ducks by hunters.

"A most serious situation is that in the Klamath Lakes region, where the Government, *with its usual shortsightedness*, undertook to convert marshes into arable land which has proved utterly valueless—just as it did in the Kankakee region of northwestern Indiana.

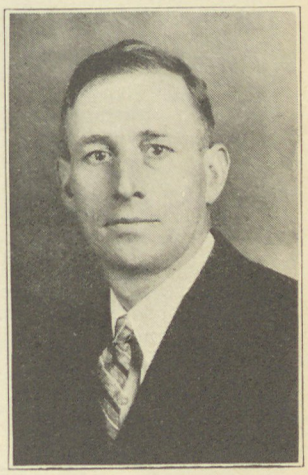
"Practically all the sportsmen in California are in entire sympathy with this movement to save the western ducks. Every sportsman who wishes to have any duck shooting in the years to come should contribute his mite. The California Academy of Sciences has for years taken a deep and active interest in this problem and has never ceased to do what it could. We all long for the good old days when the various species of waterfowl can again be as abundant as in the earlier days and can receive the protection *which we did not have the foresight to give them.*"

"THE time has ceased for passing resolutions and action is necessary," says Dr. Samuel F. Rathbun, an ornithologist of outstanding ability, who is the Supervisor of Game and Game Fish of the State of Washington. Continuing he says:

"The western duck situation is not a local matter. For a number of years the writer has claimed congressional action should be taken, even if mistakes were made, because in a final analysis it reverts to the Federal government. The matter of funds could be hastened if those who hunt would contribute something, and as this class is large, it requires only a small contribution from each individual.

"Action can be obtained by wide publicity and direct pressure brought to bear on Congress. This pressure can be exerted through leading conservation organizations of which the Izaak Walton League is one of the most outstanding. This should be supplemented by personal work on the part of all individuals directly or indirectly interested. *It is not a time for petty differences of opinion!* The viewpoint must be broad."

DOCTOR HAROLD C. BRYANT, a leading western naturalist and Director of the Bureau of Education of the California Fish and Game Commission, summarizes the situation splendidly in the following well-chosen words:



Dr. H. C. Bryant.

"One of the most vital problems in the conservation of natural resources in California is that of improving the duck situation. Although public sentiment is slowly awakening there is much apathy and only a few are wide awake to the pressing danger and to *the need for quick action.*

"Attainment of the goal is possible only on condition that the various states follow a determined policy of adequately financing the purchase and rental of extensive marsh land, that federal aid be given on major projects, and that there be united support of this program in every state. California can be depended upon to provide the necessary refuges in the great valleys, but on other areas in neighboring states it will take the coordinated effort of western sportsmen and of the whole country to secure adequate legislation by Congress.

"The Izaak Walton League has pledged itself to bestir interest in this important problem. It is helping to make the correction of existing conditions a national issue. With such strong support *it can be done.*"

MR. E. R. KAUFFMAN, editor of the Pacific Sportsman, praises the League's effort to help save the western ducks in the following language:

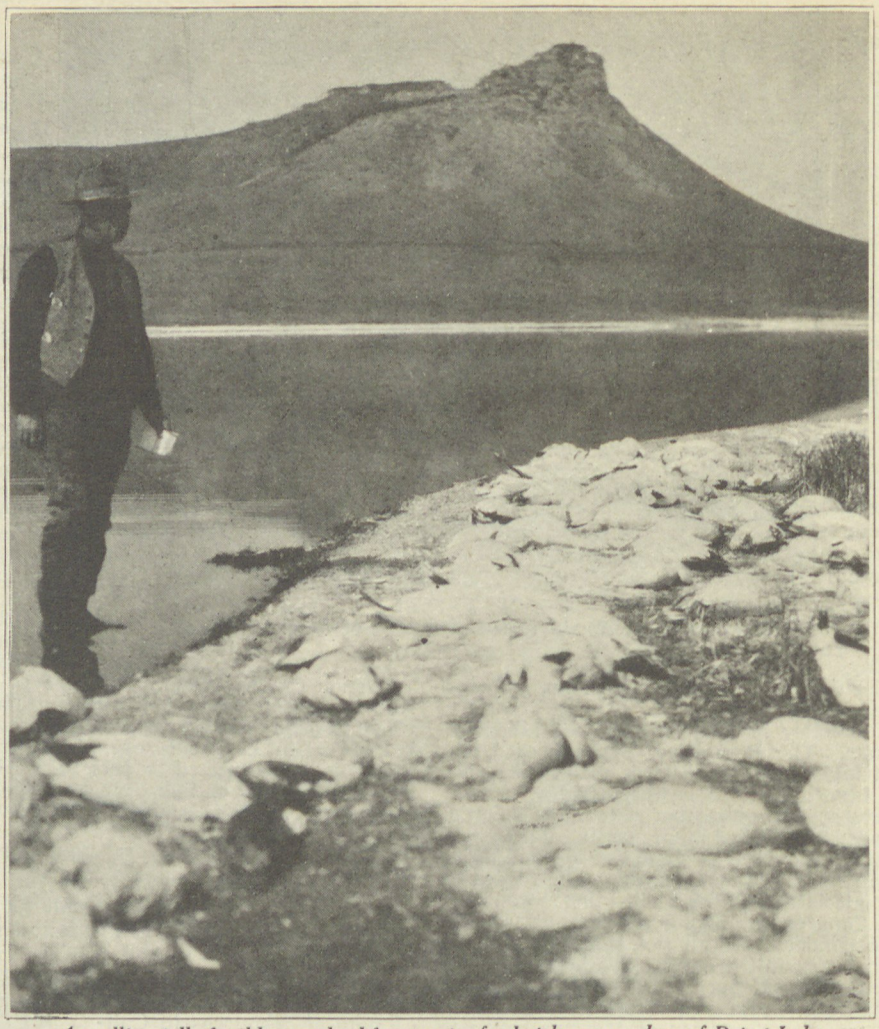
"The fact that the sportsmen of the west have awakened national interest in their duck situation is strongly emphasized by the recent action of the Izaak Walton League in pledging itself 'to bend every energy to help solve this problem as quickly as humanly possible.' Through that nationwide organization coordinating the effort of hundreds of thousands of sportsmen in every section toward a speedy recovery of the once vast

western breeding and feeding grounds success is practically assured.

"Literally millions of birds have perished during the past few years. If conditions are rectified the sportsmen of the west will again enjoy increased sport and businessmen of the nation will reap millions in profits through the sale of equipment.

"Western sportsmen contributed the money to the U. S. Government, through the efforts of the Associated Sportsmen's Clubs of California, with which to defray the cost of preliminary surveys.

"*The west is facing early extermination of its waterfowl.* Coordination of effort throughout the nation to solve this grave problem is of vital importance. I trust the League will swing its whole force behind the battle for perpetuation of the Western waterfowl."



Appalling toll of wild geese dead from water fowl sickness on shore of Priest Lake, Teton County, Montana.

"I AM more than pleased to learn that the Izaak Walton League has taken such interest in the migratory bird situation in the Bear River Marshes," states Hon. Bruce Nowlin, State Game and Fish Commissioner of Wyoming. He says:

"I am satisfied this state is losing many of our migratory birds by alkali poisoning on their southern flight. The flooding of the Bear River Marshes would be too much of an undertaking for any one state, and should be handled by federal appropriation. I am sure the Izaak Walton League can be of great assistance in boosting for this appropriation to flood these marshes. I wish to thank the Izaak Walton League for the cooperation we are getting in this state."

The First Step Taken

THE first step has been taken. Senator Lawrence C. Phipps, of Colorado, is pressing the Seventieth Congress now in session to make an appropriation of at least $350,000 immediately to cover the cost of reclaiming one hundred and fifty square miles of the present death-trap area on the Bear River Marshes — almost 100,000 acres of safe feeding, breeding and resting waters and marshes to be added to the 20,000 acres already restored by the State of Utah with funds supplied by her sportsmen—120,000 acres to supply not hundreds of thousands but literally millions of ducks and shorebirds for the entire West in the course of a few years. *It is the first big undertaking of its kind in America, and it must not fail.* This plan must go through, and it will if everyone will do their share.

The assurance of support received from all sections of the country is conclusive that there has been a new awakening in the hearts and minds of the American people. It is assurance that they do not intend to stand idly by and see this fair land and its natural resources, and especially its wild life, gutted from one end to the other. It is definite proof that the people of America mean to adequately protect and restore their outdoor land and its denizens of the wild before it is forever too late.

There is only one way that this first step in saving the waterfowl of the West can possibly fail—through apathy and neglect. As Doctor Rathbun says, "The time has ceased for passing resolutions and action is necessary."

If you have not yet advised your Congressmen and your State Senators that you are favorable to the program being sponsored in Congress by Senator Phipps, for the sake of the western ducks and the boys and girls who will follow us *get in touch with them right now. Interview them if at all possible.* If not, write them at once, at Washington and urge them to support Senator Phipps in his efforts. Urge them to call on the Senator and see how they can help him most.

Waterfowl or No Waterfowl?

THE question is up to you, sportsmen, conservationists, bird lovers of America. Don't be indifferent or think carelessly that someone else will attend to the matter. Only a mighty, concerted effort will accomplish anything worth while. Don't argue that your small effort will be unnecessary or useless. Your letter, your protest may be the one extra ounce needed to tip the scales. Interview or write your Congressmen and State Senators. Tell them you want them to support the program of Senator Phipps (Senate Bill 1272). Tell them that

You Want Waterfowl

The Fly-ing Tactics of a Famous Fisherman

By
MARIELEN ELDER

Does he fish with a fly or a worm?—ask his wife!

DOCTOR was going away for a period of play and although I had, since the process of packing first began, wanted to remind him that we were not moving to Lakeview, I determined to live up to all that was expected of me, since this was the first fishing trip I had ever been invited to join. I had, therefore, restrained myself from commenting on the bulk of the baggage, which was increasing to alarming proportions.

Silently I checked the contents of the various bags and packages as Doctor and Cincinnatti (that's the colored boy who drives), attached them to the different parts of the car. There came first the suit cases which contained the regulation two weeks' supply of clothing for the three of us. Then the one Junior calls the medicine bag. Then there was the bag of toilet articles, mosquito lotions and liniments, and rod cases, reel boxes, fly hooks—to say nothing of four bulky fishing suits —numberless shoes and boots of various heights.

At last we were off and at noon reached Lakeview, a beautiful spot in the Blue Ridge mountains. It was later that same afternoon when I found Doctor across the road from the little Inn in serious consultation with the keeper of the general store. It was he who furnished Doctor the name and location of Will Vickers, the most famous guide in ten counties—a blacksmith by trade—the only man known to have made the four day trip through the gorge alone. With the storekeeper's information, Doctor set out immediately in search of this guide. He secured his services, whether by the day or the week I have yet to learn, and it would seem from their constant association for the next two weeks that they were, "two souls with but a single thought."

Later, the morning of our departure, I heard one of the farmers imploring Vickers to repair his wagon tongue, which he reminded him had been in his shop, "Since 'fore that doctor fisherman come up."

I spent the evening holding hanks of double tapered, enameled lines and tangled and untangled, while Doctor wound them on reels. It reminded me of war time—not my attitude toward him or the task, but the hanks; similar to those endless skeins of khaki wool.

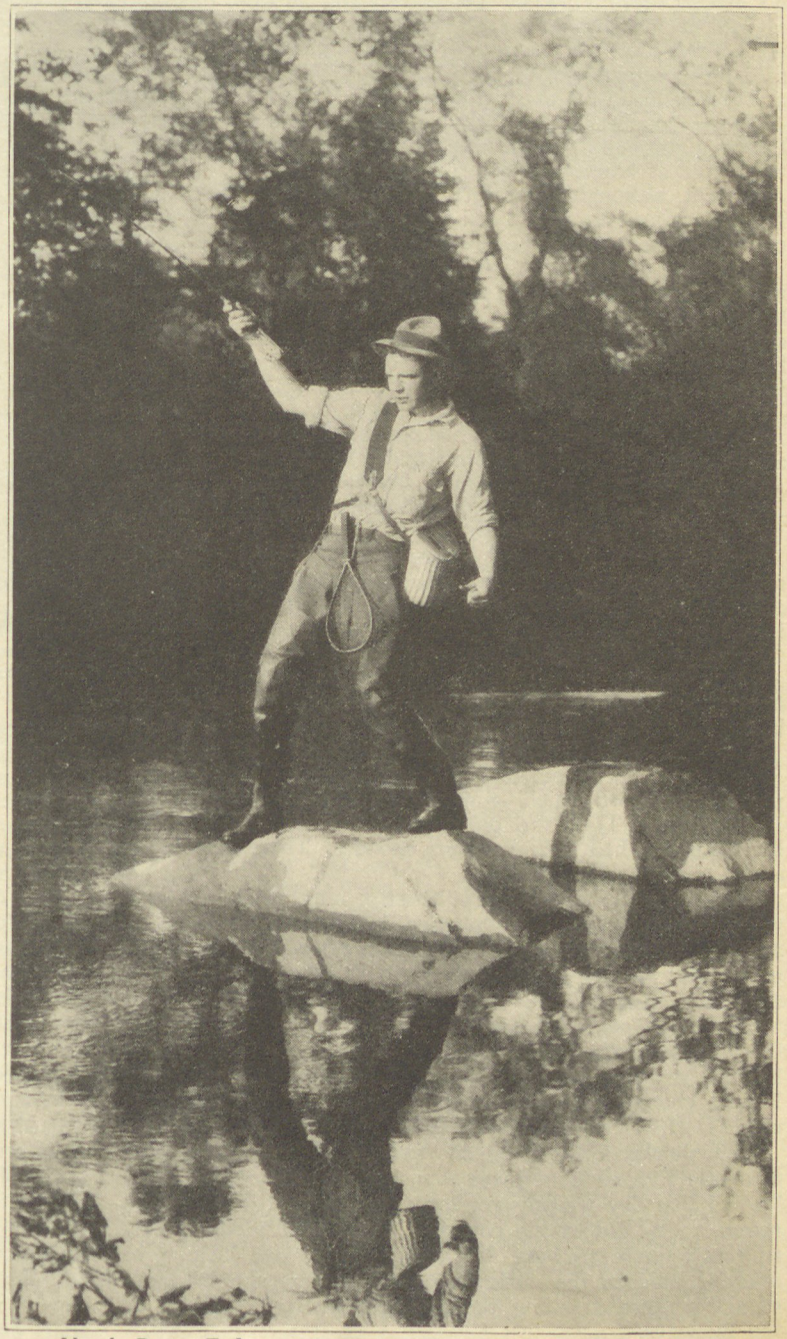
He sorted a collection of rods, reels and flies which he said were beauties—works of art. I did not see it, but I do know that the amount of money he paid for the De Luxe equipment would have bought many things the feminine eye could term beauties. He selected dozens of those camouflaged hooks, he calls them flies, and they were labelled: *Royal Coachman, Whirling Dun, Grey Hackle, Black Gnats,* and the like.

Next morning, before Doctor finished breakfast, the master-fisherman, Will Vickers, was waiting and it was just as I saw Cincinnatti gathering all the elaborate paraphernalia together that it occurred to me that Doctor was out to disprove Mr. Coolidge's theory about worm bait.

Breakfast was ordered for five o'clock next morning in order that they might get the right early start.

Day after day they came back with empty creels.

Then one morning they added to their number a bait boy—a boy to gather and carry live bait—if needed and as needed. Cincinnatti went along to drive the car to a distant place,



Not the Doctor Fisherman but one equally enthralled with the sport of fly fishing.

said to be filled with Rainbow and Brook trout, to go for food, and to "tote" the fish. This seemed to me as inconsistent as counting the chicks before they hatch but, at the same time, preparedness is not to be sniffed at—the lack of it having caused the best of us many inconveniences.

When Doctor returned this time, they brought a creel filled with Rainbow trout. This program was carried out day after day—the same foursome, some days leaving early—some earlier; some days successful, some less so.

Several times when a large Rainbow trout was exhibited and the golfers asked, "What kind of bait did you use today, Doctor?" he answered always something like this, "I used a 5 oz. rod, double tapered enameled line, a 7½ foot tapered leader, no loops, and a Blue Evening Dun."

This statement was seemingly so contradictory to my knowledge concerning the supplies with which he went equipped each day, that I questioned him privately about it. I mean the use to which he put the old fashioned bait—worms, crawfish tails or minnows. I asked in order that I might set myself right on the subject. I just did not understand all I knew about it. And he explained it to me this way. It seems that they were used for other species of fish which are said to be detrimental to the welfare of Rainbow and Brook trout, the aristocrats of the stream.

These mountain trout have queer habits. Aristocrats that they are, I learned they observe certain days at home, and are also very careful of their diet, although the caloric value of the type Doctor claimed to feed them was not worthy of consideration.

A friend of Doctor's, with whom he had spent many delightful weeks in a remote mountain camp, heard a detailed report of one of his most successful days through a friend just returning from this modest place. He is noted for his success with flies, and it was with great pleasure that Doctor was informed of his intention to join him for a week at Lakeview. He had recently acquired a bride, but after three days in that God-forsaken-spot (her language—not mine) she yanked him away to search for surroundings more congenial to her luxury-loving nature.

It was the queerest thing, completely beyond my understanding that during the entire time this friend was with us, not once could he detect a bite, although constantly on the streams. And this, in spite of the fact that he is reputed to be an expert at fly casting and an enthusiastic contender for the elimination of all old-fashioned bait.

"Bob" Davis, famous fisherman and writer, who frankly admits his fondness for bait casting and an occasional worm.

The reports he had heard of Doctor's previous successes were not exaggerated, and the day after he left, Doctor made his record catch—nineteen pounds, one twenty-one inches long. This, the old-timers said, was the greatest lot Lakeview had seen in many moons. These facts only added to my mental dilemma.

Doctor says that mountain trout fishing is an art, and when anyone insinuates otherwise, he is immediately up in arms. I feared for the safety of a gentleman from St. Louis, who asked Doctor if he caught this twenty-one inch trout from the banks.

His rage increased noticeably when a gentleman from Washington followed this with the declaration: "I would like fishing, were it not for the fact that my physician says I must choose a pastime which necessitates physical exercise. Golf," he added, "is the game for that."

This display of ignorance concerning the game Doctor terms the king of sports, was almost too much for him, when he had that day waded over ten miles up and down in the rough, rocky bed of the stream. It was a particularly cutting indictment to have his game termed one lacking in exercise, whereas the hardships of his day far exceeded those of the golfers, treading the soft green-carpeted round of the fairways.

Another thing about the fish—Doctor always was queer that way—he wants them prepared and served to people who enjoy them. Especially does it add to his pleasure for Junior and me to eat our full share. So we ate fish until I almost scream when I pass the huge street sign my market displays, which implores the public: "Eat More Fish."

Day after day the fishing continued, during which time Junior and I strove to entertain ourselves.

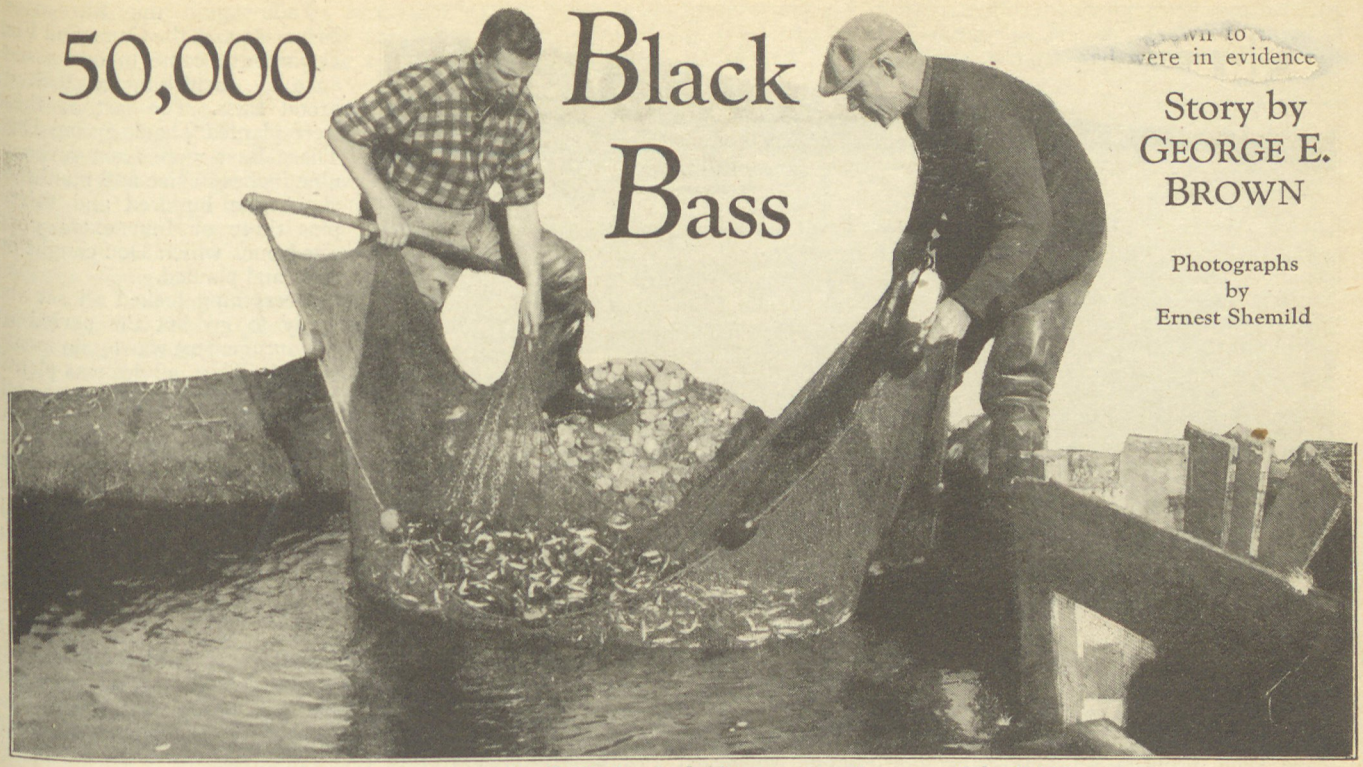
Two days before the time for our departure, a telegram came from the office, in which Doctor's secretary asked for an immediate reply.

When Cincinnatti came for his lunch, as was customary when they were within reasonable distance of the Inn, I went with him and the lunch to take the message to Doctor in order that I might get the directions, which his secretary requested.

When we had gone as near as we could in the car, I walked along the path Cincinnatti directed. We approached from an opening in the trees, a beautiful trail bordered on each side with luxuriant rhododendrons. Just as I caught sight of the stream, Will Vickers was in the foreground waving frantically to me, with gestures which I interpreted as signals of danger. Matters of great importance were taking place, history was in the making. I walked more slowly, with as little crunching of underbrush as was possible, but go forward I must. It was as if some magnet

(Continued on page 71)

50,000 Black Bass



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Story by
GEORGE E. BROWN

Photographs
by
Ernest Shemild

George E. Brown and Dr. C. W. Stoufer holding up a small portion of the 50,000.

Secretary Hoover's Advice Produces a Real Story of League Accomplishment

THE Minneapolis Chapter of the Izaak Walton League has raised this year from a small brood stock and planted in the lakes in Hennepin County, 51,138 large mouth Bass fingerlings measuring four and a half to seven inches in length and the work of planting was not quite complete as there are a few thousand more fingerlings to be seined and planted. This work was done by a Committee of three men who had little or no previous knowledge of fish culture—just three fly fishermen who realized the crying need of immediate results in Bass propagation and had a firm determination to succeed regardless of difficulties encountered. They, of course, had the one hundred percent support and backing of the Chapter. These fifty thousand odd Bass are husky, healthy fellows that can now look out for themselves and provide fifty thousand big thrills for the angler in a few years. During these years, while these first youngster Bass are growing, this Chapter will be raising and planting additional numbers. We feel that while these results may be small, we can justly say that we know black Bass can be propagated successfully and at a not unreasonable cost. It has been done.

Requirements—An ample supply of good, clean water, preferably cold spring water, the flow of which can be controlled. A pond or lake free from all enemies of Bass, the level and temperature of which can also be controlled. Finances to provide and maintain the above and also to provide adequate food supply. A few hard workers who will stick and see the thing through.

WHEN Horace Greeley said "Young man, go west," literally thousands took his advice. They got in on the ground floor of a new country and profited greatly thereby.

When Secretary Herbert Hoover, our Honorary President, began urging the chapters of the Izaak Walton League to establish fish rearing ponds, many chapters began laying the ground work to put that sound advice into actual practice.

It is not possible to find space in OUTDOOR AMERICA in which to set forth detailed accounts of the work done along this line by all the many active chapters of the League, but here is one that is so outstanding that we must tell it. Think of it! More than 50,000 black bass from four and one-half to seven inches long, all from one hundred and thirty four adult brood bass. Motion pictures have been taken and the newspapers have closely followed the development with ample publicity.

But why spoil a wonderful story? Let George E. Brown, chairman of the Minneapolis Chapter Bass Pond Committee, tell his own story.

We hope this outstanding accomplishment will lead many other chapters to follow this excellent example.

Write the U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, Hon. Henry O'Malley, Washington, D. C., for one of his experts to come and look over your plans. Do it now so you don't get left!

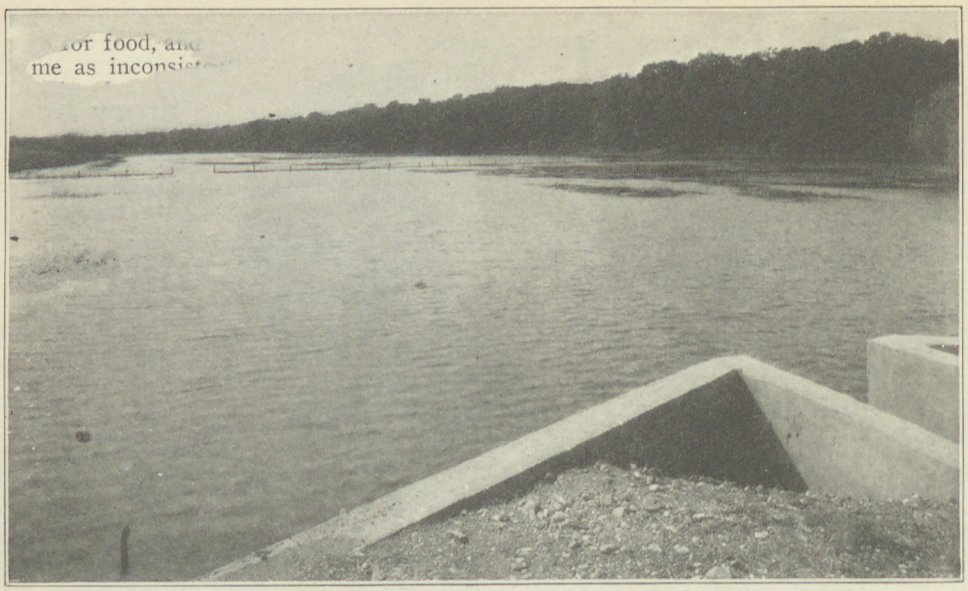
—EDITOR.

It took hard work and perseverance to get the first requirement at Minneapolis, and if necessary the same methods could have been put in operation to get the finances, although it would undoubtedly be much easier now to raise the necessary funds since the results show that Bass raising is not such a big gamble.

Early in the Spring of 1926, Judson L. Wicks, President of our Chapter, wrote an article for the Minneapolis Journal calling attention to our rapidly diminishing supply of black Bass, pointing out how essential good Bass fishing is to outdoor recreation in our state; also that the depletion of these fish was menacing our tourist trade which already outranks our wheat crop as an economic factor.

The Hoover Bass pond was then described by Mr. Wicks and presented as the most practical plan of propagating bass in large numbers. The favorable response to Mr. Wicks' article was very encouraging.

This Chapter was exceptionally fortunate in a financial way, although the project was well under way before the happy discovery was made. Caleb Doer, a very public-spirited citizen who died a few years ago, bequeathed several thousand dollars to any incorporated body who would use this sum to raise fish for stocking the lakes and streams of our county. Because of the true sportsmanship of this man, our Chapter was able to go ahead rapidly without the delay of trying to raise the money. Surely, had the Izaak Walton League been in existence in his day, it would have had in Caleb Doer an ardent member and supporter.



The Lake from the dyke. The water has been lowered one foot below normal.

In an article appearing in an outdoor magazine a few months ago, the author questioned the advisability of propagation of black Bass and went so far as to intimate, if not state definitely, that the cost and difficulties encountered made such propagation almost prohibitive and suggested that we Bass lovers turn to catfish for our sport. We at Minneapolis believe that we are now well on the way toward convincing proof that black Bass can be propagated in ample numbers to battle the true sportsman angler as long as our waters are clean enough for Bass to live in, and at a very reasonable cost. The article referred to was entitled, "The High Cost of Black Bass."

When Ralph Bruce and Dr. C. W. Stoufer, ardent fly fishermen for years, found each succeeding year that their favorite Bass "grounds" were being fished out by the ever-increasing number of fishermen and that in this day it is impossible to find and keep a secret fishing hole, they began to think seriously of Herbert Hoover's recommendations on raising Bass. So, along in 1925, they, with John Shafer, a civil engineer of note, were appointed on the Committee to investigate the possibilities, and, if possible, locate a proper place for a Hoover Bass pond.

They burned up gasoline and wore out tires for many months. Every nook and corner was investigated—some places looked good and some not so good; other places which appeared to come within Bass pond requirements on one or two inspections later were found to be inadequate, but these fellows wanted Bass and they wanted them badly, so they kept on.

Locating an apparently ready-made lake and perfect supply of water was by no means the end of the work of these three men who had labored so long and consistently. After more months of planning and work, control of the necessary amount of land was gotten for a period of years sufficiently long to try out the great experiment.

The Game and Fish Department of the State of Minnesota, the Bureau of Fisheries and the United States government came to our assistance here and actual construction work was started in the summer of 1926.

Two dams were built across the creek, the lower to give a head of water to supply the lake and the second, or upper dam, to form an additional settling pool as protection to the lower dam and as a safeguard against any turbidity in case of heavy rains. This second dam proved to be cheap insurance. From a control gate at dam No. 1, a twenty-four inch vitrified clay pipe line was laid some four hundred feet to a point just beyond the dyke to carry water to the lake. A concrete water outlet gate was built in the dyke and an outlet ditch dug to carry water to the marsh below.

In August the lake was flooded very slowly so that any break in the dyke would be discovered before damage was done.

Then again the Bureau of Fisheries and the Game and Fish Department came to our assistance by furnishing a stock of brood Bass. The last of these were planted Thanksgiving Day. These Bass were from seven to nine inches in size and numbered about one hundred and thirty, plus three or four extra good sized ones which Doc caught on a fly and planted.

Everything looked all set and ready to go but the period of discouragement was by no means passed. First, advice was plentiful at every turn and no two advisors had the same opinion; pessimists were in the great majority. Then on the afternoon before Christmas, seepage started between the concrete gate wall and the dyke and water began to flow and within twelve hours the water in the lake was practically gone. Doctor Stoufer and a crew of men worked waist deep in the ice and water and plugged the hole only to have another open on the opposite side of the gate two weeks later. There was then very heavy ice on the lake so we did not know until Spring that we had lost about all of our water and Bass.

As soon as weather would permit, concrete wings were built on the gate walls and after an expenditure of another thousand dollars, we were again ready for a brood stock. All this trouble and loss proved a blessing because we feel certain now that our first brood stock was too small to have given us any good results in 1927. One hundred and thirty Bass were washed down into the Minnesota River to make better fishing there in a year or two. When we were finally ready for a new brood stock, the Game and Fish Department furnished us with much larger Bass—real brooders which proved to be the proper sized brood stock.

A decision was made to use only a small brood stock the first year as it was not to be expected that a newly flooded meadow on which hay had been reaped during the preceding Summer would furnish much in the way of aquatic vegetation which, in turn, was to supply the small life for food for Bass fry. Brood stock consisting of one hundred and thirty-four Bass, weighing from a pound and a half to two and a half pounds were planted the latter part of May.

The weather was cold and the season late and, therefore, favorable to our late planting. Spawning was retarded by a heavy flow of cold creek water to give the Bass ample time to acclimate themselves to the new surroundings and to locate and make their spawning

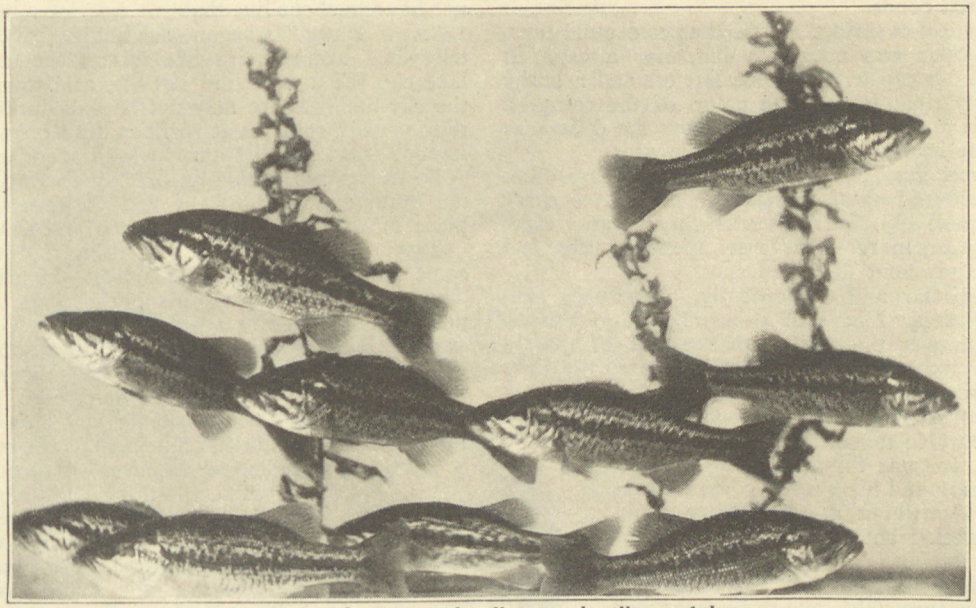
H. L. Canfield, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, lends a hand at counting.

beds. Then, in the middle of June, the flow of water was cut down to just enough to take care of the seepage out of the lake and thereby permit the entire lake to warm up to spawning temperature.

Actual spawning took place somewhere around July 1st or started about that time. No attempt was made to discover the number of nests or the amount of spawn. This lake is rather a large body of water comprising twenty odd acres and too large to locate spawning beds without a boat. It was felt that no good could be done by locating the spawning beds and to attempt to do so might do more damage than good.

At this time our caretaker, Jerry, was hired, a tent provided for his living quarters, as well as a "flivver" truck for transportation.

As soon as the brood stock was planted we began putting in minnows for food for the brood Bass and Jerry was kept constantly on the job locating and seining minnows and is still at it. An average of two thousand minnows a day have been provided for food for the mature Bass, as well as for the fingerlings as soon as they were large enough to eat them.



America's fishermen need millions and millions of them.

Our greatest anxiety was about food for fry and the aquatic vegetation to produce it. Our fears in this direction were reduced, however, when early in July, the lake began to be clouded with a dense growth of algæ and shortly after reeds, potamogeton and other plants began to appear. By August 1st seventy-five percent of the water surface was covered with vegetation and our lake again took on the appearance of a meadow.

The first fry were observed on July 11th and were carrying the egg-sack and were in schools of three thousand to thirty-five hundred. The water was now very warm and kept so by a minimum flow of fresh water from the creek. Each inspection showed a surprising growth in the fry so no artificial food for them was provided. Their rapid growth seemed to indicate that artificial food was not necessary. By September 1st, the fry had grown to three or three and a half inches in length and were in evidence in thousands all over the lake.

We learned that unless a quarter inch mesh wire screen was kept in place at the outlet gate, the fry which were now fingerlings would go over the spillway with the water.

Planting of the fingerlings was started on October 18th. As the water was drawn from the lake by removing planks from the outlet gate, we had no difficulty in getting the small Bass to come over the spillway with the water into a pool twenty feet in diameter just below the gate.

They came just as fast as they could be counted and hauled away. At this time the fingerlings measured from four and a half inches to seven inches with by far the great majority measuring six inches.

Fifty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-eight big, healthy, fighting fingerling large mouth Bass have been planted in the lakes of Hennepin County. It is estimated that this is five to ten times as many Bass as have been caught in these waters in 1927 and we still have two or three thousand to plant. We wonder if any waters have ever been stocked with such a quantity of black Bass of this size.

All this was done with less than seventy pairs of mature Bass and our lake has a capacity for nearly ten times this number. We are at work now to increase this stock by two hundred additional pairs of brood Bass. This stock will be further increased as the matter of food supply is taken care of in succeeding years until our limit of around five hundred pairs is reached.

We are Bass farming and expect to take the same chances in our crop that other farmers take. Yet we feel that even in poor years we can easily take care of our local waters to their limit and have Bass for others. We hope to be able to supply other Chapters who are less fortunate than we in having what we think a perfect location.

IF we expect to have fish and game in the future we must face the true situation now and support a program of production and protection far greater than any yet attempted. Start a Hoover nursery pond, a game farm, or a series of refuges right NOW. Don't put it off. Hundreds of League chapters are already doing their share. How about yours?

Nimrod *in the* Bull Rushes

By
BERT ALBEL

Drawings by Ed. Lund

MATTY was an amateur at hunting. You could see that at first sight. When he stepped from the train I noticed, for instance, his shoes. They were a brand new pair of army shoes, hopelessly unfit for wandering around the muddy shores of small lakes and wading through ponds.

There was his head-covering. I use that compound noun advertedly because it was neither a hat, nor a cap. It was really a stocking cap with the cue left off and a bushy tassel on the very tip. It was the color of the thing—a bright grey; as if a duck would never know the difference between it and the chewed-off top of buffalo grass.

His double-barrel gun, however, made up for any other deficiencies. It showed sportsmanship. I'll admit I carry a pump gun, because my aim at first is very erratic, especially when fifty or more ducks rise spontaneously and I only begin to aim about the third shot.

Matty was a scholar and consequently, or perhaps subsequently, wore glasses. I have an in-born hatred of glasses. I never could get over the feeling that a pair of glasses barely peeping over a tuft of grass certainly catch the light from the skies and cast a reflection to the cunning water fowl, causing them to swerve in the nick of time. I have never been able to verify these suspicions of mine, because, for one thing, I never want to be in front of Matty and his glasses when he carries a gun. And without glasses Matty could never tell a live duck from a decoy, or with them for that matter.

Four o'clock in the morning of a raw November day is not quite an agreeable hour to be emerging from the folds of a warm blanket. At least Matty voiced some profane sentiments to that effect.

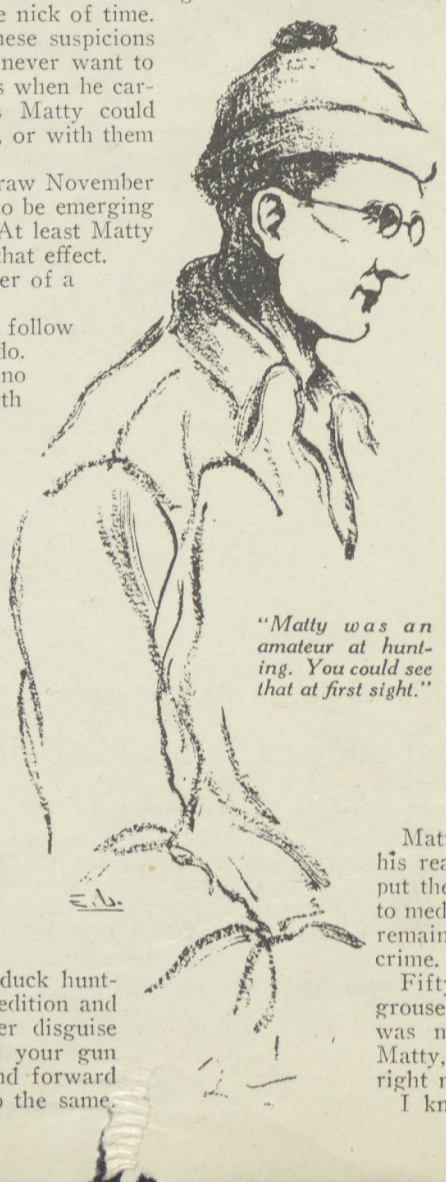
We shut off the car about a quarter of a mile from the lake.

"Now, Matty," said I, "you just follow in my wake and do just what I do. This is an open lake. It has no blinds. The approach is open with just a little bunch of hay to lie behind until day breaks."

"In that case," says Matty, "I'll take my detective story along and when daylight comes I'll continue reading. You see," he added by way of explanation, "I am on my vacation now and I want to indulge in light literature to keep the brain active and while away the otherwise tedious hours."

I was aghast! Show me the hunter in the whole wide world who considers two hours waiting in the rushes as a loss of time and a tedious occupation! I gesticulated madly, without raising my voice. It was hard work to keep quiet under such a trying ordeal. Matty calmly brought forth his story from the rear seat of the car and pocketed it. I was helpless.

"Now look here, Matty. We're duck hunting and not out on any literary expedition and even a Sherlock Holmes could never disguise himself to fool a duck. Now load your gun and keep it on safety. When I bend forward at right angles with my legs you do the same.



"Matty was an amateur at hunting. You could see that at first sight."

"But—" Matty began.

"Now, no 'buts.' Do as I tell you." I was exasperated.

"But," Matty fairly shouted, "how in the name of the great Caesar am I to see what you do in the dark?"

Well, I'll admit that was reason for talking, but he did not have to shout like that.

"Now Matty," I began pleadingly. "You do just what I tell you. You see, it's like this: those ducks down in the lake can see against the sky-line and we must keep out of the sky-line. There may not be any ducks there at all, but they usually come in at night to feed on wild rice. So follow me and keep that gun sticking away from me."

So we started, swinging quickly forward. It occurred to me quite suddenly that I had forgotten a very valuable piece of information. We halted and squatted down.

"Say, Matty, there is one thing I forgot. There are some white-face bulls in this field—Herefords—you know. They are not necessarily dangerous, but certainly they are not timid. So don't aggravate them. Give them a wide sweep. Don't stand by and study them. You will probably get more lasting results if you study them from a distance. Now remember, they very seldom see a person afoot and between curiosity and an evil disposition—"

Matty acquiesced. He was one of those students who never ventures an opinion until he has seen a thing. I was glad he took it so quietly, because, somehow, as often as I have ventured a course through those bulls to the lake my attention is always only half concentrated on the ducks, keeping the other half riveted on the pretty white-faces and that outward calm and indifference with which they mask their ugly dispositions.

Crawling was a relief to stooped-over walking. I came to a rest and looked back to Matty. Well, of all the sleuths in the world! I could see his form. Yes, he had his hands on the ground, but he was not crawling. His legs were stiff at the knees and to keep a certain amount of proportion his legs swung out in great circles with the rear of his back humped up in the sky-line like a dromedary.

"Say," I whispered fiercely, "do you think those ducks have given you a special invitation to come down and review them?"

Without a word Matty fell flat in the mud with only a grunt as a protest. We reached our bunch grass where we waited patiently. Light broke in the east behind us. Not a duck in sight. Not a single satisfied quack could be heard. I was disappointed.

"Look here, Matty, I'll crawl behind that farther bunch grass. There might be some ducks feeding in the rushes. You stay here and keep your eyes open and whenever you see a chance, don't wait, plug away."

Matty nodded. He pulled his detective story from his rear pocket, stretched out to his full length and put the book in the hay before him. I had no time to meditate on such perversity. At least Matty would remain quiet while absorbed in his unravellings of crime.

Fifty feet away I reached my hiding place. A grouse rose from the other bank of the lake and was making towards us. It swerved right over Matty, about fifteen feet over his head, cackling right merrily.

I knew Matty had a bad ear, but he must have

heard that cackle. He was still reading. Then quite casually as it were, he put his finger down in the book as if marking the place, looked up to me and yelled across:

"Say, what was that?"

Well, sir, I came to my feet and just split my sides. Quack, quack! Up went my gun as six green-heads rose from the rushes. Two dropped, winged, and my gun was empty.

"Come here, Matty," I yelled, "and shoot those two before they escape." I was already busily disrobing. My waders were in the car and I knew from bitter experience that without a dog those ducks would soon escape to the other shore. I plunged waist-deep into the water and on to the other side, but the ducks had escaped.

Meanwhile I was longing again for my clothes. I shouted across the lake to Matty to get the car and bring them. Matty certainly had a deaf ear. He got an idea from my gestures, however, that I wanted him to join me. He calmly proceeded back to his hiding place and picked up his magazine. Deliberately leaving my clothes on the shore, he went back to the car, got in, and in a quarter of an hour came up to me having barely missed a few mud holes on his tour around the lake.

He heard me this time as I hurled some of his beloved classical phrases at him. He remained unruffled, peering at me through his glasses.

"Indeed, I must say you look like Moses in the bull-rushes."

And the grin that accompanied those words!

Well, there was nothing to do, but secretly I swore revenge. As I slipped into my overcoat which, fortunately, I had left in the car, I made Matty search for the lost duck. At the other extremity of the lake I quietly slipped my decoys into the water and proceeded for my clothes.

I passed two of the bulls grazing near the water. I disliked them intensely. They always annoyed me. More than once I had felt a cold chill creep over me when I had ventured too near them. They gave me that deadly, cold-blooded stare. They had pretty white hair between the eyes and down the nose, but if ever I saw viciousness, I saw it there. Experience had taught me that they never acted very strangely as long as I kept myself between them and the lake. One day, however, I came up around one very cranky one and deemed it best to keep to the land where I could try out my legs if need be.

So I had proceeded leisurely describing a half circle with the bull directly between me and the lake. Suddenly he came to life. He threw his massive head into the air and took a few steps towards me. I instinctively picked up my gait. A grunt from the bull and his legs went into action. So did mine. One leap and I was off. I dared not run directly away from him, believing my life depended on keeping that murderous bull in sight at all times. My gun was a hindrance, but I clung to it for dear life. I had gone about fifty feet at break-neck speed when I realized from the angles along which we were running that our paths would soon cross.

I checked myself, gun ready for action. It's queer what thoughts will come to a fellow in such a predicament: what if my gun should jam? But the bull never swerved from his direction, crossing the path fifteen feet ahead of me, just where I would have been had I kept up my Marathon.

I certainly sagged at the knees when I realized that the crazy critter was only trying to get away from me and that within the insides of that bone and flesh there was such a thing as fear, evidently more palpitating than mine. Overjoyed at my sudden deliverance I took a flying shot at the retreating coward. His legs went up into the air and he increased his speed as if by magic.

I had not communicated this rare incident to Matty. Matty was a scholar. His interest might be aroused and he might try to study one of those bulls at close range. I loved Matty and had no desire to see his anatomical extremities sticking forth from the horns of some infuriated bull.

Be that as it may, Matty's last sarcastic remark about me in the bull-rushes brought me to the devilish idea of Matty and a bull rush. They say sin lies more in the thought than in the act. If so I was sinning terribly. I was in high glee as my imagination unfolded Matty in an encounter with the bull.

He "died for the sake of science" would be the verdict: having taken the bull by the horns and being caught up in the dilemma.

Experimenting with the unknown has cost many a man his life and although I never asked Matty for verification, I knew that his experiments in the laboratory had cost him his near-sightedness and put a silencer on his right ear.

Surely, and conscience pricked me again, there was no sufficient reason for placing Matty in contact with a bull, so I put a halt to such unholy thoughts and steered my way to my clothes.

About the latter part of the afternoon we returned to our favorite lake after having bagged a few ducks. Matty had not been successful so far. With all his near-sightedness Matty spied those decoys at the other end of the lake. I confessed to a tired feeling and since Matty had had no decent shots I would let him at those ducks. I would remain at this end and demolish them should, perchance, Matty miss, which he might do with such poor eye-sight.

Matty took my innuendos with astonishing alacrity and started out for the other end of the lake. The killing instinct of the hunter was not entirely dead within him. He skirted ever farther away until he was lost to sight around the bend. I waited patiently for fully ten minutes, then I knew Matty must be doing some clever sleuthing work. Finally I became convinced that he was doing it all to prove to me that he could be an adept at this hunting business.

And there were those decoys riding the waves peacefully, all unaware of the coming tragedy. They had been pushed around by the wind and stood in two groups of threes in marching order.

Bang! bang! Even before I heard the shot I had seen the water sweep out in long lines. For a moment the decoys were hidden from view. The water calmed. There they were riding the water in disordered array, two tipped over by the shot.

And Matty! What a sight! Like a battle horse of old he went charging through the rushes straight and fast for the water. His arms swung up in large, generous circles. His knees came up directly in front of him, swinging clear of the water with each leap. Evidently he was not going to allow those birds to get away. With another lunge he was down on them. The charge was over. He came to a standstill as suddenly as if his feet had been thrust into soft cement.

My senses had enjoyed every move of the drama; now quite as suddenly my conscience troubled me.

A TRAGEDY

By A. Y. Bristoll

ARCHIBALD AVERY ALEC MONIER
Said with a very sarcastical sneer,
"A red coat is nonsense when out hunting deer,
It would scare all the game that I'd ever get near."

ARCHIBALD AVERY ALEC MONIER
Clad in the khaki he seemed to revere,
Shouldered his rifle and gathered his gear,
Went, by himself, in pursuit of a deer.

ARCHIBALD AVERY ALEC MONIER
Prowled through the timber without thought of fear;
(Now the woods swarm with hunters at this time of year,
And one of them glimpsed him.) Oh, come shed a tear.

Poor
Archibald Avery Alec Monier
Lies here.

"Look at that man out there," it yelled at me. "You claim to be his best friend! You've duped him, that's what you have done. Shame! Look at him all dejected, a moment before so certain of victory!"

"But—" I protested weakly, "a joke—"

"Bah!" And my conscience spat in contempt of me and vanished.

I spat too. I shrugged my shoulders. I reflected. I wondered whether I could put on a face of innocence, or perhaps of remorse, while my insides fed gleefully on a tying of the score between my friend and me. After all a joke was a joke and mine had been to sit in the rushes of a cold morning just because my learned friend had not the presence of mind to realize my discomfiture.

But, the devil! What to say, how to act when Matty should put in his appearance! I looked up. Evidently Matty was thinking hard and trying to put on a best front. There he was coming along on the opposite side of the lake, probably taking the longer route to gain time for thought.

Now by all the gods! I sat up suddenly and very erect. Sure, I knew all along that bull was over there. I had seen him when we first came up to the lake. And here was Matty coming along the edge of the water with head dejected, right straight for that brute. He would pass the bull on the wrong side.

Maybe I was needlessly alarmed. The bull might not even deign to notice him. But whatever might happen I was out of the car and running along the lake with gun in hand. I yelled at Matty, but you know how it is with his ear.

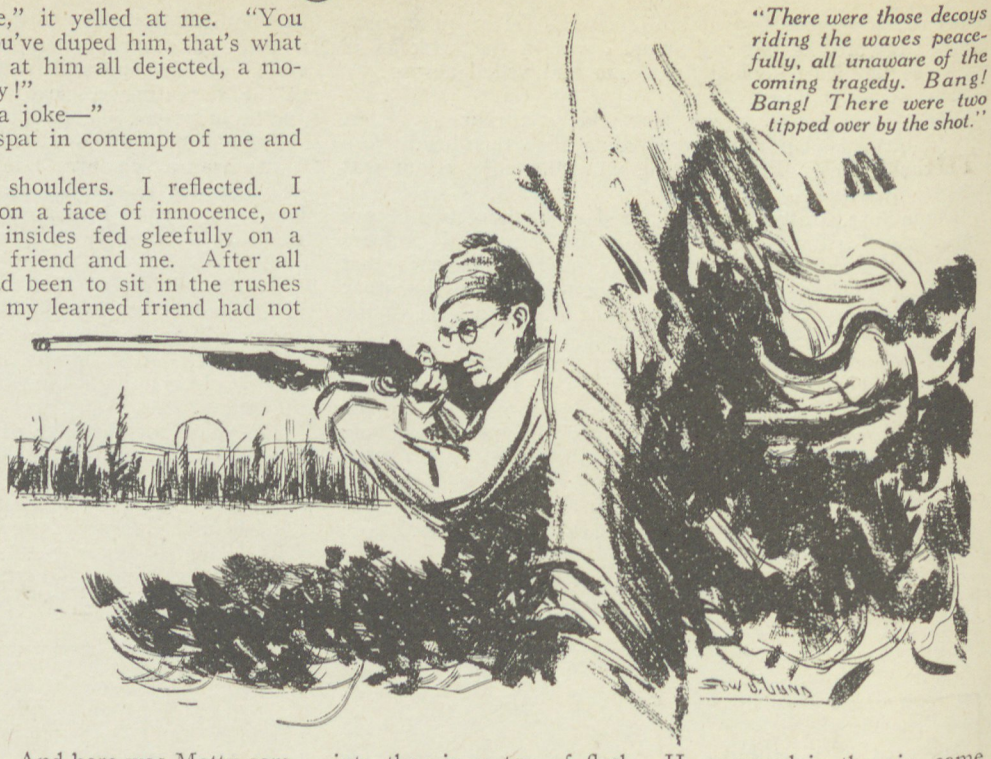
Then I saw the bull. As if stung by some sharp instrument the animal brought up his head and turned sharply towards Matty. I could see his body grow rigid, even the tail seemed to grow stiff. That brought Matty to a sense of his surroundings. He stopped in his tracks; his gun dropped. Of all the foolish things, just when his gun might be his salvation. Without knowing how I got there I found myself in the middle of the lake and not more than sixty feet behind the pair. I dared not shoot as a duck load would only give the bull an impetus forward and a stray shot might fly over and hit Matty in the spectacles.

There they stood. The massive head of the brute began to lower and I could see—almost feel those hind legs dig into the mud for a solid footing. I knew then and there that the bull felt itself trapped and the only way out would be one mad rush at his captor.

I looked at Matty. He stood rooted to the spot. He too, must have felt that all was not well. In fact, he knew only too well that his position might be his very last. He was petrified, yet, in looking at him I felt that his mind was working very fast. Yes, he was fighting the brainiest battle of his life, matching his brains with that hulk within fifteen feet of him.

I watched open mouthed. Somehow Matty's cap came down into his hand and from there it fastened itself into his mouth. It seemed slow work, but it was done so adroitly that one would hardly know he had moved a muscle. His body inclined slowly forward until his back was as straight as that of the animal. His arms went down underneath and came up along the middle of the back, straight and stiff into the air as far as they could reach. I could not see his eyes, but once I caught the reflection of the setting sun on his glasses and it dazzled me. Great Caesar! He was a sight! Right here and now I say that there never existed such a looking animal before, for animal he appeared to be, as uncanny a one as you could imagine.

He took a step forward, just as a cat does after it has taken in the whole surroundings of its victim, the mouse. Then another step, velvety-like. That was all. Jumping Jupiter, if ever Spanish noble needed a matador! It was too much for the bull. A spasm shot through him. His whole body trembled. His knees sagged. Then up he went into the air, a ton of flesh. He swerved in the air, came down and started off. His giant head beat to and fro in wild fright; on he went gathering momentum with every swing, up over a knoll and out of sight and hearing.



"There were those decoys riding the waves peacefully, all unaware of the coming tragedy. Bang! Bang! There were two tipped over by the shot."

Well, I came on through the water soaked and chilled to the bone. But what matter, Matty had been saved. He sat on the ground unmindful of its dampness and the possibility of catching a cold. He had a beaten look in his face. I resolved right then and there never more to vent any sarcasm on my friend, nor dream again of such vengeance as had almost been mine. I tried to conjure up some grand words of praise.

"Gee, Matty, that was the greatest act I ever witnessed. Shake, old boy."

Matty stared into distance.

"Say, Matty, your salvation must have been due to your experimental psychology. Presence of mind, you know."

Matty's spectacles looked up at me.

"Psychology, hell!"

That sounded strange coming from Matty. I squatted confidentially alongside of him.

"But surely, Matty, you know the science of mind over matter, how they mix and clash—" I gave up. I swung my arms to give verification to words which I felt must sound very foolish to him.

Matty glanced at me over his glasses. I knew then that I had emitted a mouthful of nonsense.

"Friend, it's just this and nothing more. When I was a lad I once read of a man who had been caught unawares by a wild animal. In his predicament this man sought safety in the idea that his present enemy feared only an animal that looked more ferocious than himself. Accordingly he did what he could to make himself very ferocious-looking. He succeeded. In my extremity I thought neither of God nor science, but from my sub-conscious store-house this story came to the surface. I simply acted on that."

"Providence must have been watching then," and I looked heavenwards. I continued to gaze. There they came, as fine a bunch of ducks as ever you saw, circling ever lower, reconnoitering the advantages of a good landing.

Matty gazed up too. He smiled.

"Some more decoys, I suppose."

Well, we had braised duck for supper.

Read Western Waterfowl story on page 5. Its message is important to every duck hunter.

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Founded by WILL H. DILG

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Thank You

IT is fitting at this season that OUTDOOR AMERICA make grateful acknowledgment of the many splendid gifts it has received throughout the year from its contributing writers and artists.

These gifts of articles, stories, paintings and drawings have been prompted by pure love of the outdoors and faith in the outdoor cause of the Izaak Walton League.

From the time of the very first issue of the League's magazine when the rallying call of its first printed word was sounded by Emerson Hough, the outdoor writers and artists of America have contributed their magnificent bit. They have given generously. They have given unselfishly. They have given of their best.

Those three great conservationists, Gene Stratton-Porter, Emerson Hough and James Oliver Curwood, can write no more flaming words to awaken our hearts and consciences to the dangers threatening their adored outdoors, but we know their thoughts, their fears, their hopes. We are warned, we are inspired by others no less great and earnest who are giving us their messages.

The list of America's most noted and best known writers who have contributed—absolutely without pay—to OUTDOOR AMERICA would more than fill this page. Hundreds of names would also have to be added to such a list—the names of those not yet so widely known, but whose words have brought us into intimate and happy contact with the outdoors and made us realize the necessity of striving to preserve and to restore its blessings.

Every single member of the Izaak Walton League, every reader of the League's magazine eager for the power, the progress and the success of the League's great cause, cannot but be deeply grateful to these outdoor-loving writers and artists—these men and women who have given and are giving so much of their talent, so much of their minds and spirits, their sympathy and labor, to help insure for all the future the great gift of America's outdoors.

A Resolution

OUTDOOR AMERICA has a New Year resolution to make—to bear continually in mind that portion of the platform of the Izaak Walton League which states, "The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations." Thus OUTDOOR AMERICA, free from all coercion, influence or prejudice, may carry the message of conservation without fear or favor.

When OUTDOOR AMERICA criticizes, it will try to criticize constructively. When it deplores the shocking decrease of our wild life, it will speak in warning against further depredations, not in futile repining.

OUTDOOR AMERICA will print the views of its readers on both sides of outdoor subjects. It has but one purpose, and one consuming ambition, which is to aid the great forward movement of the League to give us and our children opportunities for outdoor life and outdoor recreation.

OUTDOOR AMERICA belongs to YOU, to all those who love the trail, who worship in the silent green places, who dream along the banks of rivers and streams.

Every man and woman, boy and girl who thrills at the rise of a fish or at the flight of a bird should belong to the Izaak Walton League and help strengthen its outdoor saving campaigns. All Americans who want America to retain its forests and its clean waters, its wild life and its scenic beauties should add their influence.

They should read OUTDOOR AMERICA, and by their criticism and advice, help it to become a better and better outdoor magazine and a stronger and stronger medium for conservation. The conservation of our outdoor resources is no longer the problem of limited groups of "conservationists." It is a national problem of immediate interest to every lover of outdoor life. It is a problem that can only be solved by the efforts and cooperation of hundreds of thousands of outdoor lovers.

The fate of our streams and of our forests rests with citizens of the entire country.

Let us not through apathy or indifference shrug off the responsibility of each one of us to do our part. Let us not indolently assume that someone else will take care of the outdoors, that "everything will be all right" or think with discouragement that "it is too late now."

If each of us will take the same active and ardent interest in the League's task of saving our outdoor sports that we take in our enjoyment of those sports, they will be saved for us and for the future.

Definite and valuable efforts for all outdoor recreation can be made by each of us through the channels of the League and its magazine.

We ask you to read OUTDOOR AMERICA with the sense of its being YOUR own magazine, fighting for YOUR sport, YOUR game, YOUR outdoor rights.

From Iowa

"OUR quail closed period was to have expired this month, but the mistaken sentimentalists of Iowa got them protected indefinitely, which means they are in the song bird class. Tomorrow is Sunday, and I am going down into quail country. I am giving no guarantee as to my deportment. I have no hesitancy in showing resentment toward such criminally stupid game legislation."

The letter from which this excerpt is taken was written some time ago, and not for publication. It is from a good citizen, and a good sportsman, who for years volunteered his services as a game warden.

The lines are quoted here as a warning to the reaction to be expected from unwise and ignorant game legislation.

This man could not be induced to take game or fish out of season if he believed the closed seasons were for the good of the game. However, he believes with thousands of others, that properly regulated hunting of quail actually increases the breeding vitality by scattering the blood relationship of coveys.

The true sportsmen of America have proven beyond question that they are the best friends of the quail. It is the true sportsmen who have the best interests of quail and all game birds most closely at heart. It is the sportsmen's money which pays for their importation when necessary, their propagation, and their protection.

Considering the many acknowledged enemies of our game these days, is it not a pity that uninformed sentimentality must be added to the list?

The Last Call

BY

OZARK RIPLEY

Author of "Sport in Field and Forest," "Jist Huntin'," etc.

"BO' Jour! Bo' jour!" In crisp gutturals the Ojibway of the North Country hailed me, shaking my hand with warm sincerity. "You cum, always, when you say you cum," he added as testimony of the promptness with which I had kept an engagement that I had made several months previously.

"I am sure going to try for that big bull we saw above Polly Lake a few months ago, Dominique," I returned with the enthusiasm of one who has not been in the outdoors for several weeks and suddenly returns to it. "See any signs of the big fellow after I left?"

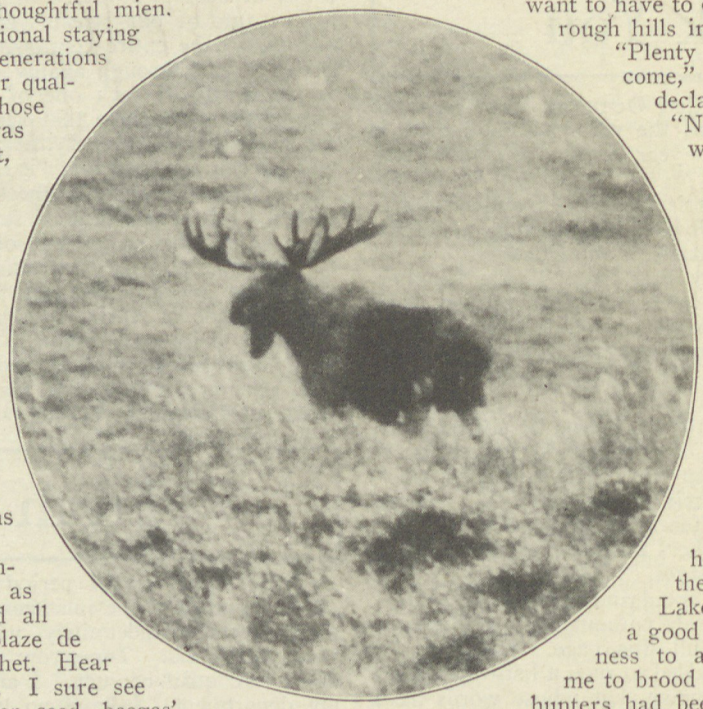
"See signs, see beeg bull wan week ago," Dominique confided with a broad smile. "She stay most time near Polly Lake, some time on west side Lake Helen. Wan day when I be lookin' for 'amik' and 'adik' sign, beaver and otter, see heem. Nearly run on top heem. Watch me. We get heem. I call heem right up close for sure keel heem dead shot!"

No one could call Dominique a big Indian nor one typical in stature of the Ojibway breed. He was small, with a stoical, thoughtful mien. but as possessed of the traditional staying powers as any born-for-generations man of the woods. Two other qualities had endeared him to those whom he had guided: he was trustworthy in every respect, and about as skilful a caller of bull moose as any man I had ever witnessed manipulating a birch bark horn.

"Where will we pitch camp?" I asked hastily.

"No pitch camp for t'ree days," the little Ojibway declared. "Season, she not be open for t'ree days. Best keep away from huntin' grounds 'til day afore start huntin'. Beeg bulls, he be wise. Hides out. What you call it, smells mens in de woods.

"But dat beeg bull," Dominique went on to relate, as though the subject absorbed all his attention. "I start to blaze de trail wid my 'waukegon'—hatchet. Hear beeg crash in spruce t'icket. I sure see da bull, beeges' faller I ever seed, beeges' penache a moose ever carried. Seem wan time beeger dan las' summer when he was in de water."



Giant Kenai moose. Photograph taken by Ozark Ripley.

"That's good," I interjected. "How do you know it is the same bull?"

"See hees tracks," Dominique smiled. "Wan time I see hees tracks in de summer, I nebber forget heem."

Right then I decided no longer to express doubt about his methods of identifying the big bull moose we had observed feeding on luscious lily roots in a shallow during the fishing season. We had suddenly come upon him in a little bay in the upper part of Lake Helen, and stared at him with infinite longing and curiosity. His tremendous size commanded immediate attention, almost awe. The great spread of velvet-covered antlers were of almost unbelievably large proportions.

When I saw that moose, I vowed that not only would I come for a chance at him during the open season, but would pass up all opportunities at other game in order to accomplish it. Nor was the sight of him one of any great duration. He quickly sensed our presence. Casting his great head aloft, momentarily he looked at us with brief but scornful scrutiny. Then, amidst a shower of silver spray, with the high stepping action, legs flung almost straight out in front of him, of a show ring trotting horse magnified into a still more graceful movement, he vanished into the rimming spruce woods.

I debated with my little Ojibway for some time about the advisability of going to our proposed camp site in a canoe or packing in via the east side of Lake Helen, rough as the going was, and finally pitching camp with our small tent north of the little lake which adjoins it, Lake Polly.

"Geeman—canoe—be easiest and best way," insisted Dominique. "Need wan sure. Take everyt'ing in wan load. Mebbe keel bull in de water; how we get heem out widout geeman?"

"That's true," I admitted, still expressing a sort of querulous doubt. "The season's late, though. Up in this Nipigon country a freeze-up lands pretty quickly. Then, too, from my experience, it gives out no warning beforehand as to when it is coming. Already we have had a bit of ice in the morning. You certainly don't want to have to carry a canoe back over those rough hills in case of a freeze."

"Plenty time talk when de freeze come," the native of the north woods declared with unmistaken finality. "No Indian leave a canoe in de water for freeze up. Too much ice to come back. I get geeman some odder time. Easy to go in wid and easy to get moose out of de water if you keels heem."

Dominique's remarks were too sensible to produce dissent on my part. I had no eagerness to pack over those hills, nor back. But my objections had arisen from believing that if our stay to meet up with the object of our quest was to be of any great duration, ultimately our camping and hunting area must comprise the hill country north of the Lake. Furthermore, I could trace a good deal of my obvious querulousness to a mental state which caused me to brood a bit through fear that other hunters had been in our designated hunting country. It was too late to do any calling. Such a big sapient bull as my intended trophy looked to be would travel back into inaccessible country at the least out-of-the-way disturbance.

"No use to worry," my Ojibway expressed himself, with an enigmatic smile, as though he wished me to ponder a while, and realize the insularity of the position I had taken. "Late Fall I bin t'inking. I hear de cows still call," he argued pleasantly, and at once restored my confidence. "No hunters been goin' in der. I know; I look; I see none. Don't believe yet dat no bulls nor cows have moved back in de 'spasin'—high rock country. Wedder, she no be cold enough. I look for good wedder for mebbe whole many days."

This unusually long speech for the diminutive, heavy-faced Ojibway placated me with amazing rapidity, and its influence was yet felt that evening when I dropped off to sleep between two heavy banks near a little ditch-like prong of Polly Lake. Here we were away from observation; I reflected upon the sapiency of the red man before I finally slept.

Slumber comforted me for a while, then, either the wind

Does not this picture bring home the truth of Edward Breck's contention in his moose story of December in Outdoor America that there is a far more lasting thrill in photographing moose than in killing them?

toying the tree tops or my mental gropings, awakened me. Finally, I attributed it all to the latter. That moose ran the gamut of different experiences in my conceptions—always with the ultimate objective that I had secured him with my first shot. Fanciful as it all was, for a long while it kept me from sleeping.

I visualized all sorts of presentations of a shot which would accomplish the kill, but the one that took hold most steadfastly and seemed apparently the most logical had to do with the skillful powers for calling of the amiable and experienced Ojibway. The wild, sonorous calling of the cow, and the first answer, as though a grunt, from the bull back in the spruces. A repetition of the siren notes of the cow, a bull breaking into full view in the open, impetuous, lustful, an easy mark for my high-power rifle—all a pregnant forerunner to achievement.

This last bit of play of the imagination had a quieting effect. The wind for a moment tossed the spruce tops with a sporadic gust. Then all at once it died down to a mere fitful breeze. A low moon appeared over the hills to the east, and all the world seemed to gleam like polished silver. Presently, I fell asleep again.

I was awakened from my profound sleep by the Indian, shaking my blanket. His mahogany features were all aglow with great expectations.

"Day cum queek," Dominique whispered. "She be late now. Mebbe seex, half-past seex o'clock, I dunno. Time get out. We try wid call. It sure breeng somet'ing."

Twenty minutes later I was forcing my way with the son of the forest of the scenic North Country through tangles of cedar, birches, poplar and young spruce, finally arriving at a rimming of high swamp grasses in the northeast corner of the Lake. I easily saw in all directions. Nothing could appear within rifle range without my knowledge. And yet I was well concealed in some birches which still tenaciously held their summer foliage.

A biting, cold dampness struck me. Nevertheless, its chilling effect was lost when I thought of what a spectacular sight would occur right there when the little red man sent the sounds of a love-mad cow echoing into the woods. All sensations succumbed to the dominance of one supreme thought: a chance at the big moose—the experience of a lifetime!

Few moments had passed when Dominique sent forth from that birch bark horn the doleful notes of a cow moose. I thought that it must have penetrated to eternity. An extensive hiatus ensued before the red man called again, but this time only far off notes seemed to emanate from the instrument of bark.

A grunt, apparently a response, at some distance. I was all atremble. Dominique repeated his efforts. Then I heard a loud cough, a crashing sound, as though some supreme creature were defying all barriers of close growing forest and forcing itself by its tremendous strength to the open area of the Lake. But it ceased, as though awaiting something to guide it, or listening for a repetition of the sounds that had lured it so far.

Masterfully Dominique sounded the cow's call again, but with a far-off note, as though the originator of it were across to our left.

Suddenly more crashing of timber, the noise of the ponderous hoofs of a large animal sinking in the dank moss, a cough and a loud "oowah" was followed by the appearance, not fifty yards from me, of the largest bull moose, with the biggest spread of antlers, I had ever beheld in all my life.

(Continued on page 50)

What's Happening

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Lumberman Looking to Future

CONSERVATION organizations frequently have assumed the position that the lumbermen of the country are interested only in denuding our forest areas just as rapidly as they can and then abandon the cut-over lands to the ravages of forest fires. In former years this criticism was probably well directed in all too many instances, but a number of large lumber companies might be named that did not pursue this shortsighted policy. Instead they have been wide awake. The result is that the second and even the third generation are cutting over the same tracts that were lumbered by their ancestors forty or more years ago.

The large fortunes of a number of outstanding families in America had their beginning through lumbering operations. A recital of the names of some of these families would read like an excerpt from "Who's Who in America."

Not All Were Far-Sighted

ALL too frequently the cut over lands have been abandoned as soon as operations were completed. Some of these lands reverted to the several states for the non-payment of taxes. Others, being tied up in large estates, were neglected so badly that the effect was practically the same as though they had been abandoned entirely.

In recent years most of the leading lumbermen of America have become fully awake to the benefits to be derived by constructive lumbering. Probably the best evidence of this forward-looking attitude on the part of lumbermen was the First Commercial Forestry Conference held in Chicago on November 16 and 17 under the auspices of the United States Chamber of Commerce. The entire program was under the direction of Major W. DuB. Brookings, Manager of the Department of Natural Resources of the Chamber.

Commercial Forestry a New Industry

IN the announcement of this outstanding milestone in forestry, the Chamber of Commerce said, "American business stands on the threshold of a new industry—commercial forestry—the business of growing crops of timber by private enterprise."

The conference was attended by representative lumbermen and allied interests from all parts of the continent. The manner in which the delegates to the conference discussed their various problems openly and frankly indicates that the lumbermen and pulp mill owners have not been "asleep at the switch" as many have supposed. Instead they have been looking forward, have employed approved forestry methods under the direction of trained foresters and are gradually but surely developing their properties on a sustained yield basis.

Owners Protecting Their Interests

CONCLUSIVE evidence was presented showing that 174 companies and individual owners in various parts of the country from whom reports were available are taking steps to maintain 21,000,000 acres of producing forests, and that timber is coming to take its place beside cotton, corn and wheat as one of the valuable crops of the United States. Many of these owners are maintaining forest nurseries and are replanting extensive areas. The majority are depending upon selective cutting—not stripping—and extensive forest fire control systems to supply a sustained yield for their mills.

Favorable Tax Laws Needed

ONE of the questions that was given much consideration was the proper method of taxing cut-over forest lands so as to encourage private owners to protect them and to grow timber crops. No individual or corporation can be expected to invest large sums in lands, in reforestation and fire protection if taxes are so high or uncertain as to make it an unprofitable venture. The best method is a small annual tax on the lands until such time as the timber is harvested, then collect a fixed percentage of the net value of the crop. Many states already have laws on their statute books which will encourage the investment of many millions of private capital in the growing of timber for future use.

Private capital will be invested in growing forests only where the state and nation offer reasonable protection against fires and a fair deal in the matter of taxation.

Safety First Always!

AN analysis of the newspaper clippings covering hunting accidents during the season just closed in many states may tend to encourage sentiment that is already all too prevalent; namely, that hunting as practiced in America is not a safe sport in which to indulge—that it isn't worth the price. While the fatalities far exceed all reason, those who are disposed to hold the viewpoint mentioned lose sight of the fact that even though hundreds are injured, a like number of people engaging in any strenuous outdoor sports during a similar period sustain injuries which are liable to prove fatal.

Americans should always have an opportunity and the urge for hunting, because it has physical and educational values that can be obtained in no other way. Americans have always been outstanding people when it comes to their ability to think, to act and to take care of themselves under unusual conditions. The benefits derived undoubtedly save many times the lives lost through hunting every year.

Carelessness Is Criminal

PRACTICALLY all of these hunting fatalities are the result of either a lack of training in handling firearms or downright carelessness. There is absolutely no excuse for either. Certain states have passed laws specifically imposing heavy fines upon those who through carelessness injure others, particularly in cases of shooting at human beings in mistake for wild creatures. There should be no need for such laws. Common decency and respect for the rights of others should be enough, but without such laws the local court officers invariably fail to take action with the excuse that it was "just merely another hunting accident."

in Conservation

Seth Gordon is acknowledged as one of America's leading conservationists. His knowledge of conservation affairs is exceptional and nationwide. He will gladly answer any inquiries from readers of Outdoor America. EDITOR.

One precaution that should be eternally drilled into persons using firearms, especially in densely populated states, is to *be sure to look carefully and see your target clearly before pulling the trigger;* make sure there is no person or domestic livestock in the direction of your aim.

All too frequently men are shot at in mistake for game, such as deer, even though the law in most states stipulates that the hunter must see a rack of legal antlers before shooting. In states where the use of the wild turkey call is permitted, every now and then a hunter stops a load of heavy turkey shot because some fool with a gun has fired into a bunch of brush behind which the hunter was imitating a wild turkey too well. Men have been fired upon by rabbit hunters, squirrel hunters, and all sorts of other would-be hunters.

Conserving Human Life Most Important

IN a recent report from New York State, where 28 men were killed (eleven of them by their own guns) and 71 were injured during the past season, it was stated that "One guide was mistaken for a deer by a member of his own party and was killed." The hunter who did that firing must have been intoxicated, a condition that no self-respecting sportsman will tolerate in a hunting party. The life of this murdered man meant more to him and his family than all the deer in the State of New York.

Conserving human life is far more important than conserving wild life. Every state should make it a part of its business to see to it that the type of carelessness described is outlawed and that all offenders are punished so severely that the fields and forests will be reasonably safe for everybody. *Unless safe for all, they are safe for none!*

Upper Mississippi Refuge Developing

THE Biological Survey is making splendid progress in the purchase of lands and waters necessary to complete the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge, set aside at the instance of the Izaak Walton League. Superintendent Cox recently announced the setting aside of seven separate refuges or sanctuaries with a total area of approximately 16,000 acres on which all hunting is prohibited. In addition to these seven projects, other areas will be set aside as rapidly as the purchase of suitable areas is completed.

The protected areas set aside to date include the Upper West Newton Lakes and Lost Island below Wabasha, Minnesota; Lake Winona at Winona; Target Lake near La Crosse; a part of Minnesota Marsh below La Crosse; Goose Lake near the Iowa-Minnesota boundary; and the Savannah proving grounds north of Savannah, Illinois.

Superintendent Cox reports that thousands of waterfowl have been taking advantage of these absolutely protected areas, and are attracting much attention. The comprehensive plans of the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce for the development of this entire area will soon make this one of the greatest wild life refuge and recreational areas in the United States, and fish by the millions will later be available for stocking purposes throughout the United States.

Everybody Wants Clean Waters

AS a result of the active anti-pollution campaign of the Izaak Walton League and other allied organizations, more states have made surveys of their waters or have such surveys under way than ever before. In most cases these surveys are being conducted by the sanitary engineers connected with the Health Department, Sanitary Water Board, or some similar agency with laboratory facilities.

THE States of Wisconsin and Illinois have recently published very complete reports covering their stream surveys. New York is making careful surveys and a report for each watershed is being published as fast as the work can be completed. Ohio, Michigan, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and a number of other states are making fine progress and more reports with suggested remedies are expected soon.

The sooner all states collect complete data on the condition of their streams and take steps to correct present unsavory conditions, the more quickly one of the principal objects of the Izaak Walton League, namely, "to safeguard public health and save aquatic life by the elimination of pollution," will be attained. Let's have clean streams just as quickly as humanly possible.

Forests for the East

A NUMBER of years ago the United States Government recognized the need of a system of Federal forests in the eastern half of the country, and inaugurated a program of forest land purchases. The plan contemplated the acquisition of 6,000,000 acres. Prior to that time all the national forests were located in the West, where Government owned lands were easily set aside and designated as national forests.

Additional areas were later added to the proposed national forest areas in the Middle West, the South and in the East, and now these areas as planned total more than 10,000,000 acres. Less than half of these lands have been acquired because appropriations have not been consistently made year after year by Congress.

McNary-Woodruff Bill Vitally Essential

THE McNary-Woodruff bill, providing for a ten-year program of Federal forest acquisition in the East, was passed with amendments by both Houses of the last Congress. Final approval of the amendments was blocked by the filibuster which marked the closing days of the last session.

A new McNary-Woodruff bill to supply the United States Forest Service $40,000,000 over a period of ten years for these forest purchases was introduced early in the Seventieth Congress. A complete analysis of this bill will appear in the February issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Why not get some extensive national forests east of the Rockies and bring more of our large national playgrounds, as well as future forests and protection for our watersheds, nearer our large centers of population? *If you really want them, please get busy at once.*

A Fair Deal *for the* Hawks *and* Owls

By

GEORGE MIKSCH SUTTON

Bureau of Research and Information, Pennsylvania State Game Commission.

GEORGE M. SUTTON is undoubtedly one of the most noted bird authorities in America. His knowledge is scientific and of the utmost help in determining the value of every species of birds.—Editor.

ENLIGHTENED sportsmen do not say, nowadays: "The only good hawk is a dead hawk." The economic value of certain of these birds of prey during most of their existence has been established beyond question. Nevertheless some of our sportsmen and farmers have yet to learn that in some of these predatory birds they have the staunchest of allies.

Naturalists are so much interested in the habits of wild creatures, and care so little as a rule about the economic effect of their food habits, that they often sincerely plead the cause of the worst game destroyers because they have a passion for studying live organisms and for letting the drama of life go on as uninterruptedly as possible. Because naturalists thus plead for the protection of destructive creatures they are often regarded as fanatics and while their sincerity is not questioned, their words are not always seriously heeded nor properly understood by those to whom they speak.

Naturalists are so well acquainted with the bloody program of existence the world over that to them the killing of an occasional rabbit or grouse by a Great Horned Owl seems no more tragic or regrettable, in a sense, than the swallowing of a caterpillar by a warbler. Naturalists have such a passion for studying live creatures, and receive so much pleasure from seeing them about, that they are not willing to ask therefore: Is this hawk *good,* or is it *bad?* They merely know that the bird is beautiful and interesting, and that, in their opinion, it has a right to live. A study of the economic status of a bird of prey is interesting to the fervent naturalist only insofar as it brings to light the truth concerning the bird's vital activities; an official study of the food habits of a hawk which will mean granting the bird its existence or sanctioning its extermination is repulsive to the naturalist, for he has decided that Man has no right to interfere with the processes of Nature.

The ardent naturalist is inclined to forget, I believe, that other men, no less sincere than he, may not have so intense a passion for protecting and studying all live creatures. Perhaps these other men too, in surveying the world in which they live, have noted so much destruction that they do not cringe at the thought of killing, either for food or for sport, the birds and mammals they call game. And since these men have great interest in protecting the animals which they wish to hunt they have naturally come to regard as undesirable those creatures which kill game. Sportsmen are interested principally in their own recreation, it is true, and while they protect game chiefly so that they may shoot it themselves, they are also deeply interested in its welfare, to the point, I sincerely believe, of giving up their own sport if the continued existence of the game demands it.

There is a sort of racial interest in game birds and animals. Who can say but that the blood of our pioneer forefathers warms at recollection of the days when we, as a young nation, depended upon grouse, or turkeys, or rabbits as our daily bread? At such a time of need the Goshawk which swooped upon our food was an enemy indeed!

It has occurred to me also that hawks and owls are naturally unpopular because they are so fierce in appearance that we cannot help sympathizing with the creatures which they kill. And once again, who can say but that we racially remember the ancient times when we ourselves were preyed upon by beasts of the jungle and field?

The naturalist, who sometimes forgets that Man, as well as wild-life, has his place in the balance of Nature, demands protection of all hawks and owls; the sportsman usually wants them all killed; the rest of us, who like a certain amount of sport, and who enjoy seeing and studying beautiful birds whether they are good or bad, can hope only that justice will be dealt to game birds, birds of prey, and sportsmen alike. And so careful investigations have been made involving the examination of stomachs and the year round observation of the birds of prey.

These studies have conclusively shown that some birds of prey are so valuable that the sportsman who asks us to kill them is a fool. Other species are obviously both good and bad, their food habits varying with the seasons or with local conditions, and others, from the standpoint of the agriculturist, the sportsman, and therefore of most of the rest of us, are bad and the naturalist who seeks absolute protection for them must be considered a visionary.

The good hawks and owls

Sparrow Hawk—A beautiful and beneficial bird of prey whose food habits are grossly misunderstood because of the misleading name.

should be so well known that every child of ten years will recognize them by name, and know why they are good. They should be more arduously protected than robins. They should become popular, highly valued birds. And there is no sound reason why they should not become so, though they admittedly are not so at present.

The Sparrow Hawk so constantly preys upon grasshoppers and other insects, and upon field mice, that he is a recognizable asset to the farm which he inhabits. His beautiful, trim form on the roadside post is a feature of which the farmer may be proud, and the boy who tries to kill one should be more severely reprimanded than the boy who kills a Robin. The Robin probably is not, actually, so valuable a bird as the Sparrow Hawk, though the Robin's popularity is nation-wide.

The Broad-winged Hawk, though little known, and not by any means as common as it should be, is strictly beneficial. Unfortunately the name of this bird, as well as that of the Sparrow Hawk, is misleading. The Broad-wing is a comparatively small hawk. The large Rough-legged Hawk which visits the United States in winter, is valuable. Living as it does in the open fields, it confines its killing almost altogether to mice.

Goshawk—A savage enemy of birds and game usually rare in the United States. Its occurrence in winter invasions is sporadic.

The big Red-tail, and the somewhat smaller Red-shoulder are usually not destructive. They eat principally chipmunks and mice, snakes, frogs, and some insects. I have personally examined the stomachs of over thirty Red-shouldered Hawks, and I have not yet found the remains of any bird or game. Among the sixty-seven Red-tail stomachs I have examined two held rabbit remains, one held part of a Ruffed Grouse, one held a Gray Squirrel, and one a Song Sparrow; the others held snakes, mice, insects and other noxious or unimportant creatures. The Marsh Hawk captures some birds and game, and sometimes forages in the poultry yard; but for the most part this hawk is good, and at times of a scourge of mice or grasshoppers is an invaluable ally. The Osprey or Fish Hawk, which in many States is protected, is virtually harmless. Only occasionally does it bother fish hatcheries, or take valuable food fish, and much of the time it captures the destructive carp. The Swainson's Hawk of the West is for the most part valuable. Such hawks as these, even though they do occasional damage, are a distinctly pleasurable addition to any landscape. Red-tailed Hawks in many parts of the United States are becoming rarer than they should be. If a hawk develops individual chicken-killing habits it must be shot of course; but the average Red-tail is an admirable bird citizen who does much good through killing destructive rodents.

Five kinds of hawks may be called bad. The big Goshawk of the North, which is usually very rare, is a savage destroyer of birds, game, and poultry, and when it comes South in numbers may be a terrific scourge to the wild-life. At such times we can do nothing fairer than kill the Goshawk. During the winter of 1926-27 the Goshawk invasion in Pennsylvania nearly exterminated the Ruffed Grouse in some sections. The birds of prey, active and muscular as they are, demand much food; and the Goshawk in addition to his excusable appetite often develops an individual inexcusable lust for mere killing. No sane-minded naturalist can object to a regulation of such birds of prey when the lives of our native game birds and animals depend upon it. The naturalist, of course, believes that there would be plenty of grouse, and to spare, were Man not to take a heavy annual toll as game. Pennsylvania's remarkable game population, to refer to my own State as an example, has conclusively shown, however, that carefully regulated shooting of game, efficient year-round protection, and wise laws, will insure a perpetuation of game birds and animals in the face of a complex civilization, developing industries, and a season of heavy hunting. In fact, strange as it may seem, game actually seems to prosper through the year and increase as an indirect result of being hunted during a few weeks each fall.

The Duck Hawk, while admittedly a killer, is becoming so rare, that there is considerable danger of its being exterminated unless it is given some protection. Sportsmen, in such a case as this, should yield to the altruistic wishes of the naturalist, in preventing the wiping out of a magnificent form of wild-life. There must be a system of "give and take" in this matter of wild-life management, if we are to succeed in securing the cooperation of all forces for conservation.

The Pigeon Hawk, a migrant throughout most of the United States, is a destructive species which preys extensively upon shore birds, but it is not often common. The three above mentioned hawks are usually so rare that they do not need attention.

The Cooper's Hawk and Sharp-shinned Hawk, however, are fairly common nearly everywhere, and they are very destructive. A Sharp-shin family will pretty effectively wipe out all the small birds of their neighborhood in one season. Sharp-shinned and Cooper's Hawks should be killed when they are common, for in a well regulated faunal assemblage such hawks should not be common. I believe that one pair of such hawks to every ten square miles of country would not be too common. Where wood lots are few the hawks will perforce be limited in their nesting range, so that sometimes they may appear to be commoner than they actually are as a result of local crowding; but if there are not one or two pairs of these birds somewhere in a ten-square mile section, destruction of them has probably been too drastic.

Among the Owls the only constant enemy of game is the Great Horned. Large and powerful as it is, this "Tiger among birds" demands much food; a family of young Great Horned Owls will consume many rabbits, grouse, and quail, and perhaps even turkeys and geese, before they learn to capture prey for themselves. One or two pairs of these birds in the area surrounding an average American town, an area let us say, thirty square miles in extent, are enough; if there are more, the species is probably too common for the good of the game and poultry of the region. If such an area has no Great Horned Owl, however, destruction of the Owls has probably gone too far. In some localities the Great Horned Owl is valuable as a destroyer of other enemies of game, such as the cotton rat, the weasel, and skunk.

The rare Snowy Owl is not usually destructive to game, for like the Rough-legged Hawk it keeps to the open fields where mice are common. The Barred Owl is both good and bad, and has the interesting custom of preying upon Screech Owls. The Screech Owl, while usually beneficial, occasionally preys upon small birds.

The Barn Owl, Long-eared Owl, Short-eared Owl, and tiny Saw-whet Owl are blameless. I examined during one winter over 480 pellets of a pair of Long-eared Owls and found among all the debris the remains of but one bird, a Flicker. There were, on the other hand, the remains of over six hundred mice!

I have not attempted in the foregoing remarks to sug-

(Continued on page 51)

Big Pup

By
DAVID
NEWELL

Author of
"Cougars and
Cowboys" etc.

DAVID NEWELL, popular outdoor writer, here gives us the story of his favorite hound, of whom he says, "I loved Big Pup for his plain old-fashioned stubbornness."
EDITOR.

ALL the world admires a fighter. The type that never knows when it has had enough is pretty apt to be a lovable sort—whether it be a red-headed Irish boy in the squared circle, or a footsore old foxhound on the last lap of a twelve hour run.

Big Pup was such a type. He was firmly possessed of the belief that if he would only keep after a thing long enough he would eventually get it. I loved Big Pup for the plain old-fashioned stubbornness with which he clung to a trail. At first he didn't even have sense enough to stop when he had treed what he was after! A fox, for instance, held no interest for Big Pup other than as an animal that attempted to outrun him. Once having treed or holed the fox, Big Pup immediately set out in search of another fox to argue with.

I have never known such a dog. He possessed to the nth degree the quality that is most admirable in a foxhound—unlimited ambition and endurance. A hound that will quit is just about as worthless as a bird dog that will not hold his birds.

He came to me about seven years ago, as a five months old pup, flop-eared, solemn-eyed, very large and clumsy of foot. A letter from the kennel informed me that he was Fred Dawson, No. 6107, by Champion Honest Fred out of Jessie Dawson, she by the famous old warrior Hub Dawson. I did not feel that the youngster ought to be burdened with all this, so he became just "big pup."

When Big Pup was about six months old, he forced a knowledge of his ability on me in a very unexpected way. I had been doing quite a bit of fox hunting, and had seven or eight grey foxes alive in a large cage near the dog kennels. One night the foxes held a mass meeting, and decided that they were altogether sick and tired of life in a cage. Thereupon they gnawed their way out of the cage. I discovered this fact next morning, and immediately let the hounds out in the hope of catching one or two of the jail breakers. Big Pup came along. He didn't know what it was all about, for he had never hunted a day in his life, but he came along. As a matter of fact, none of the dogs seemed to know what it was all about. At times a hound can be the most exasperatingly dumb of all God's creatures. Betty and white Florence, my two old strike dogs looked at me in bewilderment.

"He's crazy as a loon," said Betty. "The idea of trying to find anything to hunt in the back yard!"

"And it's Sunday morning and the sun is hot and the ground is dry," said old Florence.

(Now don't ask me how I know what these dogs said. There are times when every hunter knows just exactly what his dogs are thinking about him.)

I walked around in the tall grass, vainly trying to get the dogs started. They would not start. I clapped my hands and yelled. I sicked, I hissed, I clucked. No results. The hounds simply tucked their tails between their legs and walked behind me in a long procession. Big Pup alone seemed to become excited by my antics. He dashed here and there madly. Suddenly he gave a great bay. I thought at first he had hit a tree, but not so. He had smelled something that all his hereditary instincts told him was very good—a fresh fox trail. I never saw a young dog get so excited. He pawed the ground three times before he could get just the right start, and then away he went. If he wasn't barking twice to a breath, he was certainly trying hard!

My old dogs paid him not the least attention at first, but one or two of the younger dogs broke to him. In about two minutes I had a first class, bang-up fox race in full blast. Every dog I owned that was big enough to climb over a log got in! Hounds, airedales, and pointer puppies were strung along a quarter of a mile. I climbed an old stump and watched. Big Pup was not leading the pack, but he was well toward the front, and he was proclaiming to high heaven that he had discovered his calling in life, and that it was great to be alive!

About a week later I took the dogs to the swamp for a bobcat chase, and at the last minute threw Big Pup into the truck. He might as well learn young, and I had no idea of the strenuous morning that lay ahead of me. We jumped an old male cat shortly after daylight, and the pack ran him hammer and tongs for three solid hours. Through saw palmetto, bamboo briars, and tie-tie thickets went the race. The sun came up and shone down as only a Florida sun can shine. I knew that the dogs were having a gruelling run, for I had merely coursed them, and my tongue was out. Finally I saw the old cat lope across a sand road. He was nearly done for, and I watched to see how the pack was placed. Big Pup was the third dog across the road! Only a fox hunter will know the thrill that I felt when I saw my pup go past, tail high, voice steady, and out of ten experienced dogs, the third from the lead!

Just before the pack killed, a boy who had joined me saw a second cat slip out of the scrub, and we put the dogs on the new trail. One hour and a half later, after as fast a race as I ever listened to, the second cat was killed. Big Pup ran every second of both chases, and at all times was well up to the front. Never once did he fall out to rest or to get water. From that day Big Pup was a regular in the ranks. He lived seven years, and during his short life was in all sorts of races in all sorts of country. But whether it was red fox in the Ozarks, or a bear in the Arizona rock slides, Big Pup stayed to the finish. I have seen faster dogs, and I have often seen dogs lead Big Pup, but he never was thrown out, and it was noticeable that the longer the race, the nearer the front the old fellow would be found.

When a man has lived in the wilds with only his dogs for company he learns really to know and love them. I

shall never forget one night in Arizona. We were camped high up on Diamond Creek and had come in tired out after a long day's hunt. Three of the dogs, including Big Pup, had gotten away after a deer—for I could never quite break him from running deer. (He probably knew that a deer was just about the "runnin'est" piece of machinery in the woods.) I was sitting by the fire hungrily watching a large Dutch oven that I knew was full of bread fit for a king—if a king had patience enough to let it brown—when my partner suddenly jumped to his feet.

"Listen!" he said.

All that I could hear was the roar of the water—for the Creek was swollen to triple its normal size—and the persistent sizzle of that Dutch oven, so I asked:

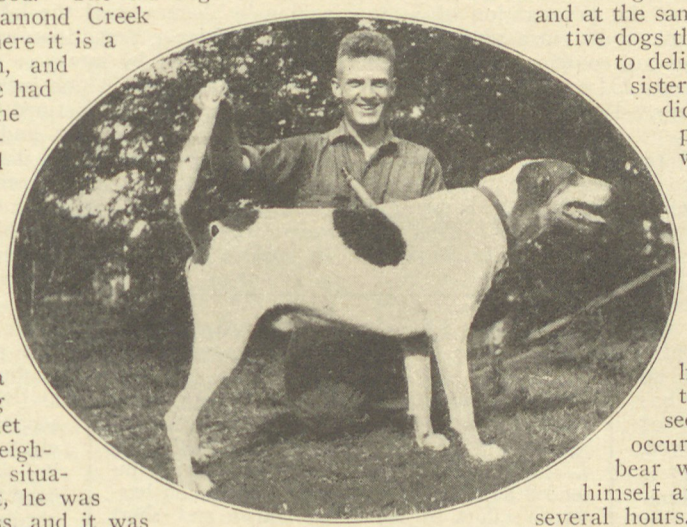
"What did you hear?"

"I heard a dog bark—sounded like old Big Pup," replied Sam.

I got up and listened intently. All the other dogs had come in, and I thought—

"Hear him?" said Sam breathlessly.

I did. It was Big Pup all right—down toward the Creek. But why didn't he come in to camp? I grabbed a flashlight, and we scrambled down through the rocks. Before we had reached the water I understood. The old dog had run the deer across Diamond Creek several miles to the north, where it is a comparatively narrow stream, and when he started in to camp he had hit a straight course. Now he found himself cut off by a raging torrent of water that hissed down through the boulders and threatened to tear apart anything that came near it. The miracle was that he had had sense enough not to try to swim it. Nothing could have lived in that water but there he was, when I flashed the light, sitting on a great flat rock, and barking away as hard as he could to let the boys know he was in the neighborhood. It was a ticklish situation. When he saw the light, he was all for coming right on across, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I prevented him from attempting this—a certain death.



"Dave" Newell and Big Pup.

"Get back, you crazy old fool!" I shouted.

"If we don't find a way of getting him over pretty soon, he is going to try it himself," shouted Sam in my ear, "and that'll sure be the end of him."

Up and down the Creek we searched, looking for a fallen log, or a possible fording place. There was none. Big Pup followed our every move.

"Go up to camp and get your rope," I shouted to Sam, "and I'll try to go across and get him."

"You'll never make it," said Sam, shaking his head, but he went after the rope. When he returned, I tightened the loop around my waist. Sam took a half hitch around a tree, and I waded in. The water took me off my feet before I had gotten in knee deep, and one taste of that icy water finished me.

"Let's just beat right on up the Creek until we find a log," said Sam. We did, and after about a quarter of a mile of stumbling over rocks and driftwood we found a great pine lying across the creek. I again tightened the rope about my waist and started across. About midway across the trunk of the pine was nearly submerged, and the water hissed over it in a white froth. I was afraid to try to keep my feet, and very loath to sit down! Finally I sat down. I'll never forget the feel of that water. I hitched my way over the log so fast that steam began to rise! Big Pup was glad to see me, and said so vociferously. I finally managed to get him and myself back across, although it seemed several times as if Sam was going to have to pull us both out.

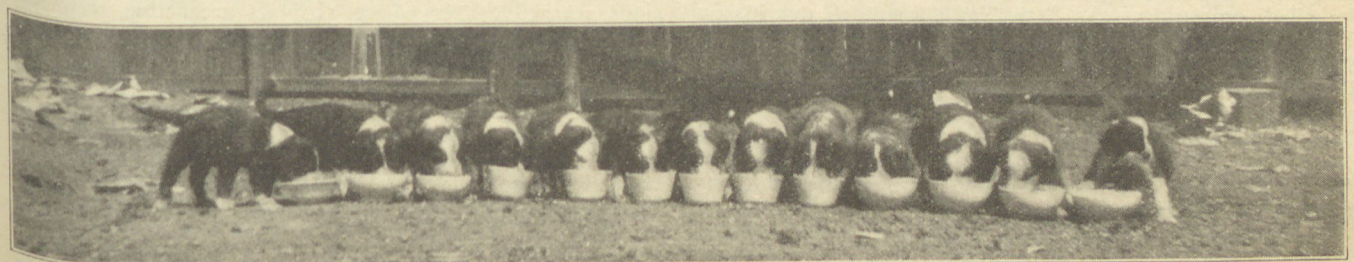
All this happened two years ago. Big Pup is dead, but when I think of the old dog—as I often do—I like to remember that I did not fail him at a time when he needed me.

The old dog had many peculiarities. His disposition was an odd mixture of timidity and stubbornness. Often when a pup he would break away from the pack after forbidden fruit—a rabbit, 'coon or 'possum. When I scolded him, he would hump his back, tuck his tail between his legs, and barely creep along, the picture of dejection. However, he always crept *away* from me. He liked to pretend that his feelings were terribly injured, and to use this as a cloak for going his own way! Once let him get out of sight of me—on a 'coon track—and there was no stopping him. He was the hardest dog to break that I have ever seen, and at the same time one of the most sensitive dogs that I have ever seen. He used to delight in trampling all over my sister-in-law's flower beds, and it did not do to scold him, for he promptly lay down and crushed what few flowers his big feet had missed. There he would lie, legs in the air, mouth slit back apologetically, eyes blinking, a great overgrown pup!

With other dogs he was usually well behaved, but would fight savagely over his food. Few dogs were better fighters on game. I have seen him on a bear's back! This occurred in Arizona when a big bear wallowed in a stream to cool himself after the dogs had run him for several hours. When the bear lay down, Big Pup promptly climbed aboard and did his best to eat a hole through hair and hide! For a clumsy dog, the old fellow could take exceedingly good care of himself in a bear fight, and was never scratched in over thirty encounters with bears.

From the day that a big bobcat bit him through the nose, Big Pup dearly loved to clamp his jaws on a feline backbone. The pack had put an old cat in a hollow under a fallen cypress, and Big Pup decided that he would like to look that cat over in the daylight. The cat liked it where he was, and the first thing I knew Big Pup's rear end was bucking like a Ford in the sand! When the dog pulled loose, he left part of his nose. A good many hounds are easily discouraged if badly bitten or clawed, but Big Pup reacted differently. What he started, he wanted to finish.

He was killed one night by an automobile, while crossing the road with the other dogs after a fox. Fortunately I do not know who killed him. After seven years of rollicking, carefree life, during which time he had run everything from bears to ground squirrels over a large part of the United States, Big Pup was dead—"Killed on Duty."



A Baker's Dozen of St. Bernard "little pups." Owned by Frances Locniskar, Detroit, Mich.

A Giant for a Giant's Work

By

FRED H. DOELLNER

Executive Manager, Izaak Walton League of America

GREAT work requires great strength. Puny efforts always mean the accomplishment of puny ends. With these two thoughts as its beacon the whole Walton League is pouring into the great new "Do and Grow" program upon which it has embarked, an enthusiasm and irresistible energy which will brook no hindrance.

The objectives of this movement are known to all Waltonians: visible and constructive conservation for all America—in every state, for every county, brought to every community—on a scale never heretofore even so much as attempted. This means real constructive conservation. The kind that demands action and shuns words and has as its end the fullest use of our outdoors; the propagation of more game, more fish; the establishment of more outdoor recreation areas. The League does not contemplate restrictive measures as the means to this end. Of course, safeguarding our present supplies is necessary. But the active creation of more is the vital need.

The second objective—and it really MUST come before the first—is a million-member League. The program of constructive conservation to which the League is pledged can not be executed without tremendous power. That the League has undertaken a monumental task is obvious. That mighty strength is necessary to accomplish this task is equally obvious.

The League is going to furnish the strength. Of this there is no question. The membership has awakened to an understanding of the great responsibility involved, and the fire of "Do and Grow" is surging through its veins. Membership is increasing rapidly. New chapters are being formed in every state. The Izaak Walton League is pushing forward everywhere—consolidating its strength where it is strong, strengthening itself where it is less active, introducing itself into the remote corners where no local organization has yet existed.

The League is launching major national conservation projects right now. It has plunged into most important activities. In this respect it is not only keeping step with the growth within its ranks, but is a step or two in advance. It has more than kept its promise of action in return for strength. It is "doing" even faster than it is "growing."

North, East, South, West,—each is seeing the Walton League in action. In the West the League is launching perhaps one of the most important conservation projects in America's history, the saving of the ducks of the coastal and inter-mountain regions from gruesome wholesale death by alkali poisoning. As Seth Gordon pointed out in the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, this condition has resulted in the death of many millions of wild ducks during the past several years. The duck wealth of the West—which means the duck wealth of the entire country—was being drained to the point of extinction. The end was not far off. A decline of sixty per cent in the ducks of the West was estimated by one national authority following observations in California.

Seemingly this problem never would receive the attention it merited, until finally extermination awakened us—too late.

The value of the Western ducks to the entire nation can not be underestimated. As the East and the Middle West grow more populous, as hunters increase, some place there will have to be a big supply of ducks from which to draw. And the West must supply this demand just as it is now supplying seed stock of big game to supply the more populous regions.

In the North the League is mighty busy preserving one of the major recreation areas of the nation—the Superior National Forest.

The League became interested in the Superior several years ago, when it prevented the construction of proposed automobile roads through it. Now it is fighting again to prevent despoliation of the magnificent waterways along the Minnesota-Ontario boundary in the Superior Forest region by damming of the lakes and rivers, with extensive flooding of large areas imminent. This development, it has been established by intensive research, serves no economic or commercial need which justifies the ruination of a major recreation area—one destined to survive as the last wilderness east of the Rockies, and the only wilderness area in America within so short a distance of great population.

In the East, private interests have taken the first steps toward commercialization of the Potomac river under the very dome of the national capitol. The League has stepped in, and is lending its strength to stop this. According to the plan of those who want to take this great national property and make of it a monument to their own greed, the historic Great Falls of the Potomac would be wiped out, and the most historic and beautiful sections of the river, in the environs of Washington and one of its show places, would be turned over to commercial uses which, according to testimony presented, is not an economic necessity, fills no economic need.

In the South, flood control work looms big. The League has taken the first steps toward active and effective participation in this mighty job. With its hundreds of chapters along the tributaries to the Mississippi whence comes the water that floods southern homes and industries, it can do wonderful work in control of the waters. Plans are being laid for participation in this work by all of the middle western membership of the League.

Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, President of the Walton League, has taken all preliminary steps in this matter. Judge Dickinson has twice been into the region subject to floods, and recently made a special trip to Washington to take part in a flood conference there.

But these projects do not constitute the sum of present League work in the direction of conservation. State divisions are active everywhere, chapters are active, state and community projects which will gladden the outdoor lover with more game, more fish, more outdoor recreation, are being pushed through to success in so many places that space doesn't permit enumeration of them.

Seth Gordon has begun his national conservation survey, and while this is going on he is doing everything possible in the interest of constructive conservation. For example, the nationwide duck feed project outlined to chapter officers: Mr. Gordon is trying to find out how many places there are in the communities represented by Walton League chapters which could use, and will use, duck feed. in order to attract the duck flight.

Keep Up the Good Work

THE majority of chapters and members of the Izaak Walton League of America have responded splendidly to the "Do and Grow" appeal of the Honorable J. M. Dickinson, President of the League. This was not intended as a "flash in the pan," nor as an hysterical effort of much enthusiasm and short duration. It was the beginning of a new era and a never-ending program of adding new members. The actual results can not be forecast at this time. It is evident, however, that some chapters will not meet their quotas. Therefore, even though your chapter or division has met its quota, continue the good work, keep your selling organization intact, and continue to add new members until every worthy adult in your entire community is a member of your chapter. Without this help how can we save the Potomac Falls, the Superior National Forest, the Bear River ducks, and bring back the joys of a beautiful outdoors?

Planting of duck food has long been recognized as one of the greatest constructive measures for more shooting that there is, and it has worked out to perfection in all parts of the country. Of course it is rather expensive, so the League has hit upon the plan of finding out how many chapters want to take part in this splendid way of insuring duck shooting, then arranging to have the chapters shown how to set aside the proper places, have their lakes and marshes charted for the kind of feed that will best grow there, and then buy the feed in great quantities and distribute it to chapters at a substantial saving.

Mr. Gordon is actively engaged in pushing many other conservation projects. Those dealing with pollution, with the restocking of streams—this great activity is going on apace, and live chapters are taking advantage of it to make better fishing—the replenishing of depleted game covers, are especially noteworthy.

The chapters and members of the League are backing up this program. They are taking hold in the expansion activities splendidly, and quotas are beginning to roll in.

Not only are quotas beginning to roll in, but quotas are beginning to GROW, all by themselves. Chicago chapter was given a quota of 8,000. The chapter has begun a tremendous campaign, and has set its own quota at 15,000. Detroit, Michigan, has laughed at its quota of five thousand, and has raised the ante to 10,000 new members for the league. Minneapolis is well on the way to exceed a quota of nearly 7,000. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, in the East, and St. Louis, Kansas City, Milwaukee, in the middle west, are under full steam toward really staggering quotas.

Smaller places are outdoing each other in not only reaching quotas but in exceeding them. Thus we have Midland, Michigan, a town of less than 5,000 population, which has sent in an authentic list of 170 new members and promises another batch soon. It is impossible to go into details as to the great work being done by chapters in smaller cities, in towns, and in even smaller communities. There is a spirit throughout the League that is deaf to any such an idea as quitting, or of stopping short of the very utmost in strenuous endeavor for a greater League, a more useful and more used outdoors.

The organization of new chapters goes on apace. Scores of chapters are pledging new ones, and many active Waltonians in all parts of the country are hot on the trail of the silver Founder's Button—highest award in all of Waltonism.

And in the West, the sportsmen are responding with the utmost enthusiasm to the plea of the League for more strength, greater power, to put behind the great drive to save the ducks. The League has entered the Western states in which it never has been very strong, and it has entered them with a will. The campaign to save the ducks has been carried on through every medium available. The radio, not only in the West but as far east as Brooklyn, N. Y., and as far north as Duluth, Minn., has been brought into use. The Denver chapter broadcast the opening gun over KOA, and the radio program was taken up by Miles Flynn over WABC, Brooklyn, and by Harry Denny over WEBC, Duluth. Stations in the West are lining up support for further broadcasts.

The League has taken the fight in the West to the sportsmen, both within and without the League's ranks, to the game wardens, to the forestry men, to the American Legion, to the Women's clubs, to civic and community clubs and luncheon clubs and to individual leaders in many hundreds of communities.

The League has sent out thousands of newspaper stories to papers in every town in the thirteen western states, and the papers have been giving wonderful cooperation in helping to bring about the aims of the League in regard to the helpless alkaline poisoned ducks of the inter-mountain region.

The League is gathering great strength in the West for this campaign, and it will go before Congress with a mighty united protest, and with demands for definite action as outlined by leading conservationists, and this action will have behind it plenty of real Western power.

The League must have power, not only in the West to put over our present Western project, but in every section of the land, in order to put over all of the big national projects the League is now undertaking and which it will continue to undertake in order to carry out its mission of placing constructive conservation for everybody—for the nation, for every state, for every community—on a scale in keeping with the demand and the need for outdoor recreation in the scheme of modern American life.

The Walton League needs more members. It needs more leaders. Here is a chance for leaders to lend their strength of leadership to a mighty cause. It wants leaders in the nation, in the states, and in every community. It wants to get in touch with men and women everywhere who have the best interests of their communities deeply at heart. The League wants leadership in both its constructive conservation program, and in its own expansion campaign.

The present expansion program has been extended beyond the first of the year. While the League had set a goal to be reached by December 31, it finds it best to extend the time, and to extend it indefinitely. Let present action be continued. Many chapters have just got under way. Many appeals have been received asking for an extension of time. "The time is too short," the chapters have said, "we are just getting well organized following the hunting season. Please extend the time and we'll double our quota."

The time is extended. Conservation is not a matter of time limits, and this present program of the League must be made permanent.

This is a call to the men and women of America to get in this great movement. The opportunity for genuine service beckons—it more than beckons, it calls. Spur your chapter on to feverish activity. If you who are reading this do not belong to the League, get in touch with national headquarters. Perhaps there is a chapter in your town. If not, you can do wonderful service by helping to start one.

This is a call to arms. Let everybody respond as best he can—through his chapter if he is now a member, or by getting in touch with National Headquarters if he is not.

The League needs every bit of strength that it can muster if it is to put through its great program of conservation for America on a scale worthy of America. A giant job—and it requires giant strength. The Walton League, with your help, will undertake the job and will provide the strength.

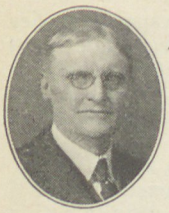
Have You

— proposed at least two new members

— said a good word for the League today

— asked a friend in another town to start a chapter ?

POLLUTION



A problem of nation wide importance which the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to solve

Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Head of Zoological Department, University of Illinois

Survey of Game Fish Waters and Their Importance

In the Preservation of Fishing

BY G. C. EMBODY

Professor of Aquiculture, Cornell University

POLLUTION OR FISH?

Always the importance of unpolluted waters enters into the problem of stream stocking

"LESS Time Between Bites" was an inspiring article by Secretary Hoover in the May issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA and all fishermen will heartily approve of the idea concerning the rehabilitation of our "game fishing" through the planting of artificially propagated fish that have been "carried through infancy to childhood." Along with this I am prompted to suggest that we be sure that these hatchery products are planted in the right kinds of waters and that some attempt be made to find out roughly, at least, how many fish a given water may support. In other words, one good way to begin this rehabilitation might be to stop wasting some of the young fish which our hatcheries produce at so much expense and with such great care.

Our state and federal commissions are blameless. They produce the fish and turn them over to us. We fishermen put them where we wish and in any numbers so long as the supply lasts. In a measure we are responsible, because we have not insisted upon a study of the fishing waters by competent specialists from the point of view of fish production.

One could hardly expect a commission to know how many young fish should be produced in order to fully stock the waters under its control, until the area and general biological, physical and chemical conditions in them had been studied and catalogued. It would seem that a survey or at least a reconnoissance of all state waters should be one of the first undertakings in the program of reducing the "time between bites."

This is not a new idea by any means. A great many persons have advocated it before and several states including Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey have already started work of this nature. However, I am not aware that a single state has surveyed all of its fish producing waters as completely as the importance of such a procedure would seem to merit.

New York State through its Conservation Department has now definitely committed itself to such a policy. The fisherman's money collected through the operation of the combined fishing and hunting license law of 1926 has made it possible. During the summer of 1926, all waters tributary to the Genesee River comprising about 3100 miles of streams and 172 sq. miles of lakes and ponds were covered by a field force of some 14 persons chosen on the basis of training and experience. It is the announced intention of the Department to extend the work to cover the Oswego drainage system during the summer of 1927 and if the survey is continued each year at the present rate, it will not be long before it is known what cultural procedure is most likely to lead to the preservation and improvement of fishing in every stream, pond and lake not under private control in so far as it is possible to secure this information.

ONE of the chief purposes of a survey is to develop a stocking policy and such a policy involves at least three considerations, (1) a determination of the kinds of fishes which may live, grow and reproduce in each stream and lake, (2) an estimation so far as possible, of the number of young that may be planted annually in order to fully utilize the nutritive resources and without overtaxing them, and (3) an assignment of the proper size of stock.

With reference to the first, one considers the general suitability of conditions in each stream or lake for the various species propagated. There is a certain set of conditions in which a particular species will thrive and if the right combination does not obtain, there is little use in planting the young of that species.

Compare, if you will, the requirements for the various trout and bass. All may thrive under certain stream conditions but not in all streams. The native eastern brook trout seems to give splendid results in large or small streams, if the water temperature keeps below a certain critical point; if the oxygen is sufficient for normal respiration; if carbon dioxide is not too high; if gravel beds for spawning occur in a region fed by springs and if there is plenty of insectivorous or crustacean food present. The European brown trout may be planted in streams which reach a somewhat higher maximum temperature but all other conditions should be about the same as for brook trout.

The small- and large-mouth bass will give best results in the larger warm streams and lakes only, the small-mouth in those having a fair current, with clear, white water, plenty of clean gravel for spawning and an abundance of the larger food animals such as minnows and crayfish; the large-mouth in slug-

Some Direct Methods of Meeting Pollution Problems in England

LUNESDALE Rural Council were fined £1, and ordered to pay £20 16s. 6d. costs, at Hornby, Lancashire, for causing tar effluent to flow into Melling Brook to such an extent as to be injurious to fish. Dead fish were found, it was stated, and analysis showed traces of tar. The contamination was traced to a point where the Council had been tar spraying the road on Melling Moor. For the defence Mr. Allan Stewart submitted that the danger would never have been detected had there not been on the day in question a heavy thunder storm. The Council were summoned by the Lune Board of Fishery Conservators.

EFFLUENTS from beet sugar factories are poisonous to fish life and no process capable of commercial adaptation has been found for neutralizing such effluents. Hence the proposal of the British Sugar Development, Limited, to erect a big factory on the river Wye—a salmon river in Hereford—has been abandoned in consequence of the strong opposition which has been raised to it. It is probable that a site on the sea coast will be selected, so that the effluent may be discharged direct into the sea.

West Branch Owego Creek, near Ithaca, N. Y. A clear, unpolluted pool where the big brown lie.

gish or stagnant water, brown or white, clear or turbid where such emergent aquatic plants as waterlilies, cattails and the like flourish, other conditions remaining about the same as for small-mouth bass.

In like manner the conditions suitable for many of the other food fishes may be enumerated. One will realize that there are a great many "ifs" to be satisfied before the right species can be assigned and let me point out that it is not always such a simple matter to measure and interpret the factors concerned. Take such an easily determined factor as temperature. Anyone may read the temperature of stream water, but when this is done without reference to date, time of day and general weather conditions, it is of no value in judging a possible trout stream. In this particular case we wish to know precisely whether the water temperature reaches the critical point on the hottest summer days and of course the surest way is to first ascertain from weather reports what maximum air temperatures have prevailed in the past and then make it a point to take the water temperature on days showing similar maxima.

IN central New York, we find that there may be anywhere from five to twelve days during the two summer months when our warmest streams may show critical temperatures. The air on these days may range from 90 to 100 degrees F. If it were not for these few extremely hot days, practically all streams in this particular region would be suitable or at least endurable to trout in so far as temperature is concerned.

It is not always possible to visit a stream on one of the hot days and so one must be able to estimate what is likely to be the maximum temperature from data taken on the much more numerous, moderately warm days, those during which the air ranges between 80 and 90 degrees F. For this purpose a table has been devised, based upon a large series of air and water temperatures taken in both trout and nontrout streams. Such a table will not necessarily apply to other sections of the country and hence will be omitted here. However, the one in use in the Genesee Valley, together with other related matter will be found in the forthcoming report.

The other factors of which there are many must be studied with just as much care and the accumulated records interpreted with wise judgment based upon ample experience.

In a fair proportion of the waters it will at once be evident which species should be planted. If brook trout happen to occur in such numbers as to easily show that this is the predominating form, one may assume immediately that this is the one most likely to give best results and the best one to continue planting. However, it has been the writer's experience that considerably more than one-half of the streams will be in the doubtful class and will require study.

AN important function of any stream survey is to locate and study all cases of pollution. Obviously nothing is to be gained by stocking a stream made unfit by polluting substances. It is not always easy to determine whether stream conditions may be endured or are totally unfit for food fishes and both chemical and biological tests are resorted to in difficult cases. Since we find so many different kinds of substances polluting streams, each stream presents a problem in itself.

In some cases the pollution is of such a quantity and character that fishes quickly swim out of it, if there is a place to go. More often, however, they become trapped in pools and speedily die.

There is another type which is not bad enough to drive out adult fishes but is sufficient to either prevent spawning or, in case this has been consummated, to kill the fish and young.

Still another type has been found that exterminates the primary food organisms without otherwise seriously affecting fish life. Of course, if the food is gone, the fishes must also disappear in time.

Pollution, Sooner or Later, Kills

THE amount of pollution often varies with the season, as in the case of the cannery which runs at such times as fruits and vegetables are available and is closed at other and longer periods. During the period of lesser activity the small amount of waste going into a stream may not be harmful. In fact, there are some few cases in which fish have been attracted to such localities presumably by the greater abundance of certain food animals produced by the minimal amounts of waste. Suddenly the conditions change. Fruits and vegetables begin to arrive in great quantities. Sufficient waste is poured into the stream to exterminate almost anything and, of course, the fish are trapped and die in great numbers. Such cases usually come to public notice and the offenders are let off with a comparatively small fine perhaps only to repeat the operation another year.

Probably the worst cases of pollution are to be found in streams flowing near or through cities. Factories are not the only contributing agencies. Very often city sewage is run in at some place unobserved by the general public. The manufacturers usually know of it, however, and complain that they should not be stopped while the city permits its wastes to pollute streams without interference.

In the past various plants manufacturing milk products have been notable violators of stream purity. They are widely distributed, sometimes in the more remote dairying sections but almost always manage to locate by the side of some stream. Now it is possible for a milk plant of large proportions to effectively dispose of its waste without injury to the stream. There are several instances where this is being done at the present time through the lime precipitation method. Why should not all plants resort to this simple and comparatively inexpensive procedure?

ONE phase of the matter which seems not to have been thought of by those making our pollution laws is the gradual effect upon fishes of long continued though slight pollution. Hatchery experience has taught that unfavorable conditions may be endured for a time but eventually they lead to lowered resistance of fishes to disease. Certain organisms pathogenic to wild fishes thrive when resistance is lowered, with the result that the mortality may be very great though generally unobserved. There can be but little doubt that this has been responsible in some cases for the lack of success in stocking streams.

The second consideration, determining the number of fish to be planted, is a much more difficult matter, practically impossible in our larger lakes but capable of rough estimation in the case of the smaller streams and ponds. We are concerned here more particularly with the area, nutritive richness, productivity of a unit area in fish flesh, mortality of the various age groups and the extent to which the water is fished.

The area covered by a stream or lake may be measured with fair accuracy but it is impossible to measure with mathematical exactness the nutritive richness and other factors. These can only be estimated by a person of some experience.

A census of the chief organisms upon which trout and other fishes feed taken in the waters studied, will give some idea of the nutritive richness and by this means a stream may be classified as very rich, having an average quantity of food or very poor. It would be more desirable if there were plenty of time for intensive study, to follow the procedure of Professor Leger formerly of the University of Grenoble, France, who was able to put streams into ten classes representing ten different degrees of richness. However, such a detailed study of one factor cannot be attempted in a reconnaissance of any considerable area.

The productiveness of a unit area of water has been found to vary to a marked degree in different waters. It would hardly be proper here to give much of the available data on the subject. It is perhaps sufficient to state that so far as known for trout waters, it may range anywhere from about 75 pounds per acre and per year up in the neighborhood of 300 pounds, and in warmer nontrout waters even the higher value has been exceeded. This is of course without any special treatment of the water to bring about greater production. I think we may assume that our richest trout streams should produce as much as 300 pounds of trout flesh per acre and our poorest ones 75 more or less. On this basis a mile of one of our best streams averaging 8 feet in width should produce the equivalent of about 1200 eight-inch trout annually and one of our poor streams of the same size about 300.

A close succession of pools and riffles in Owego Creek near Ithaca, N. Y. Pure water where both brook and brown trout flourish.

I DO not wish to give the impression that a stream under the conditions cited should actually contain 1200 eight-inch trout per mile. The total production as stated must necessarily include a great many smaller trout of the first and second year sizes all of which must consume food and grow. However, taking all age groups together, the total production might be expected to reach the values stated.

Not much attention has been given to the various age groups of fishes occurring in streams and so it is not possible to state how many one- and two-year-olds there must be in order that a certain number may reach legal size. One may be certain that the mortality is greatest during the first year and probably much less during the second. I doubt very much if any heavily fished stream will have more than one trout of legal size for every 5 or 6 under this size and if this were found to be true, not more than 200 fish per mile out of the total of 300 pounds in the above example would be available to the fisherman. Twenty fishermen, each catching a total of 10 fish, would practically exterminate the legal sized trout in a mile of such a stream.

It is interesting to note here that a certain private stream in the East open to club members only from which all catches have been recorded during a period of years, has yielded from about 500 to 700 legal sized trout per mile and per year. This stream has a width of about 15 feet during the summer, is very rich in food and has been heavily stocked in the past.

The various steps in the calculation of the number of fish to plant are perhaps a little too complicated to be given here. It may be stated, however, that the more important factors mentioned above are all taken into consideration and a final value determined which indicates the approximate number for each mile of stream.

There seems to be a wide difference of opinion as to the best size with which a public water should be stocked. There are those who even advocate the planting of eyed eggs; others, quite contrary to the evident belief of our esteemed Secretary of Commerce still prefer the infant fish, and various other sizes have been recommended up even to the catchable fish. If the sole consideration were the cost of producing fish of the larger sizes and the various difficulties encountered in their production, the whole argument would favor the smaller sizes. However, we have been planting these smaller fish for years and in a great many eastern streams, at least, we have seen the fishing decline to such an extent that many of us now feel that a change is in order.

IT is of course an established fact that the smaller sizes have given results in a few cases but none whatsoever in the great majority. However, it is the business of the surveyor to assign a certain size to each stream and in this he must take into consideration such factors as mortality, amount of shelter provided in the stream itself and the extent to which the water is fished. Many fishermen can recall certain streams remote from cities, seldom fished, in which the planting of the smaller fingerlings has been sufficient to preserve the fishing. Then there is the spring brooklet two or three feet wide, choked with watercress and too small to serve as a fishing stream. Such ought to be preserved, solely as a nursery stream which one might profitably stock with the smaller sizes.

The other extreme we find exemplified in the average stream located in a densely populated region and hence very heavily fished. It would be too much to expect a stream under such conditions to produce anywhere near the necessary number of legal sized trout to satisfy the fishermen, if the fish have to be reared from infancy to maturity, a matter of two years at least. There is some chance, however, that the same stream would maintain a much larger number if the fish were first reared to a larger size. We would gain by reason of the elimination of one or more age groups which would make possible a greatly increased population of catchable fish without impairing the nutritive richness and we would also gain by reason of the much lower mortality of the larger fish. The planting of yearlings and even much larger fish as has been the custom in New Jersey for several years, is probably the only way in which satisfactory fishing can be preserved in those public streams located near the larger centers of population. While it is an expensive proposition and will necessitate additional hatchery facilities, there is no reason why it should not become a more general practice, if the fishermen are willing to pay the bill.

THE surveys in New York and New Jersey with which the writer has been connected have brought to light a great many facts which have led to important conclusions interesting alike to the fisherman and fish commissioner. In closing, I can do no better than to enumerate some of them as follows:

1. That a great many fishes have been planted in waters unsuited to their living requirements.
2. That many streams should not be stocked at all because of too heavy pollution, high temperature, intermittent flow, small size; or because in a very few cases natural spawning fully takes care of the situation.
3. That a few streams not heretofore stocked have been found suitable for certain species.
4. That while a few have been overstocked in the past the greater number have not received nearly the allotment that they might be expected to support.
5. That in general it is a waste of effort to stock trout streams with anything under 2-inches and in many cases yearlings and older fish are the only ones that could be expected to preserve the fishing.
6. That certain waters are suitable for food and game fishes not now propagated by the State.
7. That a survey of this kind shows the relative numbers of each species that must be propagated in order to fully stock the waters of the State thereby indicating in what direction the work of hatching and rearing fish should be extended.

One cannot help believing that the development of a definite stocking policy based upon field investigation of the right kind, should occupy a prominent place in any program for the rehabilitation of game fishing, for it should first show what we have to stock and then how to proceed.

The Green River Valley

By MRS. JOHN C. OLDACRE

THE movement now under way to make the Mammoth Cave area in Kentucky a National Park has called the attention of the American people generally to the attractiveness of this region for outdoor recreational purposes. Mrs. John C. Oldacre, noted Kentucky authoress and botanist, has written the following article for OUTDOOR AMERICA, *telling of some of the natural beauties of the district. The proposed Mammoth Cave National Park will comprise 70,618 acres of scenic surface lands and all of the great caverns of South-central Kentucky.*—EDITOR

NOT far from the East or the great Middle-west, not far from the North or the South, but almost at the very center of population of our great United States there lies a land, that knows neither the rigor of northern winters nor the torrid heat of southern summers. It is the Mammoth Cave region that lies on the beautiful Green river of southern central Kentucky.

This is one of the most unique and interesting regions within the borders of our Nation.

All of our great National Parks have superlative scenic attractions or they would not have been set aside by Congress in perpetuity for the enjoyment of the people. Certainly no one of the established parks owns attractions that eclipse the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. This cave for more than a century has attracted visitors of the highest type from every civilized land. Books and books have been printed on the scenic and scientific beauty of this vast crystalline underworld, but it is not generally known throughout our United States that above this Seventh World Wonder—there lies a landscape that would delight the eye of any painter. It is rich in flower, forest and stream. The Green river, one of the most beautiful rivers found in all the New World, winds and curves its way throughout this area. It is true to its name, very green and very deep. It is the deepest river in the world in proportion to its length. In most places it is as wild and romantic as it was in that day when its glossy green waters reflected the canoe and the gay feathers of the Indian, when these simple children of nature wandered along its shores and listened to the whisperings of the "Great Spirit" through the trees.

Very recent archaeological explorations made by the University of Kentucky tell us a story. Side by side sleep the white man and the red man telling the tale of how they fought for the supremacy of this lovely valley. In the gloaming of some grey day, often a soft wind rises among the stately hemlocks growing along the Green river, and it seems to sing a requiem for the dead who fought and died beneath these great evergreens, years and years ago.

The antiquarian is not alone in feeling the enchantment of this region. It appeals deeply to the botanist, the ornithologist, the geologist and the sportsman.

It is one vast botanical garden! Within the proposed area of the Mammoth Cave National Park are representatives of nearly every family of flowering plants found in eastern North America. Very strangely, here grows the white pine from the frozen Canadian forests and the semi-tropical magnolia, reminding one of some wanderer from the warm Louisiana forests. These two stately trees average seventy feet in height, along the bluffs of the Green river, where they are ever mingling their contrasting forms of beauty. This magnolia (the M. Acuminata) at its bloom-time opening wide its great, creamy waxy flowers (twelve inches across) easily becomes the queen of all the woodland trees. It is divinely beautiful in flower and form, and all who behold must love it.

It was in this area along the Green river that Audubon, the world renowned ornithologist, so loved to sojourn. He was here when his wife said: "I have reason to be jealous of every bird in the forests of southern Kentucky."

It is truly a bird's paradise,—and our sweetest songsters in untold millions have found it.

It is here, too, that the geologist comes, and comes again and lingers. To the geologist a momentous development of the ages is unfolded. In the rocky archives of the caves are rare tales of dripping waters, whose infinitesimal calcium deposits accumulating through the thousands of years have builded formations of wondrous beauty, —beautiful not alone to the geologist, but to all.

No sound of storm or thunder ever penetrates here. There is no change of seasons, the ther-

(Continued on page 57)

Green River, in the Mammoth Cave National Park Area, is said to be the deepest stream for its length in the world. It is a beauty spot, and a rare place for the fisherman.

One of the many beautiful woodland spots of the Mammoth Cave National Park Area.

The Days of the Wild Pigeon

There is a poignant contrast between those Days of the Wild Pigeon so vividly portrayed by David Whittaker and the accompanying photograph of the last Wild Pigeon, which died some time ago in captivity. Let us THINK as we read these pages, and let us take warning.

By DAVID WHITTAKER

Drawings by CLEMENS GRETTER

CHAPTER VII

Another Prospecting Tour

I WAS just nicely rested up when a company engaged me to prospect for them and see what I could find. I made arrangements to go out for them. So I started, and on my way picked up Ahmoor, Nolegs, the Oneida and Honkepoti. We took a boat bound for Port Arthur, on the north shore of Lake Superior.

When we got there I found General McArthur of Cleveland waiting for me, as he wanted me to find some building stone for him. We started east along the lake shore for the granite and sandstone country around Eskimo Bay, as I had seen good stone there while exploring that country years before. We found plenty, and staked some claims off for the General. That land I bought for $2.00 an acre. Queen Victoria's signature was attached to the deed. She was alive at that time.

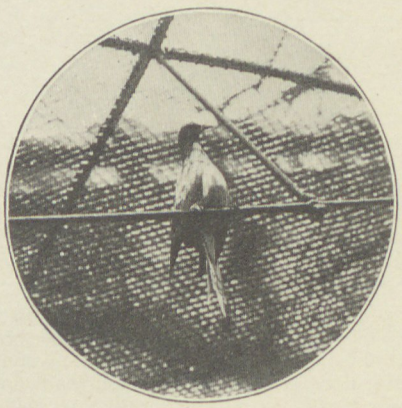
We camped on the beach that night. I made fires to the windward of us, so the smoke and heat would go over and keep the cold from falling on us. I suppose you all know how they save the cranberry crop by making fires and having the smoke blow over the berry patches. The smoke keeps the frost off. So we used the smoke above us to keep us warm.

Late that night a boat landed on the beach in which were Joe Latour, a Frenchman, and two half-breeds, one named Anton Cochate, the other John Pine. They were fishermen, and were going to Port Arthur to sell their fish. Booth of Chicago was the purchaser.

When Honkepoti saw the fish in the boat, he went and fixed the fire, and they gave us all the fish we wanted, trout and whitefish. They camped with us that night. In the morning I asked them if the wild pigeons nested around here. Pine told me they nested about one hundred miles from here—a big roost this year—and had stayed on the ridges all summer.

The morning was fine, and the Indians said the pigeons would come back and try to cross the lake. We went up onto a hill and looked out over the water. We could not see Isle Royal, forty miles away, so the fog was somewhere between Isle Royal and the mainland. Isle Royal is, I think, the dividing line between the United States and Canada, and is forty miles long.

THE LAST OF A RACE



Photograph by A. H. Cordier of the last Wild Pigeon which died in captivity.

WHILE we were looking out over the lake, the first flock passed above our heads out onto the lake. They were flying very high and fast, and in military style. Soon they were lost to sight over the water. Just then a shadow passed over the ground, and, looking up we saw another large flock passing above our heads, out and over the lake, after the others. Thus they came, flock after flock, about five minutes apart, and as far as you could see, east and west, you could not see the end of these flocks. In every flock there were thousands of wild pigeons.

It was about twenty minutes or half an hour since the first flock went out over the lake when Ahmoor said, "Look, he come back, low on water," and I looked and saw a black cloud coming back, under the others going out. Those coming in were the first flock that went out. They had struck the fog and turned back, as they were afraid of it. Ahmoor said they passed on over our heads, up through the trees, over the tops, and went north.

"We make fire; plenty pigeons today," said Honkepoti.

Ahmoor said, "You make no fire; porcupine, he plenty," and he pointed to a tree with two porcupines on it; so Honkepoti made no fire for pigeons. I saw the Oneida look at the porcupines and then at Honk; and the same savage look came over his face as once on the south shore, when Honkepoti threw into the brush the two porcupines which the Oneida had brought into camp.

Nolegs saw the Oneida look at Honk, and he knew there was something wrong, so he got up and came over and sat down between them on a log. I was glad he did. The Oneida was no man to trifle with, as he came from a warlike tribe, the Six Nations of New York state.

The pigeons kept coming and going, the flocks coming in under those going out, neither flock taking notice of the other. I never saw anything like that before. None of those that came back lit in the woods, but all followed the first flock up through and over the tops of the timber, and off to the north. They kept this up steadily for about two hours. Then we saw another flock so high above the flocks that were coming and going that they looked like barn swallows. Ahmoor said that was the first flock that tried to get by or through the mist of fog. In about ten minutes another flock came, high up, and followed the first flock, and so the flight continued for about two hours.

Thus I saw something that no white man had ever seen. The Indians with me said they had never seen pigeons act like that—two flocks going and one flock coming, one above another. Thus I learned that wild pigeons were afraid of fog, and would not go into it. Ahmoor said that they had gotten above the fog, and would not come back. As the mist had lifted, we could see Isle Royal, forty miles away from us on the lake.

The wind was blowing quite strongly from the southwest, and Ahmoor said the fog would lift or fly away with that wind, and the pigeons had crossed the lake all right. As they never came back, I think they had.

I had satisfied myself about the wild pigeons and the fog. I remembered that when I was a boy, father would say, "Get the guns and go after the pigeons. They are thick in the woods. You will find them on the dead limbs today, as it is wet and foggy; and don't come home without some meat, as the dogs have run off with the last piece of venison." So we boys knew our dinner was up in the trees, somewhere, and it was up to us to get the meat or go without eating. There wasn't so much fun in hunting in those days as at the present time.

In damp and foggy weather, the pigeons would not fly, or did not like to fly, although they liked the rain, and would lie on the dead limbs and hold their wings up, and let the rain pelt into their feathers. The harder it rained, the better they seemed to like it. They always lit on dead trees, and when it was thundering and lightning, if you were well hid, you could get two or three shots into them before they became alarmed and flew. Then they lit on the next dead tree they came to, and you could get at them again. I think they took the report of the gun for thunder and the flash for lightning, as you could not get more than one shot at them at one time on a clear day.

There were other things that were strange about the wild pigeons. In rainy or foggy weather you seldom could find them in a tree that was thick with leaves. You only found them there when there were no dead trees around.

The Dogs Go Astray

WE broke camp, but when we were ready to go, the dogs were missing. I did not like to leave them or lose them, as there were bear, lynxes, and wildcats in the country we were going into; but as the Indians never look back for their dogs, we started without them. When twelve to fifteen miles out, I began to get anxious in their behalf, as I had seen several large timber-wolf tracks in the sand, so I asked Nolegs if he thought the wolves would get the dogs.

"If wolf get them, they be no good. If they no find us, they be no good."

In these words, I got a real Indian answer, so I said no more. Nolegs was one of the wise men of his tribe and talked right to the point.

Ahmoor heard me question Nolegs, so he fell back on the trail. I paid no attention to him. After a while I looked back, and he was coming along in his bare feet. I said, "Shinnaway?" and they all looked back and laughed. Ahmoor did not want to lose the dogs and as we were fifteen miles out from camp the trail might get cold so that they could not lift the scent and would get lost. So Ahmoor was doing the best he could for the dogs.

The Oneida said we had better strip our feet too, so as to leave a good trail for them. He said if it should rain it would kill the scent and they would surely get lost, and we could not afford to lose the dogs. Nolegs laughed, and said they never would get to where we were, as they would fall dead when they struck Ahmoor's trail.

About three miles further on we stopped at a beautiful stream full of trout. Before we knew where we were going to camp, Honkepoti had made a fire and was looking for stones to cook his fish on, but found none. We made a brush dam and caught all we wanted—speckled beauties, weighing from one to two pounds. We roasted them on the coals and had a fish supper.

After supper we went out and caught some for the next day, cleaning them, and then fixing ourselves for the night. Later we heard the wolves howling or calling to get the pack together for the night, to run or hunt. Muschaukett said there were fifteen or twenty in that pack, by the wailing calls they made, and I felt very anxious for the dogs. The Indians laughed and joked about the way the wolves howled. If one howled longer than the rest, Nolegs said he must have lost his teeth, or he would bite the howl off, and they all laughed like a lot of schoolboys telling stories on one another.

If one of the wolves had a weak howl, they said, "He be no good; he eat squirrel and chipmunk and small bird—no deer meat; he be no good." But if one had a long, strong howl, they said, "He be good, he eat moose, caribou, deer meat, plenty; not much rabbit; no squirrel, no chipmunk, no small bird; he be big, strong, he bite bad!"

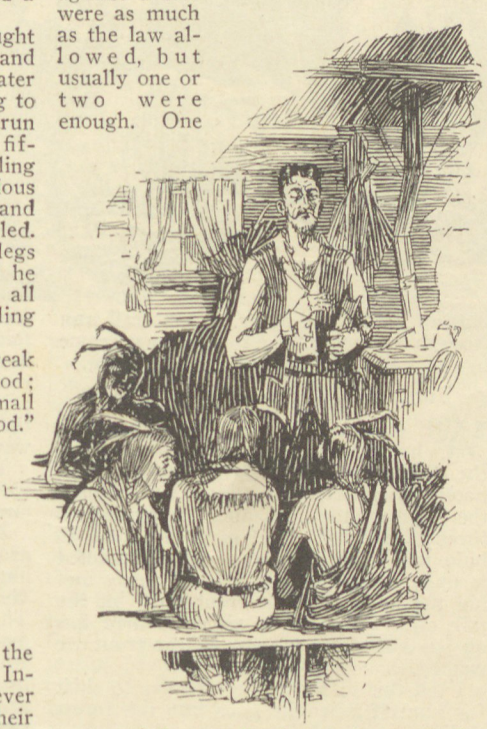
How Indians Sleep

I LAY awake hoping and waiting for the dogs to come in. I never heard an Indian snore; that's because they never sleep on their backs, but always on their bellies. They have their reasons for that. That is why they never catch cold in their bellies by sleeping on the ground. They lie with the head on the arm and an ear close to the ground, so they can hear anything around them in the night. From this position prone on their bellies, they can spring to their feet like a flash, by putting their hands under themselves on the ground. Then they raise their bodies up and draw their feet under them, and stand up at once. Thus they are on their feet in an instant. If they lay on their backs, they could not rise so quickly to defend themselves from the wild beasts of the forest or human enemies that might attack them. So they were forever on their guard, day and night, especially in a strange country. They did not have to roll over on their faces to get up quickly. Although they seemed to sleep soundly, they could tell you all the strange things they heard through the night.

I got to be that way myself. If a mouse ran across me, or a flying squirrel lit on my head of a dark night, I simply pushed it off. The barking of a fox or the howling of a wolf never bothered me in my sleep, nor did it bother the Indians. We could hear all the sounds, but they never seemed to wake us up.

You must adapt yourself to your surroundings. If you can't do that, you won't get along very well; but if you can adopt the simple ways of living you will have a very comfortable time. The Indians say when a man's got you down on your back he's got the best of you; but if you have him on your back, you are even with him, or a little better. You can grab him up under his arms from behind, raise him up and bump him against a tree. If you get your "bumper" against his stomach, a few bumps will make him let go. Another way is to back over a log and fall on him.

These battles were mostly feats of strength, and grew out of some one bragging how strong he was and what wonderful things he could do and had done. They were accompanied with some danger to the participants of breaking their necks, especially when they were falling over the log. The way the backs of their heads hit the ground, I thought the blows hard enough to kill an ox. Three bumps against a tree were as much as the law allowed, but usually one or two were enough. One



square fall over the log made an Indian sit down and hold his head. Small disputes and quarrels often were settled in this way, "bumping and logging," as the Indians called it. I often laughed till I was tired at the bumping and logging game. The Indians had some good ways of disposing of their petty quarrels and getting entertainment and fun besides.

The Dogs Come Back

IN the morning I felt overjoyed to see Diamond Joe sleeping on my best and only hat, and the wolf dog over near Ahmoor. They had escaped the howling wolves of the night. It's wonderful how dogs will trail one up for miles and miles on a cold trail. These dogs must have trailed us for more than twenty miles. Ahmoor said he saved the dogs by going in his bare feet, thus making a fresh trail for them.

We broke camp and started back to Port Arthur. When there, I settled with the General, and we pulled out for the Kaministiqua River and the valley of the Whitefish.

When two days out, we came upon the river, and as I had explored that country before, I got my bearing at once. The Kaministiqua River flows south into Lake Superior—all rivers on the south side of the divide flow south, most of them into Lake Superior, while those that rise on the north side of the divide flow north into Hudson Bay or the Arctic Ocean. So we traveled north along the river.

A Scotchman in the Wilderness

THE fifth day out, we heard some one chopping, and, going in the direction of the sound, we came upon a clearing of four or five acres. There was a shack on it made of logs, and a man chopping. He had just cut down a tree, and on the stump sat a nice Scotch shepherd dog. The man was singing "Wull Ye Come Hame tae Me, Maggie?"

Then the dog barked, and the singing stopped. The man put down his ax, reached over for his gun, and started in our direction. As I did not like his looks and the way he came toward us, I called out that I was a friend.

"I dinna ken whether ye are a friend or one of those wild Frenchmen that's jumping claims, with a band of half-breeds and Indians. If you're one of them I'll shoot you on sight."

The Indians scattered behind the bushes, all but the Oneida. He stood up beside me, with that dark scowl that comes over an Indian's face when he is angry and wants to do something which he ought not to do. I gave him my gun and told him to lie down and I would go out to the stranger alone.

The Oneida looked at me with surprise, and said, "You be big chief."

"Why don't you come out, and what are you doing?" asked the Scotchman.

I said, "Naething."

"Where did you get that word 'Naething'?" he asked, "and some other words you have been using?"

"Where do ye suppose I could hae gat them?" I came back at him, in broad Scotch.

"You can come oot, man; I'll nae shoot till I see ye."

I shouted back, again in broad Scotch, "I'd rather ye'd shoot noo than when ye cud see me."

He shouted, "Come out, man; ye're safe; I'll nae shoot at all."

So I held up my hands and came out. He stood for a minute; then grasped my hand and shook it as it never had been shaken before. While he was shaking my hand, the dog took a snap at my heel.

I made a kick at the dog, and the man said, "He's not to blame; he's a shepherd dog, and knows no better than to bite."

So I sat down and sucked the poison out of the wound, and it got well in a day or two. The Indians always suck out

snake-bites and there is no bad effect afterward.

I told him I had some Indians with me, and I thought they were hungry. "Bring them in," he said. So I called them in.

He sized them up pretty well, and said, "You could have got plenty of them here. They are thick as blackbirds on the river."

He made us a fine dinner—caribou and bear meat—and as he owned sixty laying hens we had all the eggs we wanted, in addition to potatoes, turnips, cabbage and all sorts of hardy vegetables.

Thus in the heart of the Canadian forest I found a man that was a man—who feared God and nothing else, neither man nor beast, who won his living out of the soil and the wild products of the forest. Thus I found Andrew Carnegie, living more than one hundred miles from a settlement, with no companion but his dog, the bears and wolves, and the Indians that lived along the river.

This class of men never dread death nor sickness. If either comes to them, they accept it as the will of God, and bow to it in prayer and reverence. He had prayer-meetings twice a week in his cabin, and he read the Bible to the Indians and told them of the wonderful things that Christ did while on earth and they listened attentively to him and "ugged" their applause. They had their eyes set on Andrew, and when he prayed, raising his voice to its highest pitch, those eyes all glistened, and the Indians leaned toward him on their seats.

Andrew Carnegie was converting the Indians in the right way, with love and kindness. These Indians were of the Ojibway or Chippewa tribe.

The next day I asked Mr. Carnegie if the wild pigeons nested around there.

"I never saw a pigeon-roost in my life," he said, "but I have killed lots of young ones about the middle of July that were hardly able to fly, and the Indians got all that could not or would not try to get away. They were easily brushed down and killed, and we got all we wanted in that way until they became strong, and then they left. We lived high while they lasted."

It appeared that the Canadian Indians knew how to get young pigeons the same as Honkepoti did down on the Pigeon River, but Mr. Carnegie did not seem to know much about the wild pigeons.

The next morning we bade him good bye and filed out up along the river. Our trail ran through the timber. The fourth day we came to the Falls and camped for the night.

They said they were "two Anns."
"Twins, you mean," I said.
"No, we are two Anns," they insisted.

Further Wilderness Experiences

WE caught plenty of trout, as we had hooks and lines, and tinfoil from the tobacco for bait. We made spoon hooks by winding the silver leaf around the shank of the hook and leaving two or three tails hanging out over the hook, to hide it. When we threw out and hauled it up-stream, the tails worked finely and hid the hook; but the trout soon bit the tails off. Then we put pieces of their fins on the hook, and we got all the trout we wanted.

I tell this to show how one has to shift for himself when he goes into the forest to live.

The next morning we got a surprise, when two little red-headed men came into camp. They looked like Chimpanzee monkeys to me, and we could hardly keep the dogs from biting them. They kept us between them and the dogs all the time. The wolf dog especially did not like them, for he growled continually, and his hair bristled from behind his ears to the tip of his tail. Diamond Joe was not so bad as the wolf dog. He would look at them in a curious way, then drop his tail, give it a wolf-like shake, and show his teeth and growl.

The Oneida came over to me and said in the Indian tongue: "Look out for them; something is wrong with them; dogs don't like them."

My curiosity was aroused more than ever when the Oneida said this. Just then a strange Indian came into camp. He had an Indian dog of the mongrel type. The dog paid all of us a friendly visit, smelled these little men, and the hair on his back raised up, and he went back behind the Indian.

The Indian said, "No dog like them; we give plenty dogs to them; they all run away; no stay with him."

These little men had red whiskers—not growing on the chin or face, but starting under the ears and running under the chin, leaving the chin and face bare. They put me in mind of the red-faced monkeys I had seen along the Amazon River in South America, while exploring in that country. I noticed how long their arms were when one of them stood up straight and scratched the calf of his leg without bending over.

I asked them if they were brothers. They said no, they were "two Anns."

"'Twins,' you mean," I said.

"No, we are two Anns," they insisted.

Nolegs laughed, and what he said to the Indians in his tongue I don't know.

I never knew if the pair were male or female, man or monkey. They could turn their heads out like an owl facing straight behind — without turning the body around. Their hair and whiskers were soft and silky and of a beautiful red.

Their height was four feet and four or five inches.

As our next trip would be through the timber for about one hundred miles or more, and as game might be scarce and hard to get, and as it might snow at any time, and it would knock us out of five or six miles a day in our travel if caught in the snow, and I wanted to reach the Rainy River country before it stormed, I thought we had better get some food. So we started in to fish.

The little red men came down to us and laughed at the way we were fishing. They ran off through the woods and soon came back leading a caribou laden with so much brush that his body was hidden. When they got down beside us they unpacked the brush from the caribou and then I saw what a nice net they had woven of the Arctic willows. They went down to some holes near the shore and drew their nets. At the first haul they had five sturgeon of from thirty to forty pounds apiece and about one bushel of other kinds of fish.

The Indians praised the sturgeon very much, so we took nothing but sturgeon after that. We stayed that day, and cooked and smoked and dried, and had them ready to pack with us the next day.

Enjoying Simple Comforts

THE little red men invited us to go down and visit them. I was surprised to see how comfortably they were fixed. They had a four-room log house, with a kitchen, bedroom and store-room, the other room being the menagerie. In this were a dozen nice hens, two roosters, two raccoons and three tame otters, a pair or so of black and grey squirrels and some tame pigeons.

After they had shown me all through the house, we went out. They started to make a fire around a large pot. I asked them what they were going to do.

"Soup, soup, good soup!" they both shouted at once, and their little red eyes danced in their heads, while they shook all over with laughter. Then I did get a surprise when one of them came out of the root-house with a bushel-basket full of potatoes, cabbages, onions, celery, turnips, and all kinds of hardy vegetables. In went ten or twelve pounds of moose meat. It was very evident that the little red chaps were fond of good food and knew how to get it. They had about five acres cleared up on an old beaver meadow. They had all kinds of dried berries, and maple sugar to sweeten them. They raised their own wheat and buckwheat, and ground it in a hollow stone, so they had whole-wheat flour. A nice spring flowed out near the door, and they had made a small lake to keep their fish alive in when they worked the farm and had no time to go fishing. That night they brought up a rooster for a clock, and said they would leave him with me, as he would wake me up one hour before daylight, to come down to breakfast, so we would get an early start; but when I told them the owls might get their rooster, they got scared, and ran home with him.

The next morning they woke us up before daylight, and took us to breakfast. We had wheat cakes, buckwheat cakes, baked potatoes, moose steak and fried onions with coffee made out of browned wheat and sweetened with maple sugar.

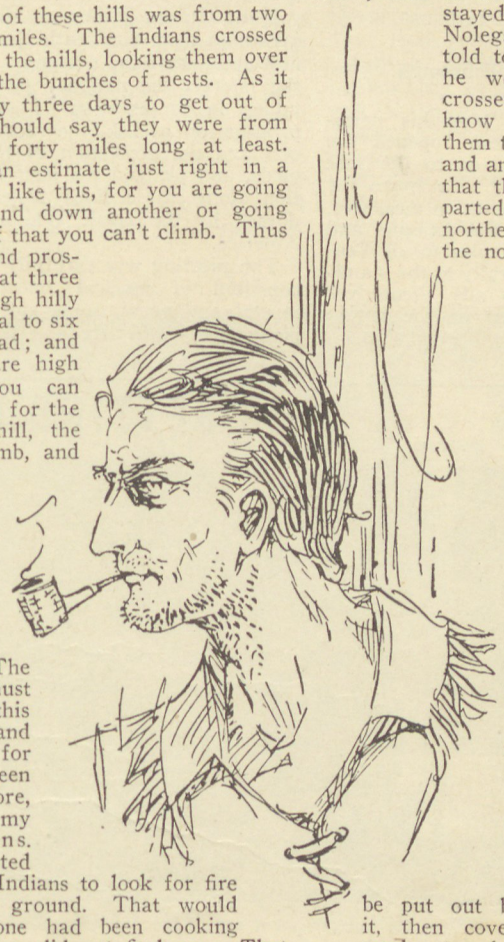
Thus in the heart of the Canadian forest we had a banquet with the little red men. Then we thanked them and bade them farewell, and filed out past the beautiful falls of the Kaministiqua.

For three days we filed north along the bank of the river, following the Indian trails, as they were the best walking. The fourth day we crossed the river and went to the northwest. When two days out from the river we came to hardwood ridges, and here we found signs that the wild pigeons had roosted for several years, as the ground showed from their droppings.

For two days we tramped through the hills. We did not find the nests en masse anywhere, but scattered out in bunches, from fifty to several hundred in a bunch, and sometimes a mile or more apart. The ground and the trees showed signs that the pigeons had made these hills their home and nesting-place for many years.

Forty Miles of Nesting Pigeons

THE width of these hills was from two to three miles. The Indians crossed and recrossed the hills, looking them over and counting the bunches of nests. As it took us nearly three days to get out of the hills, I should say they were from thirty-five to forty miles long at least. You never can estimate just right in a rough country like this, for you are going up one hill and down another or going around a bluff that you can't climb. Thus the cruisers and prospectors say that three miles in a rough hilly country is equal to six on a level road; and if the hills are high and steep you can make it seven, for the steeper the hill, the harder to climb, and that counts up against you very fast.



I dug down through the droppings, and counted each year by the layers. The wild pigeons must have made this their home and nesting-place for ten or fifteen years or more, according to my observations. When we started in I told the Indians to look for fire spots on the ground. That would show if anyone had been cooking squabs, but they did not find any. That showed that there were no white men here. As for the Indians, they would carry the squabs back from the roosts, so as not to disturb the pigeons.

Ahmoor said there were many thousands of pigeons in this roost. I think he meant millions. You must not cross an Indian when he tells you anything, for he may say, "Well, if you know, why did you ask me?" and think you are making fun of him and thereafter not answer your questions. I formed the opinion that there must have been several millions at one time in these roosts.

In the Heavy Timber

THE next day we left the hills and struck into the heavy timber to the north. We saw our first moose—three of them standing on the shore of a small lake. When they saw us they swam across the lake and disappeared in the woods on the other side. We did not molest them. When three days out, we came upon a ridge of hills covered with hardwood. It looked like good pigeon woods to me.

Ahmoor dug down for about a foot and found decomposed droppings from the pigeons, showing this was an even older roost than the one we had just left. Ahmoor said that when the trees began to die the wild pigeons left the old roost and found a new one, as they did not like to build their nests in dead trees. This was a very old roost, and must have been occupied for a great many years.

In the heart of the great Canadian forest I had found a place at last where the wild passenger pigeons could make their home unmolested, far from the white man's nets and guns. However, the roost must have been abandoned for years.

The next morning I split the camp. Ahmoor, the Oneida and the Ojibway who had joined us at the Kaministique Falls stayed with me. Honkepoti, Nolegs and Muschauquett I told to take the wolf dog as he would find us if they crossed our trail, and would know if we were near. I told them to look out for fire spots and any signs of wild pigeons that they might see. So we parted, they going to the northeast and we following the north wind to the north.

I always thought there was something magnificent in the north wind. It fills one full of life and vigor. It is like the Chinook winds of the far northwest. They are sweet and soft to me.

For four days we trailed through the hills and hardwood ridges. Every place on these hills and ridges showed signs that the wild pigeons had made this their home for many years, and had never been molested by the white man. We found no fire spots, and that showed no one had been living on the squabs.

Let me tell you what a fire spot is. It may be the mark of a campfire, or of a fire to cook with, and it must be put out by throwing water on it, then covering it with dirt or sand, to be sure to smother

(Continued on page 55)

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Tennessee Comes Through

PRESIDENT DICKINSON opens expansion program for the state at big mass meeting and rally of Memphis Chapter. Many Tennessee Waltonians present at a successful program inaugurating gigantic expansion of League in southern Commonwealth as part of national "Do and Grow" era of intense activity.

THE Memphis chapter of the League, under the expert guidance of Dan Wolf, president, and A. J. Taylor, secretary, enthusiastically aided by not only the other chapter officers but by every able bodied Waltonian in town, staged a successful all-Tennessee Waltonian rally at the famous Goodwyn Institute in Memphis, on November 11, which started things booming in that state.

The Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson, president of the Izaak Walton League and a former resident of Tennessee, was guest of honor and delivered the principal address.

Tells of Accomplishments

IN the words of the Memphis newspapers, Judge Dickinson "opened the eyes of the big audience as to the vast activities of the League." He spoke for an hour, discussing conservation measures, telling of the work of the League, and ended up with an ardent plea to all Tennessee outdoor lovers to rally to the standards of the League—to ally themselves with the clean sportsmen of the nation who are striving to save the great American outdoor heritage for themselves and for succeeding generations.

He told them of the organization of the league and of the many prominent men of the nation — including President Coolidge and Hon. Herbert Hoover — who are members. He told of the reclamation work, refuges for the game and water fowl, the necessity for laws to protect them during the breeding season, so that the sportsman could have good shooting during the days when it was right and proper to hunt. He told about the work of the league in combating the pollution of the streams and waterways of the country, and the efforts of the sportsmen to give the fish a clean and proper place to live and propagate.

Upholds Laws

The league, he said, was upholding all the fish and game laws of the country, and was working hand in hand with the game wardens of all the states where they have laws protecting the game and fish.

Judge Dickinson's address was enthusiastically applauded at its close, and the evening's entertainment ended with the showing of some splendid fishing scenes on the Northern waters, where the mighty Muskellonge was shown battling for freedom.

Hon. Hubert Fisher of Memphis, Congressman from the Tenth District, was the first speaker of the evening. He spoke of the interest the national government was taking in conservation of game and the propagation of fish, the reclamation projects and the protection of the migratory birds, and pledged his support to legislation along these lines fostered and endorsed by the Izaak Walton League of America.

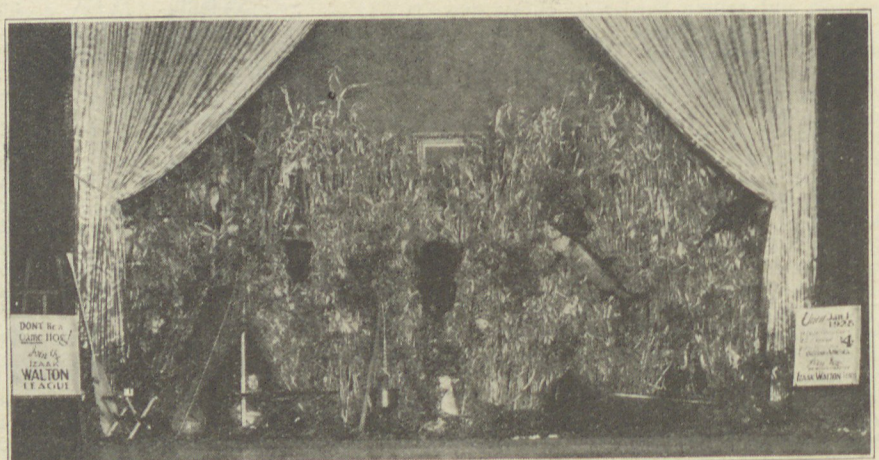
The meeting was carefully planned, and consisted of musical selections, instrumental and vocal, some splendid moving pictures of wild life and fishing scenes, and for two hours the men and women who filled the auditorium of the Goodwyn Institute were entertained and left the meeting with a definite idea as to what the Izaak Walton League meant to the game and fish and the great outdoors.

Stage Setting Helped

The stage from which Judge Dickinson spoke was an inspiration to the Judge and to all the lovers of the woods and streams. It was a fitting setting for the subject that was discussed. A forest scene was depicted, with a camp site in the woods. On the left of the stage was a tent, with a

(Cont. on page 70)

THIS SETTING HELPED



When the curtain went up at the big Memphis program. Here we have a bank of rushes, trophies of the chase, a canoe emerging, and in front of this a realistic camp scene. Boy Scouts gave life to the scene. They made camp and otherwise busied themselves, in a quiet way, during the program.

3000

THERE are three thousand chapters of the Izaak Walton League. That may be the reason why your chapter's latest activities have not appeared in this department. Honestly, we do the best we can. But our space is small, the activities of our chapters almost numberless. Please excuse us if we missed you. We'll get you yet!

We are going to cut down the space allotted to each chapter, so more can get in. We'll give the substance of what you are doing in a few words. Don't you think that's a good idea? And then, each month, the first page of the department will be devoted to a single activity. That's the best way we can figure it out. Suppose you give it some thought too, and write your ideas down.

And please send us activities of your chapter. We want them. We don't promise to print in full what you write, but we'll do our best.

—EDITOR

A Pacific Salmon

By J. LIPPINCOTT FOSTER

NO city in the world has in my opinion as grand a location as has Vancouver, British Columbia.

The city is almost surrounded by water, both salt and fresh. The Gulf of Georgia is to the west, Burrard Inlet with branches reaching far into the interior, to the north. The main city and harbor are on Burrard Inlet. To the south is the north arm of the Frazer River through the delta. The angler has a great choice of fishing water. He can catch salmon, steel-head or salmon trout and other trout in the river. A number of large lakes are also within reach where the trout fishing is good.

Because of the convenience of a motor-cruiser, most of my fishing is in salt water, trolling for salmon and sea-trout. The spoon can be in the water immediately after clearing the narrows of the harbor entrance—the Lions Gate, as it is called—and there ae usually a number of row boats and launches moving back and forth in the bay outside, but as our destination on Saturday afternoons is afloat on the northwest shore of Gambier Island, thirty miles away, we head west in the Gulf at full speed, round Point Atkinson with its revolving light, and hold a course N. W. up Howe Sound past Bowen Island and along Gambier to a bay on the northwest side.

Nature is on an enormous scale here, both Bowen and Gambier are large mountainous islands, and the jagged peaks of the mainland come down in steep slopes of the salt water—the chuck, as the Siwashes call it.

The sound and the channels between the islands are wide and very deep, and can kick up a big sea, particularly the Sound in a southeaster which has swept the length of the Gulf first. It is "no place for a gentleman's son" in any boat that is not entirely sea-worthy.

The spoons for trolling are not the spinning kind, but serpentine which dart from side to side and up and down when revolving and throw bright flashes in all directions. We generally troll a four or four and a half inch one, but they are used up to a length of seven inches.

The best pace to troll from a small boat is a medium slow rowing stroke. With many motor-boats the speed is too great, the engine cannot be made to turn over slow enough, but our motor can be throttled down until the speed is no faster than that of a row-boat.

The lead used when trolling from a row-boat is six to eight ounces in weight, and is fastened to the line about seven or eight feet from the hook. A swivel is attached by a soldered ring to the spoon, and two more to the four foot bronze wire leader, one midway and one at the forward end to which the line is fastened. This is a medium weight cuttyhunk. A single large hook is attached to the spoon by a split ring and can swing in all directions.

The trolling is done near shore, some places very close, as the water is mostly many fathoms deep near the rocks. Mountains rise from the water, in some places with perpendicular rock walls to a great height.

The salmon shown in the photograph with myself was hooked from the motor-boat, and made such a grand fight as well to deserve his perpetuation in printer's ink, although only of medium weight—17 pounds. Twice I thought he was lost on the slack line, caused by his inrushes. Another time I feared he would foul the propeller in his rush under the boat. I was standing forward at the break of the raised deck, and when I had brought the wire leader within reach of the hand of Vic—lying aft on the side deck—he hauled it short and attempted to gaff the fish but failed and had the leader torn from his hand by the fierce rush of the fish. The third time of trying however he succeeded in getting the gaff hook in the gills and the salmon was hauled into the cockpit and killed.

When trolling one is keyed up by expectancy, having no idea of the weight of the fish that may strike the spoon. It may be anything up to sixty pounds, and heavier ones than that have been caught.

The trolling season is from July to November, but some salmon can be caught in the winter and spring as there are a number of kinds, but the best of all for eating, the deep-red fleshed sockeye (sockeye is the Siwash name and has nothing to do with the fish's eye) cannot be caught on the spoon or with any bait. This is a small salmon, and is caught in nets for the canneries where it brings the highest price.

None of the Pacific salmons will rise to the fly. At the time of the Oregon controversy with Great Britain, the English Admiral on the coast was ordered by his government to report upon the country—whether it was worth fighting for. The Admiral was an ardent fly fisherman for salmon in the Old Country, and had tried many times all his skill with every fly he had or could make, to get a rise on the Pacific coast without success and reported the country wasn't worth a damn. At least that's the story.

THE following is an extract from a speech on the wealth of British Columbia before the Canadian Club of Montreal by Dr. S. F. Tolmie, M. P., the leader of the Conservative Party of the Province:

"Salmon are the principal fish. We have six varieties of salmon—Sockeye, running from six to eight pounds. These are very highly colored and very valuable for canning. We also have the Cohoe or Silver, another valuable canning fish, the Spring or Tyee averaging twenty pounds, the Pink or Humpback, four to six pounds, the Chum averaging twelve pounds, and also the Steelhead which perhaps is the nearest in characteristics to the Atlantic salmon.

The Atlantic salmon has been introduced into the Cowichan River on Vancouver Island but no evidence is available how it is propagating under the changed conditions.

The Cohoe and Spring salmon are sporting fish, the Spring being of particularly high quality.

There is a cast of a Spring salmon caught in B. C. waters now on exhibition in the British Museum. This fish was caught with a rod by Sir Richard Musgrave and weighed seventy-five pounds.

British Columbia is one of the few countries I know of where one can leave one's house in the city or in the country, and in a few minutes have a salmon or grilse on the hook.

Now I would ask you, Mr. Chairman, to hold on to your chair while I tell you about the size of some of the fish caught in British Columbia. I am not going to give you this estimate just by hand like the ordinary fisherman because in my enthusiasm I may not be able to hold them very long in the same position. But I promise to give you the correct weights. The Spring salmon have been caught weighing eighty-five pounds—we have halibut that weigh three hundred pounds, and a sturgeon was captured in the Frazer River weighing twelve hundred pounds.

In sheer modesty Mr. Chairman and with due regard for your feelings, I will not attempt to give you the weight of our largest whale."

17 lb. salmon caught by J. Lippincott Foster which made so remarkable a fight as to deserve in his captor's opinion a "perpetuation in printer's ink."

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Member Executive Committee, Izaak Walton League

I WANT to ask all you boys to go on outings with me. Not long trips to the north woods with guides to take all of the hardship, but little trips to the woods along our own little river near home, which will be a preparation for longer and harder trips later.

Usually we look too far afield for our outings, when if we investigate carefully there are many fine places for a few days' outing near by, which have been overlooked. Our immediate neighborhoods carefully investigated will yield a rich return. In my own immediate neighborhood I have discovered several little rivers with all that can be hoped for in attractiveness.

First of all we must get ready for our trips. As we are not prepared to go to the store and buy all our equipment we are going to have all the fun of making as much of it as possible. It may take a little time to gather together what we are going to want so that we may be comfortable. To be comfortable in the woods does not take so much if it is carefully chosen.

I remember clearly the first camping trip I ever made without the help of some older person. I, with four other boys, loaded up a spring wagon to its capacity with all the things we thought we wanted for a few days' trip. We had a big load but little that was fitted for the work in hand. We drove away in high spirits toward the Big Eddy in the river. It was rather early in the spring, the leaves were not out and the river still held some of the icy chill of winter. We put up the huge tent, built a rock wall for a stove, covered the top with a bit of sheet iron. Some of the boys started to get the meal while I and another youngster paddled out to catch some fish. We fished near the sweep of the Big Eddy, hooked a Great Northern Pike and in the excitement of trying to land him, the frail unstable homemade canoe capsized. We two boys had to swim out in all the clothes we had. By this time it was commencing to get dark. A fire had been built in our improvised stove. As we came dripping up the bank we were cheered by the sight of the fire crackling under a pan of sizzling bacon, the coffee pot bubbling near the pipe built of the smaller rocks. We took off our shoes and socks and put them on the outside of the rock stove to dry, but alas, we did not know that the quick expansion of the sandstone rocks out of which we had built the stove would explode. In a moment it came, the pan of bacon went into the air in one direction, the coffee pot in another. By this time it was quite dark. We were hungry and wet. I remember groping about in the sand to find a piece of half cooked bacon which tasted delicious even with such sand as I could not scrape off. I later found my shoes, which had no waterproof dressing to soften the leather, dried hard and crisp. When I tried to wear them they cut and hurt my feet.

We could do nothing but go to bed wet and hungry. The walls of the tent were not fastened to the ground. The chill wind whipped under the flapping sides and hunted every part of my cold wet body. The covers we had were not intended for camping use and did not afford much real warmth. In addition they would not stay where they should. I did not know that in the woods, as at home, bed making was a real science. My feet would come out from under the covers and when I managed to get my feet covered my back was exposed. A whip-poor-will perched in a tree over the tent. It seemed to me that it called all night long and that I did not get a wink of sleep. I know now that I must have been mistaken. Miserable and uncomfortable as I was, I am sure that I did get a little sleep. In the morning I found that a small bundle of wire taken along to make repairs had found its way into my bed, and while wire properly coiled and placed makes a fine bed I do not recommend it as I had it that night.

When morning finally came I, with the boy who had fallen overboard with me, went to the river and from about an old stump we caught enough blue gills for breakfast. The other boys had not been comfortable either. They seemed to lay this at the door of us two who had fallen into the river, so while we fished they shot all the buttons off our clothes with a .22 rifle as they hung drying on the bushes. The atmosphere of the camp was not happy, so we packed our poorly chosen equipment and drove sadly home.

BOYS

Don't Miss One of These Trips Afield with Judge Wood. They will be the greatest fun and pleasure to you. Judge Wood will answer you personally if you write to him. Be a Woods-Boy.

It sometimes takes hard experiences to teach us, and yet, I am sure the joy of the woods and waters will surely come if we go well prepared. Besides, we will have all the fun of anticipation during the long winter evenings. On some trips we will go afoot and pack our whole means of livelihood on our backs. On some trips we will load a boat or canoe and drift quietly to where the trees shelter our camping spot. Every one who has camped out finds something from his experiences which if we use will make our trips easier and more pleasant. We will work this all out together so that when we start we will have the right sort of an outfit, which insofar as possible, we have made ourselves. Into it all we will work all the joys of anticipation. When we bring our outfits back smelling of woods smoke we will be often reminded of the happy hours spent in the woodlands and under the stars. I do not mean that we will never be wet or uncomfortable. I would not have it so if I could. It takes the wet, hard days to bring out the best in each of us and on such days you often find your truest and best friends, those friends whose companionship will be a joy to you down through the years just as I found one in the boy who fell into the river with me. He is a friend, who through more than thirty-five years has been tried and true. If in our trips I can find for each of you just one such friend I will have done more than I can hope.

Let's Tie a Fly

AT the first convention of the Izaak Walton League, I was privileged to be a member of the committee which drafted the Constitution. The Chairman of that committee, by the charm of his personality, won us all. As this feeling continued to grow, I became somewhat worried, for the genial chairman kept taking from his pocket a little box about the size of a pill box, which he would rattle, and then return without opening. I feared that he was suffering and that he was putting off a much needed assistance to his health because of the pressure of the business in hand.

Finally, the little box came out again and as work then was not so pressing the little box was opened. Like Pandora's box, it released a long train of circumstances, which were not evil, but pleasant, for the contents of the box could by all means be properly prescribed for all the ills to which flesh is heir. The box contained a fly with which the chairman, Thomas Ambrose, said he had caught big bass on the Kankakee river, and which fly he had tied himself.

One of the direct results of the opening of the little box is this article, for I, who had been an ordinary worm fisherman, went home with an impulse toward better fishing. The only excuse I can urge for attempting to write on the tying of flies to be read by Thomas Ambrose, Fred Peet, and other "Old Masters," is that I am a beginner who is nearer to the problems of the beginner for whom this is written. Perhaps the first step is the gathering of materials. For the first trials a very small amount of material will be needed. First, a few hackle feathers, which may be found on the neck or saddle of the ordinary domestic rooster—you will find the finer hackles will be best, the ones with the finest bristles and sheen come from thoroughbred fowls. The mottled breast feathers of the various wild ducks make splendid wings. For body material you should have several colors of embroidery silk or chenille and a spool of silk thread for winding.

Next, a vise for holding the hook during the tying. A regular fly tiers' vise is desirable but for first efforts a vise may be had at the ten cent store which will serve very well. A pair of curved manicure scissors will be needed for cutting off loose ends of feathers and thread. Procure a small bit of fly tiers' wax. It may be had at any supply house at small cost. If this is not available for first efforts, ordinary beeswax will serve.

When you have gathered these things, attach your vise to a board, cutting a small slit on each side of the vise to slip the tying thread into. Take your hook, putting it into the vise in the manner shown in Figure 1. After waxing about fourteen inches of the silk thread, take a small amount of shellac or liquid waterproof

(Continued on page 56)

A Honeymoon *in the* Bush

By J. PAUL LOOMIS

WE'LL all agree, won't we fellows, that the woods are the best place for a vacation? Then of course it's the place for the best vacation. You weather-beaten, smoky old campers, you've got a lot of sentiment under your skins, if you don't like to show it. Love of Nature and of human nature too! So I'm going to risk being called a silly sentimentalist by telling you about our honeymoon.

We were married in a city on the bald Canadian prairie where the surrounding wheat-fields stretched to the horizon and the only watering-place was a slough called Wascana Lake. The girl had come from a city a thousand miles to the south. I had come down half that distance from the north to learn to "form fours" in the army training camp nearby. There was a war on in those days and I was given a forty-eight hour leave for the trifling matter of getting married. After the ceremony was over we went to the alleged lake and sat under a scrawny tree in defiance of a "keep off the grass" sign. In the evening we went for a little denatured canoe-ride—and I returned to camp. I remember yet, though I won't repeat them, some of the things the old drill-instructor called me next day when I bawled up the execution of most of his commands.

The bride journeyed to my home in the park-country along the North Saskatchewan River. When I returned to her we resolved to have the honeymoon circumstances had denied us. I knew the place. It even had an appropriate name—Loon Lake. It was north of our home in the bush, as the big woods are called. Between us and it lay fifty miles of bush trails of the sort that cannot be described to those who have not traveled them and need not be to those who have.

We loaded an eighteen-foot canoe into a lumber wagon, resting it on a layer of oat sheaves. We put in our "chuck-box" and camp equipment, hitched up and began our overland canoe ride along the trail which wound between marshy lakes, across bits of prairie and through bush-country where an occasional yellow balm-of-Gilead tree bespoke the first warnings of fall. Then we passed a few rugged jack-pines, bold scouts in the vanguard of the forest whose green-black ranks we could see stretching away till they became blue and vague in the distance. The forest received us hospitably and by a stream which wound leisurely through a sunny meadow we stopped for lunch. Earnestly I strove to demonstrate to my partner what a competent provider was in charge of the expedition but the mallards at which I shot sailed on without losing a feather. It has been ever thus when I have tried to show off before my wife.

Soon after resuming the journey we came to a place where the trail, which had not been traveled for months, led across a doubtful looking piece of ground, but it was not far across and we urged the horses in. They immediately floundered, fell, and were half submerged in the "muskeg." The bride, up in the canoe, believed the honeymoon had met a premature and soggy ending, but after an hour of pulling and prying, splashing and floundering we had the horses on the farther side. By the end of another hour we had mended the harness, cut poles and laid corduroy for the wagon and pulled it across with a lariat. Thus delayed, the dark came long before we had reached our intended camping place. The stumps, stones and hub-deep chuck-holes in the trail became more frequent and less pleasant in the darkness and it was a justly tired Pal, albeit still game, who sat beside me as we finally rattled and slid down and down into the blackness of the gulch that is known as Big Coulee. At the bottom a cheery little creek chuckled to itself in the darkness and by it, under great black spruces, we camped.

At noon the next day we reached the lake of our desires—a sheet of limpid silver dreaming in the autumn sunshine. Rugged hills surrounded it, rising steeply from the water's edge while the shores in many places were like walls of smooth round stones. The lake is some twelve miles in extent with many arms and bays and it is divided into two parts by an island and a big marsh. It was on the sandy shore of a bay at the western end that we unloaded our canoe and pitched our camp beneath a spreading jack-pine tree nearby. The camp consisted of a tarpaulin lean-to with a spruce-bough bed beneath. Then we picketed one horse in a grassy opening, turning his companion loose, launched the canoe and set out along the western shore; a trolling line like a ship's log trailing astern. We returned before evening with increased knowledge of the lake, and several sturdy pike or "jack-fish" for supper and breakfast. We put big resinous, slow burning jack-pine stumps upon the fire and watched its light play upon the shaggy tree-trunks and the vaulted branches overhead. Deep in the night, when the fire was a big glow of embers and the stars looked down through spacious openings in our tree-roof, we listened to the howling of a big coyote on the ridge across the bay, but ere he had finished his lamentations we were again asleep.

When the "stealthy silver moccasins of morn" crept above the dark spruce ridge from which the coyote had voiced his woes, and the dimly lighted aisles of the woods were echoing to the mellow calls of the "whiskey-jacks" and the metallic chatter of the tiny Douglas squirrels, we rose, and breathing deeply of the frosty, spicy air felt that we had a clean start for the day—and all life beyond it. Such is the inspiration gained from the privilege of witnessing the miracle of day-birth in the wild.

"Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight?" It is sweeter yet before breakfast after a night under the sky. Six of these clear pure dawns we witnessed in this spot and six busy days of fishing, hunting and exploring, each leading swiftly through to campfire comfort when the darkness fell. We visited the island and roamed thru somber spruce to groves of silver birch where surely Dryads dwelt. We worked our way thru the labyrinth of sloughs and bayous in the Big Meadow, where the marsh grass grew ten feet tall and flocks of wild ducks rose before us at every turn. We raced before a gale down Long Lake—the eastern portion—while many loons laughed at us shrilly, then fought our way back foot by foot along the southern shore and came near having to spend the night in the Big Meadow, supperless in our canoe. Best of all, we sought out little Tulibee Lake—Sunshine Lake, Pal named it—hidden away between high ridges clothed with aspen-poplars which the frost was turning gold. A little northwest wind came down across the lake, sweet with the breath of a thousand other lakes whose bosoms it had caressed; lakes which lay in their forest-guarded, pristine beauty, unnamed, perhaps unseen by men. How it urged us to go in search of them—on into the far places!

But instead we had to turn our faces southward, and so the sixth morning, with great reluctance we loaded the canoe again into the wagon and started back down the rough and winding trail through bush now grown more beautiful than ever with the tokens of the fall. Pal, trudging ahead with her rifle, found in the trail a battered and blackened copper kettle which some Indian had lost. It had already known a thousand campfires and has hung in every one of the many we have made since. It is a fetish now which we would fight for, a symbol of campfire happiness and of the memories of Loon Lake.

Pal and a two-hour catch of "jack-fish."

Experiences of a Game Warden

By E. A. ORCUTT

YOU may talk as you will, but to me the West is the best place of all. There are those who do not agree with me—they have told me so. With some people the East or the South holds the palm, but to a man like me, who loves the out-of-doors, there is no place quite so appealing as the West. Those of us who have learned something about the great open spaces know that there is someone besides man who rules. Those of us who have had the good fortune of casting our lot in the West, know the real joy of living out where God and Nature reign.

Control of game and game fish in the state of Washington is unlike any other state in the Union. This control is vested in a chief supervisor at Olympia, with three unpaid commissioners in each county having the power and authority to fix seasons, bag limits or deal in game matters in their respective counties, subject to the approval of the supervisor. Wardens are appointed in the county or state according to the pleasure and needs of the commissioners in that particular locality.

In the state of Washington, I have served for a number of years as a deputy game warden for state and county. I have learned to know something of human nature. Kindly take note that I only said something. I will tell you in this article some of the smiles and difficulties a warden encounters. Primarily, there are no two cases alike in so far as the human element is concerned. A game commissioner once told me that game wardens are born, not made and that he must be a student of human nature. My superiors will have to be the judge into which class I fall.

I'll never forget the first arrest I made after I received my commission. I sallied forth in quest of the game violator. My wife and brother accompanied me on this ill-fated trip—for my protection, I guess. I had only traveled a matter of ten miles before I came in contact with a fisherman. I asked him for his license—briefly, he had none. I pronounced him a law-breaker before he told me of his "forgetfulness," but in my excitement I had failed to show him any authority for my intrusion. He refused arrest, bond or anything else I had to offer. Finally after a fifteen minute battle of words—and they were words—I decided it was time for a display of muscular strength. Seeing my plight, my brother came to my timely rescue with the result that the fisherman stayed arrested and landed safely in my car in lieu of bond. After some thought he searched the inner parts of his pockets and produced the minimum bond, so I let him—the first fruit of my authority—out of the car, and set the case for trial for the following day, feeling meanwhile that I had done a great service to the world and humanity.

Excuses and alibis never cease in this work, and every case, it seems, has a new angle. A grandmother, a sick mother or wife, or some member of the family, seems to be the alibi for the average law-breaker in stepping out of bounds. I once came in contact with two fishermen fishing on a stream where I knew there were practically no legal fish at that season of the year. On examination of their creel I found both of them in possession of quite a number of short fish. These men understood the law perfectly, but they maintained that they only wanted to catch a few fish for their "poor old mother." That evening I collected bond at their home, and I found that neither had any aged relation existing, as far as I could determine—just a plain cold falsehood.

On this same creek some time later I watched a party of three men for something like four hours, keeping in sight of them by creeping along in the brush so that I could easily determine what size fish they were taking. To my surprise, every trout that bit landed safely in their creel. How these small trout, running 3 or 4 inches in length, can stand the terrific pull some fishermen give them without tearing out their gills is something I am unable to understand. About dusk I intercepted this party, and upon examination of their creels, found a great many of what we term "short fish." I explained the law, asked for bond, and confiscated their fishing tackle, much to their surprise and anger. Later at the trial they told the judge in Justice Court that they were lucky to "get off" as easily as they did.

Some law breakers show fight, and others I sometimes think carry a good-sized bill, willing to pay for a violation, in case they are caught. The law this year is different in the state of Washington than in former years. Licenses must be in the personal possession and on the person of the fisherman or hunter. The greatest difficulty wardens have had in former years was the claim that the license was left at home or some other place, and this took an endless amount of work to check up the actual issuance of a license to the licensee.

One night around Liberty Lake, near Spokane, Washington, I came upon a man who appeared to be fishing for bass during closed season. I watched him through my glasses, and immediately determined that he was casting. For three-quarters of an hour he kept this up without apparently getting a strike, however, there was no question of his intent. Toward late evening he started for shore, and I also decided it was time to move. After one of the closest rowing races I have ever indulged in he beat me to the shore a matter of a couple of hundred feet, and started to run. I jumped in the water up to my waist and reached him just as he was getting into his car to drive away. His explanation of the offense was: "I was simply taking the kinks out of my line." The kinks, the justice said later, were worth twenty-five dollars and costs.

I do not believe that wardens necessarily need be of powerful physical build. They should, though, be able to think quickly and decide on their field of action. Quite often law-breakers are given too much leeway, and some of them have learned to take advantage of every minute in emergencies. I recollect one case of a violator who saw me checking some other people on the stream, and decided that it was time for him to leave. I did not hurry a great deal, hoping that he would slow down while I was finishing with the fishermen that were near at hand. However, he kept on going, and this was again the survival of the fittest. I would not have survived except that in going through a barbed-wire fence, my man found too many barbs, and by the time I arrived at his side, he was bound, hand and foot, in the "catch-as-can" wire.

Hunting birds out of season is a practice that too many men indulge in. I consider it absolute murder for a man to shoot a nesting bird. I recall the incident of a foreigner shooting a pheasant sitting on a nest with nine eggs. The judge felt that each egg was worth $25, and the hunter or murderer was so assessed. On another occasion while in some heavily wooded timber, I was searching cars as they were returning from this hunting ground. Among the cars I searched was a car belonging to another foreigner, and I found a ruffed grouse in his possession, killed out of season. I asked why he had shot it, and he replied, "Just for fun." The justice felt that any man ought to pay for such fun, and the fine was $20.00 and costs.

People fishing on lakes have a much greater chance to violate the game law than those on streams. For a matter of a very few cents a man may purchase a cheap fishing line and for a few cents more some hooks and sinkers. He can sit in a boat with his hand over the side and near the water, and it is sometimes an impossibility to prove that he is fishing. Such cases take lots of patience, if you are to determine whether they are fishing illegally.

Some of the reasons why we should guard our streams.

This type of violator can drop his line into the water before the warden can get to him, feeling it is better to lose fifteen cents worth of tackle than pay a fine. One of the most common cases along this line is for a man to have some young boys with him slightly under the age limit, and claim, upon being accosted by the warden, that he is only teaching his boys how to fish. I wonder if that is the proper way to train "Young America."

One day while on a large river near Spokane, I was standing in the brush watching some ducks swimming into shore. Suddenly there were a couple of shots up the hill to my left. Knowing that this section was fairly well inhabited by birds, I decided that I had better investigate to see if there was any illegal shooting going on. As I left the crest of the hill I saw a man shoot five times into a flock of Hungarian partridges, but not one came down. He pursued them and I pursued him and the next time he fired he had the same bad luck. I arrested him after these shots, charging him with shooting game birds during closed season with intent to kill. He swore under oath that he was only shooting at jack rabbits. I could not resist the opportunity of commenting that these jack rabbits could fly mighty fast, and the judge agreed with me after hearing testimony.

I want to say in conclusion that game departments, as a whole, are maintained in most states without taxation. In fact it is the only department of the state that operates entirely from the revenue and receipts from the sale of licenses, convictions from game violations and whatever sale there might be of game birds, animals or game fish. Unfortunately there is a small class of people who complain about the insignificant fee charged for the issuance of a license. Surely they cannot be conversant with the above conditions.

Game and fish laws are very liberal in their interpretation and limitations and are in no form, shape or manner a hardship on the sportsman of today. Game departments as a whole are working overtime to fulfill and complete their promise and program of preservation, conservation and propagation. It behooves the sportsman (and I believe the rank and file of our army of sportsmen are the finest citizens of America) to observe game laws and co-operate with their respective commissions in one of the greatest tasks of the day and age.

Game and fish cannot vote—they have no choice except to take "man-made" laws as their own. It is up to you and me as good citizens and true, red-blooded sportsmen to help formulate and enforce such laws as will accomplish the object for which we are working, the conservation of both our present and future hunting and fishing. We must keep faith with fish and game and with the coming generations of sportsmen.

"Out where God and Nature reign."

Caddo Lake, Texas, rightly styled a game paradise.

Concerning Caddo

By PAULA H. LONG

CADDO? Caddo Lake? Let's see. Yes, in East Texas, near Marshall, and not very far from Shreveport, La. Have you ever spent a vacation week at Caddo Lake? Where it is still possible to exchange hectic hustle for soothing stillness, nerve numbness for recuperative relaxation; where worry and woe, like tousled tots, slip quietly to sleep in a hollow of Ma Nature's shoulder?

The mysterious charms of this drowsy dreamland! Its secluded nooks of deep, sleepy waters, its subsidiary basins, separated from the main body of water and often reached only by watery paths marked off by ancient cypress trees and pressed into narrow navigability by a vegetation rank, fantastic and nearly tropical. Here only a narrow canoe can find its way through. Some of these side lakes are small and secluded, now crystal clear, now amber colored, covered with picturesque pads of water lilies; sentried by tall bulrushes and air-scouted by shimmering dragon flies—a fairy land indeed.

Your glance goes up to the majestic cypresses, old, grey and severe; their conformation so foreign to the neighboring trees; their roots drinking deep from the still waters which reflect their trunks' gigantic shapes. Relics of a time long past they are; their air of unreality enhanced by the grey moss which drapes sheer from their lofty height down to the deep waters.

You travel in a motor boat along the channels and the bayou, over miles of the deepest water.

This is Caddo Lake, beautiful and romantic; long explored by lovers of nature, by fishermen and hunters, yet never quite discovered; ever holding the breathless interest of those who know it best.

Caddo Lake has four seasons, all different in character, yet all alike fascinating. There is no greater charm than the sight of the early mayhaw bloom; delicious fragrant blossoms covering the many trees along the river banks. The lush glory of early spring soon gives way to the riper charms of summer days, when the vegetation assumes a character subtropical in its profusion. Everywhere on the borders of the bayou the wild wisteria then appears, the graceful, lovely child of the South. Wild grape vines with their dainty blossoms reach down from the cypress tops and cover their twisted trunks like a shimmering silvery veil. Wild rose bushes, decked with myriads of golden hearted blossoms rival in beauty the bushes of fragrant honeysuckle. Morning-glory vines mingle with the dark and sombre green of evergreens. Wild sweetpeas with their delicate violet and rose colors, tall stemmed blue larkspur, the dainty little alfalfa flower, the prolific blackeyed susan, the bright orange and red leopard lily, the familiar goldenrod.

The lavish splendor of autumn gold and purple soon gives way under the cold winds that fan the lake and that usher in the season of rest and quiet: winter. The climate, however, permits outdoor life at all times, and who does not know the fascination of the hunting season, bringing hundreds of eager hunters to the lake's shore?

For Caddo Lake has rightfully been styled the hunter's and fisherman's paradise. Situated in the Eastern part of East Texas and some twenty miles northeast of Marshall, vacationists from many Southern states can enjoy its sports.

None need ever turn away disappointed. For Caddo Lake and its surroundings are wealthy with an inexhaustible variety of fish, game and fowl. Large mouth black bass, striped, white and calico bass, sun perch, white perch, goggle eyed perch, bream and rock perch are all found. Among the cat fish: the opelausas, mud, fiddles, channel and bull head; also the spoon billed cat, which furnishes large amounts of roe, often sold as caviar.

At duck hunting season not less than thirteen varieties of ducks have been sighted at the lake. Occasionally wild turkeys and wild geese are seen and the water turkey is quite numerous. Many a tall cypress is the home of a happy squirrel family; cotton tail and swamp rabbits are more than numerous; raccoons, opossums, minks and pole cats are caught, and occasionally a grey fox. Cranes of every known variety, pelicans, herons and storks enliven the scenery; all kinds of hawk, various types of sea gull and the dashing king fisher are at home here at times; sand snipes, the much beloved whip-poor-will with its melancholy call, as well as practically every known kind of Southern song bird are steady or part time residents of charming Caddo Lake.

The Last Call

(Continued from page 27)

Automatically I lined my .30-'06 on him. Such an easy shot, way down below the left shoulder where the heart should be. No, on second thought, my old dependable place to knock down a moose—to make him stay down—the neck! And then a third thought took precedence over the others. What a ridiculously easy mark to hit at such a close distance.

Why I speculated on where to place my bullet I shall never know. Yet I remained there, pondering and observing the majestic bearing of this monstrous, swart-brown animal.

If ever an animal looked the monarch of the forests, that Nipigon moose did. Who could help but admire him, appreciate his magnificent proportions! What a shame to kill a moose at this period! The very moment when Nature was passionately demanding that he do his part in the annual movement to reproduce his kind! Could I sin against all tenets of sportsmanship as I had done in former years? Shoot that bull standing not far distant, after it had responded to the dictates of the Great Master?

At that moment a new slant on sportsmanship was born within me. I could no more, then, have pulled that trigger, than I could have slaughtered a new-born calf. All my tenseness softened. I jumped from my place of concealment and against the cold breeze facing me, I shouted loudly at the big, impetuous bull, "Oowah!"

The bull heard and saw me simultaneously, then returned to the timber with unbelievable celerity. I stood still until the last sounds in his wake were smothered by the murmurings of the spruce woods.

Back to camp Dominique and I walked, very close together. I began whistling a cheery tune, and the Indian joined me in it. He smiled knowingly all the while, as though he felt that I had passed safely through a tremendous mental ordeal. I was exceedingly happy because I knew that, never again, would I shoot another moose that responded to a birch bark horn.

EDITOR'S Note: Space permits us to publish but one of the many letters we have received on the subject of Edward Breck's moose story in the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. *In a recent letter from Commander Breck, he writes: "I would not like to have the idea get abroad that I am in favor of calling moose in the mating season in order to kill a bull moose. The absolute contrary is the fact, which is proved by the advice I have just given the government of Nova Scotia, to begin the moose-hunting season on October 15th, which will practically do away with calling. I propose to call a good deal in future, but I do not propose to kill. I think I made my standpoint clear in my article, namely, that no method is really decent, when killing is in question. I merely say that calling is more sportsmanlike than still-hunting, though in my opinion neither is decent."*

Calling vs. Still Hunting the Moose

By DR. A. P. GOUTHEY

I HAVE just finished reading the "Lure of Cervus Alces" by Mr. Edward Breck in the December number of OUTDOOR AMERICA. The story gave me a half hour of genuine pleasure as does everything Mr. Breck writes. He is always entertaining, graphic and instructive. This is a sincere compliment rather than the formality of an empty courtesy calculated to take away the sting of what I am going to say.

I do not agree with Mr. Breck in his contention that calling is as sportsmanlike, and requires more skill than still-hunting.

While my experience with moose does not go back as far as Mr. Breck's—for I was not born when he saw his first moose fall to his uncle's rifle in 1871—I am quite sure that I do not belong to the class so artistically spanked by Mr. Breck. I do not pretend to know "all about moose and moose hunting," though I have been on "more than five moose hunts" in my short, and more or less eventful life.

The fact is I, like Mr. Breck, have read about everything which I consider worth reading on the subject, and I have hunted ever since the law would allow me to carry a gun. Not only so, but I have been a passionate lover of the great out-of-doors, and a student of nature and of the habits of animals from my earliest recollections. While I have been a hunter all my life I have never been a ruthless killer. I am quite a bit under fifty, and again like the distinguished Mr. Breck, I have about quit the killing business—and especially the killing of moose.

So far as the calling of moose is concerned I may say: I have killed *but one* called moose (may the gods forgive me). No sooner had I pressed the trigger, that glorious September evening, and seen the lordly beast which had come so unsuspectingly to what he thought to be the love call of his amorous mate, sag down into the soggy moss of a New Brunswick barren to die ingloriously in a pool of his own blood, than I was conscience smitten and over his crumpled inert body I vowed, "Never again."

Much water has run under the bridge since that hour, but the vow has never been broken.

Calling seemed to me at that time, and does yet, to be taking *a very unfair and unnecessary advantage of an animal at a moment when he is being driven almost blindly by the creative urge* to seek his mate or to deadly combat with a rival.

I am sure that there are many woodsmen who are neither lacking in intelligence nor experience who will vote for still-hunting as requiring much more skill than calling, and, all things being equal, as being a much fairer method of hunting.

The fact of the matter is, I have hunted moose for many years, and I have been a close observer of their habits almost from boyhood, for, again like Mr. Breck, the moose has fascinated me more, perhaps, than any other game animal.

I have spent many happy and profitable days just studying them. During these days of experimenting with moose for the purpose of studying their habits, armed with only a camera and a notebook, I have called, and seen called, scores of bulls both large and small, early in the rut and late, and my experience convinces me that *in the height of the rut* it is comparatively easy, and requires no great skill to call the average bull to within shooting distance.

Again, my experience convinces me that in the *height of the rut* the average *large bull* is nearly always so irate that he will fling caution to the wind and walk disdainfully into the very teeth of danger with every hair on his mighty shoulders standing straight up, his eyes blazing like two balls of fire, his teeth grinding in anger, and his great mouth frothing when the *grunt of the bull is imitated* (which is what the best callers frequently do) instead of the call of the cow.

More than once I have seen a large bull in this mood, and at such times I have pounded lightly with a stick, or scraped the birchbark horn on the alders in imitation of another bull hooking the brush, and seen the bull *almost run into the open* where it would have been as easy for me to have killed him as it would have been to have killed an ox at twenty yards.

The height of the rut being passed, I admit that it frequently requires much more skill to call a bull into the open, but a *good caller* nearly always has a trick in reserve which will bring him out.

On the other hand, my experience in still-hunting convinces me that the moose nearly always has better than a fifty-fifty chance of outwitting the hunter.

On this point Mr. Breck says: "When a good still-hunter finds signs of a bull in a yard in, say November, that bull is as good as dead." In answer to this I have several things to say: First, to shoot a moose in the yard *is not still-hunting.* It is just plain, unmitigated murder. *No good still-hunter will under any circumstances ever do it.* Second, I may not be considered a "good still-hunter" (though I have killed a number of moose still-hunting, and have been near enough *to scores of others* to have killed them had I had the desire to do so), *but I have been outwitted by fully as many moose as I have ever gotten up to.* To find the track, and even locate the bull, was not, I have found more than once, to have him "as good as dead." Most men who have still-hunted to any great extent will, I think, go on record as having had a like experience. On the contrary, in calling *most of the advantages are on the side of the hunter.* Let Mr. Breck give his own vivid portrayal of the orthodox *modus operandi.*

He says: "Ensconcing ourselves comfortably at the foot of a big rock on the moss, and curled in blankets . . . I raise my birchen horn, blow through it to clear it, point it downward and sound through it a long, drawn-out whine, beginning in a high key and descending an octave. It is low, for there may be a bull within a short distance of us who might be alarmed at a louder call.

"No answer. Very well; now for real business. Standing up, I point the horn on high, and let the long, whining low of the amorous cow go ringing through the icy atmosphere. Wah! Wah! . . . faint but distinct . . . the bull is coming!"

And there you have it! Hidden comfortably, and wrapped in blankets. No breath of air to carry the scent to the unsuspecting bull. A mile or two away he hears the call and, *just what nearly always happens,* he comes to it, and in due time he walks out into the open. In other words, *it is not the hunter who is doing the hunting;* IT IS THE BULL!

Now let us contrast the experience of calling this bull as recited by Mr. Breck with his experience of still-hunting, or trying to still-hunt, the four moose which he followed for an hour through a swamp without even once getting sight of his quarry. He says: "Once I followed a bull, cow and two calves for an hour through a swamp, being careful to keep

AS special marks of distinction in the great "Do and Grow" expansion program that is sweeping Waltonism into the foreground of American public welfare endeavor, the League is awarding a Silver Founder's Button to those who organize new chapters, and special bronze, silver and gold watch fobs to those who get five or more new members. Beginning with the next issue of Outdoor America, names of those who win such awards will be printed here. This will be the Waltonian roll of honor. Don't fail to get on it. All information can be obtained from chapter officers, state officers, or directly from National Headquarters at 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

to leeward, hoping to get a shot at the bull. Several times I actually saw the bushes move, but neither hide nor hair of an animal did I see. From time to time I conversed with the family, using the gruff and explosive 'Wah!' of the bull, the whines of the cow and the squeals and whines of the little calves. The bull must have been a big one, as he was evidently not much alarmed; for, had he been, his answering challenge would have been much more emphatic, whereas this one hardly took any notice of the other male, namely myself, that was roaming about near by. And yet there was evidently some suspicion, for the family moved off slowly in the direction of the lake and finally crossed a deep creek and disappeared. It was the calves which were really alarmed. They strayed often from the parents (i. e. mother and step-father), and in all probability smelt and perhaps actually saw me, for they would give little expulsive woofs and scamper (if one may use that term to a moose) back to the family protection. I was not sorry I missed killing the bull, for the experience was thrilling, and it flattered me that I could make all those noises within a few yards of a whole moose family and not give myself away."

But in spite of all his skill (and everyone knows Edward Breck is, or was, a very skillful hunter) he could not get close enough for a snot. This time the *hunter* is doing the hunting, and as happens much more frequently than when calling, *the hunter, and not the moose, is outwitted.*

It must be obvious to all thoughtful persons, I think, that while Mr. Breck has argued for *calling* he has really MADE A CASE FOR STILL-HUNTING.

Rainy Lake Watershed

(Continued from page 8)

however, is no argument for desolating the rest but rather for restoring all to their original beauty—a task for which the Forest Service is preeminently fitted.

Depth of Shore Timber

THE question of how great a depth of shore timber should be considered inviolate from commercial logging is of the greatest importance. My own feeling is that the present rule of the Forest Service should be somewhat more flexible according to the contours of the shores. Since the Forest Service has already admitted the validity of the principle they would not want to fail to allow sufficient latitude to carry out fully the purpose of the ruling. This is largely a question for expert adjustment with the main objectives in view.

The Results

THE plan contemplates an extensive consolidation of the present forest.

I need not enumerate, I think, the permanent advantages of such a policy as outlined. Under rigid protection from fires, flooding, and wasteful logging, the forest will attain full development.

So far as possible consistent with the main purpose, we would want to avoid disturbing present arrangements in both countries. Not a single industry or interest would be harmed. Not a vested right would be touched.

We do not know of course what our Canadian friends will wish to do with their territory. What we do know is that Mr. Arthur Hawkes in his article called "THE EXPLORERS' DOMAIN" has paved the way for one of the most significant international enterprises ever proposed, one that not only deals with historical material, but is likely in itself to make history. Let us meet our Canadian friends more than half way, and with a welcome that is hearty and unmistakable. Let us perhaps, as Mr. Hawkes suggests, dedicate this new venture to the intrepid early explorers of North America.

Alaska Eagles Disappearing

THAT the American eagle in Alaska is disappearing, under the bounty system inaugurated in 1917 by that territory, is the report given out by Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, after an extended trip in Alaska.

"There are many of these eagles left," said Dr. Pearson, "but from what I saw and learned on all hands it is very plain that the bird is far less numerous than a few years ago. A day spent hunting eagles between Ketchikan and Haines, a distance of eighty-eight miles, resulted in the finding of thirty-seven of these great birds. In other sections of the coast I found them scarce. Official records of the bounties paid up to August 4, 1927, as supplied me by Karl Thiele, secretary of Alaska, showed that the feet of 40,753 eagles had been turned in for the $1 bounty (formerly 50 cents).

"As many as one or two hundred eagles often gather along the lower reaches of a salmon stream. Suggestion was made to me in various quarters that the eagle had now been so reduced in numbers that Alaska might very well discontinue the bounty. Others questioned whether Alaska is getting sufficient return for the money expended in the bounty system. The chief center of abundance of the bald eagle is along the southern coast in the neighborhood of the salmon streams. During 2,000 miles' travel in the interior of Yukon and Alaska I saw only one pair of bald eagles."

Hawks and Owls

(Continued from page 31)

gest means of identifying these birds. Good books with adequate illustrations exist, and these should be available to all sportsmen and farmers. Numerous articles such as the present one have been written, also, and I have not intended to give the impression that my remarks are altogether original.

But in our fight for justice to all forms of wild-life it is necessary to keep before the attention of all sportsmen and farmers the truth about these beautiful and interesting birds of prey, most species of which are not yet as popular as they should be; and to call attention to the need for intelligent control of the few destructive species.

Every sportsman comes to love all of the outdoors. And it is hardly conceivable that the most enthusiastic protector of game would wish for a world where no predatory species exist. We somehow sense, often without realizing why, that there is a place for every living creature in the scheme of Nature, and most of us are eager to prevent the extermination of any one of our birds of prey so long as other forms of life can be perpetuated satisfactorily at the same time.

Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

Edited by
ALEC MERMOD

Gun Editor
OUTDOOR AMERICA

Guns and Gunners of the West

BACK in the days when the country west of the Missouri was practically unknown by any except the hardiest trappers, the rifle was the most important item of equipment, for with it food was obtained and one's life depended on the quality of the gun and the skill of the shooter, for the various tribes of Indians seemed to be constantly on the war path.

Of course, the rifles of the early days were muzzle loaders, generally of small caliber, at that time the size of the bore was designated by the number of bullets to the pound.

Some of these rifles were of an exceedingly small bore (about 90 to the pound). The barrels were long, 30 to 36 inches, some as long as 40 inches. The rear sights were of the buck horn type and front sights were what was later called "knife blade," and were made of silver, though in a great many instances the hunter replaced the silver sight with one made of bone.

Tales of the wonderful accuracy of these rifles and marvelous skill of the shooters have been handed down since the Revolutionary war, and while some of these stories are true, others have sprung from the pens of writers gifted with a vivid imagination and are without foundation or fact.

It is quite true that the early frontiersmen were good shots, otherwise they would not have lasted very long.

The rifles, of course, were made by hand, by gunsmiths who took great pride in their work and turned out nothing but first class weapons. Most of these rifles were equipped with a double set trigger which could be adjusted so delicately that the slightest touch would release the hammer. This light trigger pull combined with the distance between sights made accurate shooting possible.

A great many of the early Western pioneers came from Kentucky and Ohio, where shooting matches were the principal amusements.

The early small bore rifle was very often called "The Kentucky Pea Rifle," on account of its exceedingly small bore.

The frontiersmen soon realized that the small bullet was too light for buffalo, so orders went back for rifles using a ball of 40 to the pound.

As a rule the stock of each rifle was fitted with a brass patch box of more or less ornamental design. Each box would hold about 50 greased patches, which were used as a gas check, between powder and ball, otherwise there would be very little force to the charge.

These patches were usually of flannel, but when cloth was not to be had, a piece of buck skin would be used.

The careful man would find out just what sized patch was best and would cut out several hundred, but the careless chap would carry a piece of old rag or buck skin along with him, and before seating the ball this rag or skin would be placed on the muzzle and the ball placed on top of the patch and forced in till it was just below the top of the bore, then the shooter would slice off the part of patch protruding.

This procedure was all right under ordinary conditions, but when it came to Indian fighting it was too slow.

Each man carried his powder in a cow's horn many of which were beautifully polished.

To many of these powder horns a small charger was attached, a correct measure made of a tip of a horn.

Another method of measuring out the charge was to place the ball in the hand which would be held slightly cupped, then powder poured over the ball till it was covered.

The gun makers furnished a bullet mould with each rifle turned out by them, for there was no standard bore.

As a rule these moulds were made for a single ball, but later some were made that would mould as many as 12 balls at one time.

After the Civil war breech loading rifles came into prominence and standard bores were established.

One of the early rifles of this type was the Spencer .56 caliber, and for some time this was in demand on the Western plains.

Later the Sharps rifle, 30 inch barrel, was placed on the market and outclassed all those of other makes.

The Sharps were made in several calibers, but the 40/90 seemed to be in greatest demand, and was designated by the plainsmen as "A Sharps 8 square Buffalo Gun."

After the breech loaders were tried out and proved successful there were many of the old timers who continued to stick to their old muzzle loaders, contending that they were much more accurate than the "new fangled" weapons. In this contention they were right for the early breech loaders with a short barrel, poorly sighted and with a trigger pull of about 8 pounds could not be compared for accuracy with the muzzle loaders.

A champion of the new rifle argued with an old Indian fighter in regard to the rapidity of reloading, but the old man came back with this remark, "What's the use shootin' three shots to my one, if you don't hit nothin'?"

Very few of the trappers of the early days carried a pistol, and the few weapons of this sort were heavy single shot affairs, but when Samuel Colt brought out his famous six shot revolver there was a big demand for them, even at a price of $50.00 in gold.

It was not long after the close of the Civil war that the famous Henry repeating rifle was placed on the market, and every frontiersman who could afford the price had one of the "16 shooters" that had a range of 1,000 yards.

The cartridge used was a rim fire .44 caliber, the bullet being conical shaped with the point flattened for the purpose of safety and this shortening of the bullets allowed several more cartridges to be carried in the magazine. While a range of 1,000 yards was claimed for the Henry, I

WE have received many letters from our readers in praise of Alec Mermod's interesting article in the December issue on early firearms and many requests that he write more on the subject, so here is more. Mr. Mermod has been a "crack shot" of the west and southwest for many years, and his knowledge of guns and gunners of the west is exceptional.

"The frontiersmen soon realized that the small bullet was too light for buffalo."

doubt if any game was ever killed at that distance.

I ran across one of the "old timers" who had followed the gold rush of '49 and who had been in numerous fights with Indians, and his stories of these fights were quite interesting, and I believe were not exaggerated, for I checked up on several.

One of his stories told of a fight where the Henry rifle played an important part. He with two companions were attacked by a band of about 30 Utes, and after a running fight they succeeded in gaining a sheltered spot among the rocks, but not before one of their horses had been killed. Joe Longfellow (the old timer mentioned above) was armed with one of the new Henry rifles and had plenty of ammunition, while the other men carried Spencer carbines.

According to Joe's story, none of these Indians had ever seen a breech loading rifle, for when they charged the fortification of rocks hastily thrown up by the three hunters, and were met with three shots they kept on, evidently thinking that the men would take some time to reload, but when the Henry rifle began to send out a storm of bullets the Indians were taken completely by surprise and fell back at once and did not attempt another attack, though they laid siege during the balance of the day and night. Joe imagined that the Indians thought there was some strong "medicine" at work, or else there were more men behind the rocks, and this latter view was found to be correct, for several years later Joe met one of these Utes on the reservation (after the U. S. soldiers had rounded them up), and this Indian said that the band had figured that there must have been at least twenty men behind the rocks.

The old Henry was replaced by the Winchester using the same style of cartridge, and a few years later the famous Winchester model 1873 was placed on the market, and in a short time became the most popular weapon in America.

This model is credited with accounting for more Indians and game than any other rifle in the country.

Our continuous Indian wars prompted other gun manufacturers to bring out something better, and the result of this brought out the Evans rifle, which if I recall correctly had a magazine capacity of 26 cartridges.

The Evans differed from all other repeaters inasmuch as the magazine was contained in the stock instead of under the barrel.

A number of these rifles were manufactured and placed on the market before they had been thoroughly tried out, and the result was that several defects developed, and, notwithstanding an extended advertising campaign the Evans was soon in the discard.

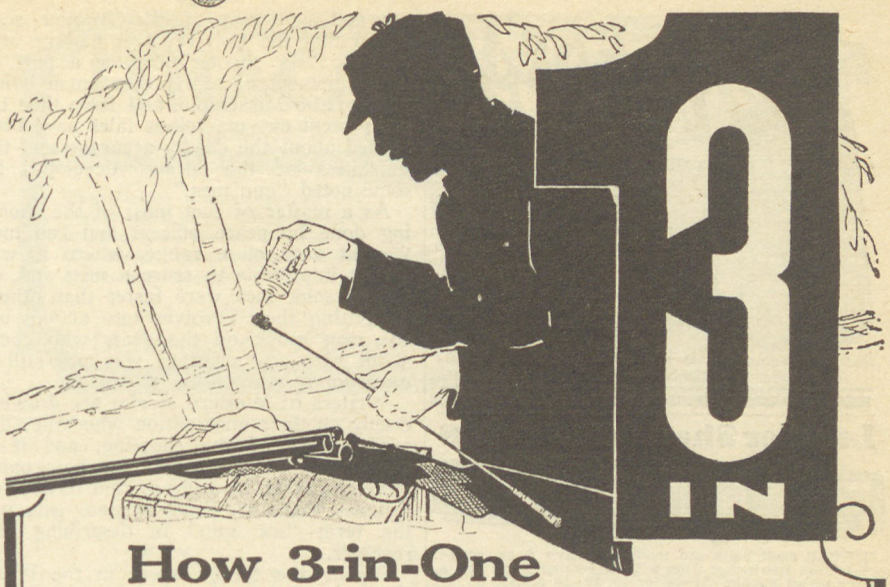
After the Henry patents ran out several companies were organized to manufacture rifles in competition with the Winchester, but these companies were either forced out of business, or absorbed by The Winchester Company.

I recall the Kennedy, Burgess and Bullard, all very similar to the Winchester in appearance and operation, and as far as I know gave satisfaction, but they did not seem to take with the public, possibly because they were not advertised in a taking manner.

I owned a Kennedy, and used a borrowed Burgess, but never fired a Bullard.

Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) made the old 44/40 model 1873 Winchester famous, and later used this same model in his exhibition work with "The Wild West Shows." Only these rifles were smooth bore for the use of shot cartridges.

The trappers, prospectors, Indian fight-



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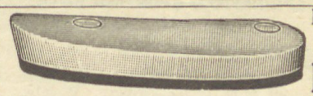

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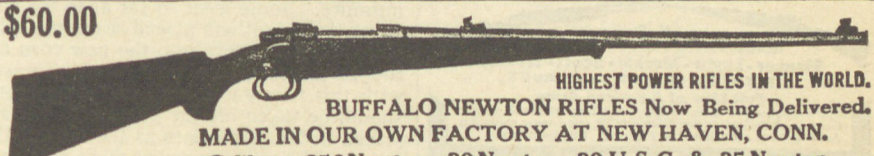

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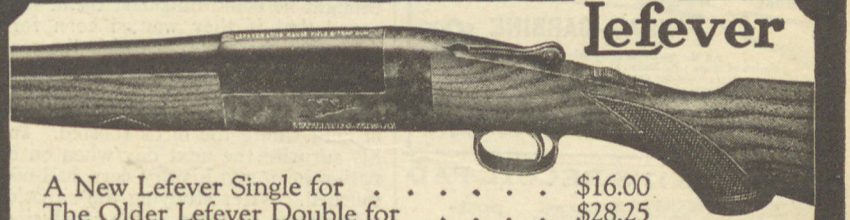

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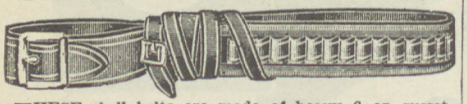

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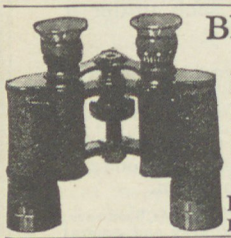

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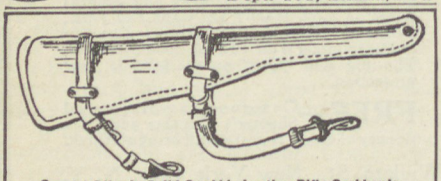

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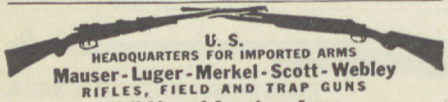

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ers and bad men of the frontier soon found that the Colt revolver had its uses and the "six shooter" became a part of the equipment of nearly every man living west of the Mississippi, and from then till the present day marvelous tales have been related about the deadly accuracy and the quickness of the "draw" developed by some noted "gun men."

As a matter of fact most of the shooting done by peace officers and bad men was at very close range, where it was almost impossible to score a miss and, of course, some men were faster than others in getting their revolver into action, but the man quick on the draw who could shoot with any accuracy was and still is exceedingly scarce.

Writers of Western stories are drawing deeply on their imagination when they describe some of the shooting, and it is amusing to see how each man has copied from the other in using certain terms, for instance there are many writers who use the term "six gun" in describing the revolver.

During the time I spent in the West, Colorado, Texas, New Mexico and Utah, I never heard any one call a belt gun a "six gun." It was a revolver, six shooter or gun.

During all my Western experience I only ran across two men who were really good shots with a revolver, by that I mean who were a great deal better than the average. One of these was Billy Meyer, a cow puncher from Texas who could hit a prairie dog seven times out of ten at fifty yards, and at twenty-five yards could place six shots in a spot as big as a silver dollar.

The other was an old prospector named Johnson who was faster on the draw than any man I ever saw, and was the best shot in Colorado. He was an eccentric chap minding his own business, but when not working his claim kept up his revolver practice, spending more of his hard earned money for ammunition than he did for food. I have seen Johnson draw his gun after a cottontail rabbit started to lope across the road and kill the rabbit before he reached the far side.

Johnson told me that he had never shot at any human being, but there might come a time when it would be necessary so he wanted to be prepared.

From what I heard from other prospectors in the same camp I imagine he was either gunning for some one man, or expected a certain man was looking for him!

On the Wing

By DR. FERDINAND BROWN

Balanced diet for the pheasant

"Said one old Pheasant unto his mate,
What shall we for grub have to ate?
There lies a horse on yonder hill,
Let's pick his eyes out, one by one."

THUS someone wrote abut the old crow many years ago, before the pheasant was ever heard of in the United States, and which may now be applied to this much talked and written about bird.

In many ways the Chinese ring neck pheasant is a dumbbell. In many ways he is very smart. When it comes to getting his daily rations, eats and drinks, he sure knows his garden stuff.

Last spring, when this bird was getting lambasted up one side and down the other for his theft of corn just as it sprouted and showed its green shoot above the ground, the farmers in South Dakota tried everything imaginable to keep the pheasants out of the corn fields. Permits were obtained from the game department allowing farmers to kill them, when declared a nuisance. Some went so far as to try poisoning them. Others placed scarecrows, but still these birds tore into the new corn and the farmers became very much disgusted with this new game bird, declaring that it should be taken off the game bird list and placed in the same class as the crow. One farmer who was somewhat more of a sport than others, and who did not believe in killing them off because they had a keen appetite for the newly planted corn, thought he could outsmart them. He reasoned that if they wanted corn for their daily diet, he would furnish them shelled corn, and they wouldn't have to dig or scratch for it either. So he took several bushels from his granary and scattered it around where the birds roosted. Imagine his surprise the next day when on examination he found his dry corn had not been touched. After studying the situation for a few days, he came to the conclusion that, at least in the spring, the pheasant desires his corn moist and partly fermented, rather than hard and dry. Which leads us to believe that this bird is a wise guy, for just think of the "wallop" he gets out of a few dozen kernels of fermented corn.

No wonder at times this bold bird struts out onto the highway and challenges the motorist as to who has the right-of-way, a procedure often resulting in his being catapulted through the windshield of the car into the lap of one of its occupants. And when he wakes up he no doubt remarks, "Gosh, that corn has an awful kick to it."

Who can say that, acknowledging that the cock pheasant (for it is he who is blamed for stealing most of the newly planted corn) does destroy much of the farmer's corn in the spring, who can say that it is not a habit forced upon him, rather than a natural desire for this particular food? For this reason, we are told upon good authority and it has been proven, that the pheasant goes into the newly planted corn field in search of cut worms, borers and other insects, which is naturally a part of his daily menu. While drilling a hole in searching for these worms, which instinct tells him will be found at the base of the new corn, Mr. Pheasant accidentally spears a nice juicy kernel of corn. Finding it not hard to take, he proceeds to fill up on this corn diet, with now and then a cut worm for a chaser. Here indeed is food and drink, the like of which produces a "kick" that his ancestors in Europe knew nothing about.

So in the west we have the anti-pheasant and pro-pheasant farmers. The "pros" say that the birds will not touch the newly planted corn if it is planted fairly deep. They also insist that while the pheasant is blamed for any corn that does not come up, the fact of the matter is that 99 per cent of the damage is done by gophers, crows and cut worms. That where one kernel of corn is taken by this bird, dozens of cut worms will be devoured by him. The "antis" say that unless the pheasants are done away with we might as well give the country back to the Indians.

Surely this game bird, imported from Europe, has caused more discussion in South Dakota than all the rest of the game birds put together.

The Days of the Wild Pigeon

(Continued from page 43)

it—that is the law of the northlands. The experienced eye of the trapper or Indian can tell by the vegetation or moss that grows over or around it that there has been a fire there; so he digs down and gets the ashes or burnt sticks, as they do not rot fast, and then he can tell how long ago the fire was made.

About noon the wolf dog came into camp. After staying two or three hours he went back to the Indians he had left. The next day they all came in. They told me they had run into a rough country of hills and ridges, where the trees were nearly all dead, and had looked it over for nine or ten miles. This ridge ran directly east from the other, and was about a mile wide. They had tested the ground and found it the same as the ground we had tested at the other roosts.

It was getting late in the fall, the nights were growing cold and frosty, and it might snow, which would impede our progress. The wild geese were flying high every night to the southward, and the honk of the gander calling them to keep up and on was a sure sign, the Indians said, that a storm was coming. So with these signs we left the hills and struck into the timber.

The country was flat and rolling, with small streams well stocked with small trout. Moose and caribou signs were plentiful, with bear and wolf tracks along the streams. The forest seemed wild and grand to me, and its wild creatures contented. For instance, a moose cow, with her calf, stood one day about a hundred and fifty feet from us, looking at us seemingly without any fear, until the dogs came running up. I suppose she thought they were wolves, for she uttered a low grunt, and, with her calf, ran to a small lake and swam across. The moose love the water, and usually are found near it.

(To be continued in February)

Make Game Feeding Plans Now

If you want game you must provide cover, food and control predatory species. Upland game birds must have ample food during the winter months.

A special committee should organize a feeding and predatory control campaign now. Get the Scouts, rural mail carriers, farmers and others to help.

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Don't concentrate your feeding operations, otherwise the destroyers will exact a heavy toll. Birds need grit. Supply it where needed.

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But even in this advanced age the agonized cry of the leper is raised, unheard, lost on the winds of the sea and stifled by the loneliness of far-off islands where millions of lepers this very hour are living a walking, breathing death. Actually, millions there are—men, women and helpless little children who never should feel the hand of leprosy. Thousands of these are under the American flag in the world's greatest leper colony at Culion in the Philippines.

And yet, these exiled and forgotten millions are suffering and dying needlessly. It is astounding but true that leprosy is curable. In five years more than 1,000 of the milder cases have been cured at Culion and the patients returned to their homes. Now, only money is needed to provide increased personnel and equipment at Culion so that a perfected cure may be given to the lepers of the world. This was Leonard Wood's dream and it was he who asked the American people for help, just before his death.

"*If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean.*" Yes, the same old prayer, but this time it is addressed not to the Man of Galilee but to You. You can help rid the world of Leprosy—Stamp it Out for all time—by simply sending your check to aid the heroic men and women who have buried themselves among the lepers and are devoting their lives to this great task.

Interesting information on this subject may be obtained by writing the National Chairman, General James G. Harbord, or better still, send your check to, the National Treasurer, General Samuel McRoberts.

Address all Communications to.

LEONARD WOOD MEMORIAL

1 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Let's Tie a Fly

(Continued from page 46)

glue, and run it along the shank of the hook. Then take the waxed thread, wrapping it around the hook from near the eye, backward toward the curve of the hook. At the first point in Figure 2, attach the material for the tail. This may be a bit of colored feather or a few strands of bristle taken from a feather.

For body material, take a few strands of colored embroidery silk. Occasionally an additional wrapping of bright tinsel will be needed. If so, attach in same manner and at same place as embroidery silk shown in Fig. 2. Then wrap the winding silk back along the shank of the hook toward the eye of the hook.

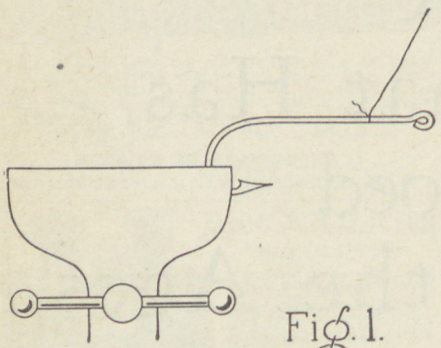

Fig. 1.

1. "Attach your vise to a board—put hook into vise," etc.

Cut two wings from the opposite sides of the same feather, to give you the same curve of wing on each side and hold them on each side of the hook, as illustrated in Fig. 3. Wrap the winding silk about them so that they are firmly bound in the position illustrated. Pulling the feathers in a loose loop, then draw the loop slowly tight pulling upward on the thread. Wrap the winding silk around until firmly bound. Cut off the loose lower ends of the feathers.

Take the embroidery silk and wind it evenly and smoothly along the shank of the hook up to the feathers for the body. When it is wound on, to make the body as illustrated, secure the end with a turn of the winding silk. If you have used a bit of tinsel wind it spirally up the body to the feathers, catching the end with a turn of the winding silk just beyond the feathers. Take a small hackle feather and run it backward between your fingers to make the bristles stand out at right angles.

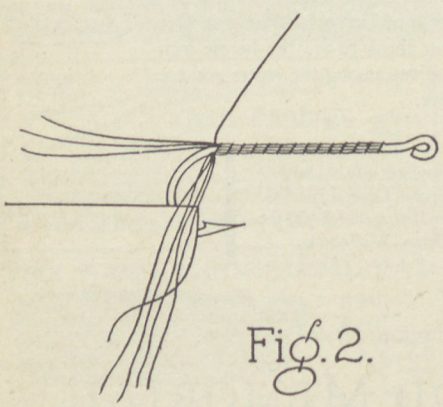

Fig. 2.

2. "Attach material for the tail—wind body."

Attach it by the small end to the hook as shown in Fig. 4. Wind the hackle feather about the head of hook, winding it edgewise so that the bristles stand out. In winding the hackle feather on, be careful not to catch the bristles under in the winding. During the winding of the hackle, the winding silk should be back of the head of the hook. When the winding is complete draw the silk forward, catching the end of the hackle. Hold the hackle back and wind the tying silk about the head of the hook, fastening the end with two half hitches. Touch the winding silk where tied with shellac or a bit of the liquid waterproof glue, and you have the completed fly Fig. 5.

To make the fly more substantial and permanent, the embroidery silk for the body may be laid on and covered with fly tiers' enamel or celluloid varnish, which does not change the colors of the silk or feathers. This protects the silk body from the action of the water and will help hold the colors of the body winding.

A great deal of information as to patterns may be had from catalogues of dealers in tackle. One catalogue has several pages of standard fly patterns in colors. In the back of the catalogue is a complete index of the various flies giving detailed description of standard patterns which will be of great information and use in identifying the various flies.

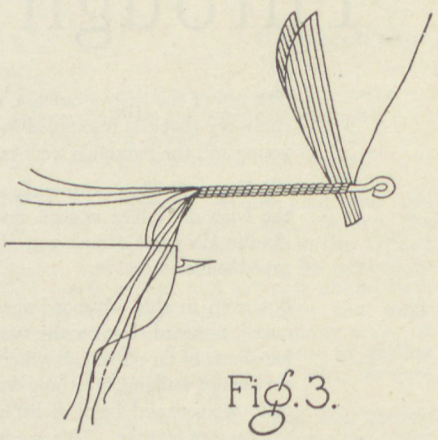

Fig. 3.

3. "Attach two wings—wrap them with winding silk."

When one has finally evolved a fly which, when cast upon the waters, results in a wild swirl, a tightening of the line and that magic thrill which always comes from a hooked fish, you will find the additional thrill which only comes with the knowledge that your deftness of hand and eye has produced a lure which has fooled the fish. You are then ready to adventure further in the mysteries of the craft, to enter into the joyous pastime of gathering materials. You will see on every hand something which may be worked into a fly.

You will not only find materials on every hand but you will find in every other fly tier a congenial companion. They will be anxious to help you with your problems and to divide materials. You will keenly enjoy the gathering and owning of various feathers, bright, and dark for the various patterns. Before I had a real collection started, I listened to a conversation between two anglers at a meeting of the Chicago Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. One fine gentleman told how his collection of materials had reached such proportions that it was causing comment at home. He thereupon went through his whole collection and ruthlessly discarded every bit of material he did not

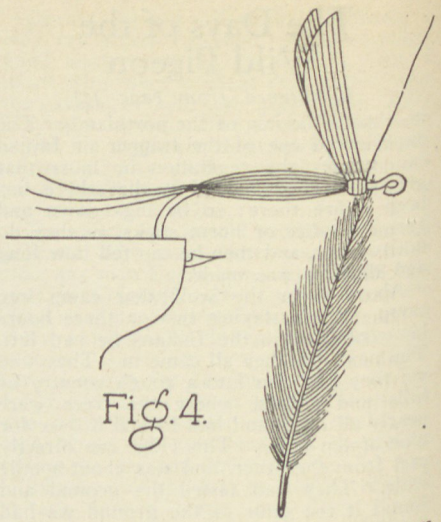

Fig. 4.

4. "Attach small hackle feather by the small end to the hook," etc.

absolutely have to have. In my mind, I could see this self-sacrificing gentleman cherishing a few feathers, and a bit of tinsel. I wondered how he was going to meet actual requirements and I felt a bit sorry for him until he remarked that after his ruthless elimination he was able to put the balance in seventy cigar boxes.

My own adventures in collecting have been most happy for I was privileged to visit Fred Peet's home and see his collection. He asked me about what I had and said he would send me the collection of materials used by a famous tier of flies, whose collection had been purchased after his death by Emerson Hough. After Mr. Hough's death, it came to Mr. Peet, who shipped the big box to me. Imagine if you can the joy of searching the old envelopes which held the brilliant feathers of strange foreign birds, dainty, fine little hackle feathers of all colors, in short, everything one could dream of possessing, and, all coming through such a distinguished line of anglers. Out of this collection I have from time to time tied a few flies which I have passed along to some who enjoy the ownership of a fly tied from these materials. When one gets such a letter of appreciation as I once did from one of the youngest members of the League, one realizes that the catching of fish is not all there is to the delightful pastime of angling.

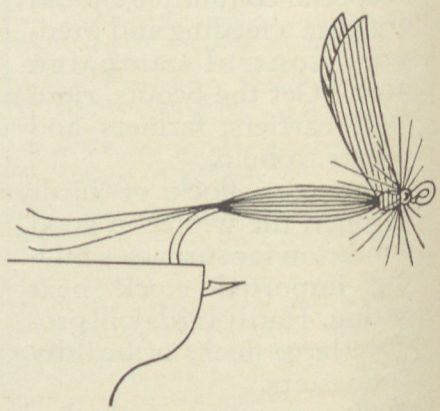

Fig. 5

5. "Wind hackle feather — fasten — touch winding silk with shellac or liquid glue."

The Green River Valley

(Continued from page 39)

mometer remains precisely at fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit throughout the year. The Mammoth Cave's vastness, its sublime beauty and its silence are awe-inspiring. Above this vast scenic under-world, the Mammoth Cave and its labyrinthine chain of caves, there are the very wildest health and pleasure grounds accessible to him who would seek health and recreation.

The fisherman beneath the fine old trees along the Green and the Nolin rivers feels that he has found a haven. It is the fisherman's paradise. Many varieties of fish are found in these streams.

Small wonder that the Indian came, and came again to roam in this region, as he did for long, long years after it was no longer his. No portion of Kentucky, the vast game park of the Indian, was more prolific in the game of that day. Both the greater and the lesser woods-animals were abundant, the latter are so here still.

The great forest is teeming with forest fruits. Here is to be found the shell-bark hickory, the King-nut, the Mocker-nut, the Butter-nut, the Black Walnut (Juglans nigra). The chestnut, a mighty tree growing on the hill tops. Great thickets of the hazel-nut or filbert.

Little wonder that the redman fought and fought for this region, with the loss of which he believed his children would surely starve! When Kentucky was wild this was the wildest part of the state, it is so still. Much of this area is covered with trees of primeval beauty.

This beautiful valley of the Green, so hallowed by history and romance should undoubtedly be given over to the care of the national government, as a National Park for the enjoyment of the people.

A Speculation *in* Trout Flies

(Continued from page 13)

for when a trout could fill his crop with a few big flies with little effort, it stood to reason that he would not spend much effort in collecting innumerable Ephemeridae for the same purpose, unless indeed they were much more tasty and I had no reason for supposing that to be the case. The big flies were so many and various that the trout were seldom if ever feeding exclusively on one species and they were therefore easily deceived into taking any big enough confection of silk, fur and feather as a fly. And I was a little startled to find on sale at the local store huge patterns, among which I recognized several of the patterns illustrated in the works of Mrs. Marbury and Messrs. Orvis & Chaney, such as Blue Jay, Chaney and W. T. And if I might believe the natives, who fished wet fly downstream, they preferred something which differed noticeably from the natural flies, as they were thus more likely to attract attention than would a close imitation which would be only one among many.

Nevertheless, I conceive that, if a change of conditions reduced the supply of the bigger insects and necessitated concentration on the Ephemeridae, the fishing would more and more approximate to that of British rough streams of similar size and type.

I am afraid that my argument has spun itself out to somewhat tedious length but the conclusion I wish to draw is that the type of artificial fly required on any water depends almost entirely on the class of river coupled with the nature and quantity of its food supply, and it is not a matter of the education of the trout or of the ethics of the angler, and I infer that those American and Canadian Waters where the large and highly colored patterns of Mrs. Marbury and Messrs. Orvis & Chaney are profitable, must be still, in spite of all that may be said about pollution and deforestation, endowed with an extraordinary supply of insect food, such as many of our waters might envy—that is unless it be the curiosity or maybe the tyrannous nature—of S. fontinalis that leads him to strike at the fancy fly in preference to his natural food. But in waters where the brown trout is found in sufficient quantity it ought not to be difficult to draw the true deduction. Yet in waters where there is not such an overwhelming supply of large natural insects, an intensive study of the food of the trout and a sustained effort to produce good representations of the natural insects might well bring great rewards. I am aware that for years past there has been a growing cult of the dry fly in the States—but has much been yet done in the direction of good representations of your domestic river insects?

White Wings

By J. M. FRAZIER, JR.

A BIRD that is very little known in the United States except along the lower Mexican border is the Mexican wild pigeon, about twice the size of our mourning dove and much the same color except the under side of the wing is snow white. They hatch their eggs in Mexico far enough south to miss the cold Texas northers but begin to cross the Rio Grande about the first of July when the small grain begins to ripen. They seldom feed more than forty miles north into Texas, and return each night to the Mexican side of the river to roost. The Texas state law allows an open season on these birds from August first until the last day of September. This year 1927 the season was opened on the first day of July by the State, but the first bags of the season found some of the birds still with eggs. I know from the many letters that the State Game Warden had from the hunters that the new law will be repealed and that the season will open again next year on the first of August.

The bag limit is fifteen birds a day, but not more than forty-five in a week. This bag is quite easy to fill as White Wings develop a flight, like the true pigeon, when going to roost, and by being on the lower roads near where they cross the river between the hours of four and six in the afternoon they come easily within the range of a four hundred and ten, or a twenty gage shot gun. They appear to float over you, but in reality they are very fast, and on side shots you have to lead them somewhat. A fair average for a good shot is fourteen birds out of twenty-five shot at.

The Blue Rock pigeon, thought at one time by the Federal Government to be extinct, fly with the White Wings, and were fairly plentiful this year, but are of course protected on this side of the river by Federal Laws.

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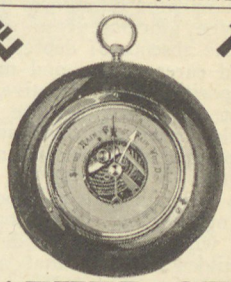

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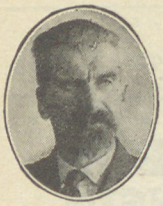


Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

Edited by MURDO GIBSON
Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

IN CAMP, 20 Miles S. E. from Kenora, Ontario
November 15th,? 1927.

I AM camped tonight at the end of a cove in Red Cliff Bay, Lake of the Woods, and expect to remain here until Christmas.

Tent is pitched, bunk, table and bench made, floor thickly carpeted with balsam boughs, and the new stove puffs like a locomotive on a steep grade. Have just finished a hearty supper of fried cornmeal mush, bacon, biscuits, butter, strawberry jam, cheese and tea. My pipe draws freely. All's well.

This has been a fine, sunny day. At noon my spirit thermometer showed a temperature of twenty-five degrees F. but now registers less than half that. Splendid weather for camp work. No need for extra clothing, and both footwear and mitts remain dry. After snow comes, in late fall, I don't want any thaws until spring.

At dusk, when the night's wood has been cut and neatly piled inside, and the fire is roaring through a wide-open stove-pipe, I light the lantern and experience the same old thrill that always comes to me on entering my tent after a day's work in the open.

Thirty years of camping has failed to dispel, or even to diminish, the glamour that tent-life in the winter woods holds for me. The pungent smell of balsam, the grateful warmth from a throbbing, red-hot stove, the cozy, convenient compactness of arrangement, the essential completeness of equipment, the cheerful light, reflected from white roof and walls, the uncontaminated cleanliness of a virgin campsite, the glorious sense of personal freedom, the absence of depressing sights, sounds and cares; these, and many other delights, positive and negative, combine to enchant me. Nothing else gives me such unadulterated pleasure and I fervently hope the spell will last as long as I live.

Mention of white walls and roof reminds me that my present habitation, though originally white, is now a dark, dirty-looking mildewed gray, that absorbs as much light as it reflects. Were it not for my new "300 candle-power," gasoline lantern, reading and writing would be difficult for me before nine-thirty A. M. and after three P. M.

This tent was borrowed from a Kenora friend who said it had been set up on his lawn during the summer and was in good condition when stowed away for the winter. Naturally, I was pleased to accept; especially because we both knew that it would be likely to suffer less deterioration while being used than when lying idle in his basement. As there was no convenient place to spread it out, for critical examination, before leaving town, its woeful condition was not discovered until I unrolled it at the present camp-site; too late for possible exchange.

Pitching it was a slow and delicate operation as both fabric and guy lines were too rotten to withstand even a moderate strain. From the number and pattern of holes through roof and walls it might have been the target for a score of buck-shot shells, fired from a distance of thirty yards, and a like number of birdshot cartridges from the same spot. Here and there are larger perforations that suggest shrapnel; irregular in shape, as if bits of the casing had torn their way through. When I attempted to stake down the lower edges, the loops simply fell away from the cloth so, in order to keep them in contact with the ground, I had to lower the tent slightly and weight them down with poles and banked snow.

Tomorrow I intend to cover the worst parts of the walls with sheets of wrapping paper, holding them in position with flour paste and banked snow. Over the roof I will stretch two of the silkolene sheets that sheltered me during the summer. In cold weather, these will rest against the canvas and effectually seal most of the holes. But, when snow is falling, they will be raised a few inches to prevent leakage.

MURDO GIBSON has begun his winter's camping and writes enthusiastically of its charms and comforts. A letter from him this morning reads, "We have had no cold weather yet. Two degrees above is the lowest I have noted. The temperature during the daytime has been remarkably constant at about twenty degrees F. A little snow has fallen nearly every day, and there is now about six inches on the logs. It is glorious."

We admit that to us this seems a bit chilly for tent dwelling in the wilderness. Murdo Gibson's complete satisfaction in it convinces us again of his surpassing skill in the art of living in the woods. All lovers of camping and of outdoor life cannot but be fascinated by Murdo Gibson's experiences this winter. We will learn of them each month through these columns.

EDITOR.

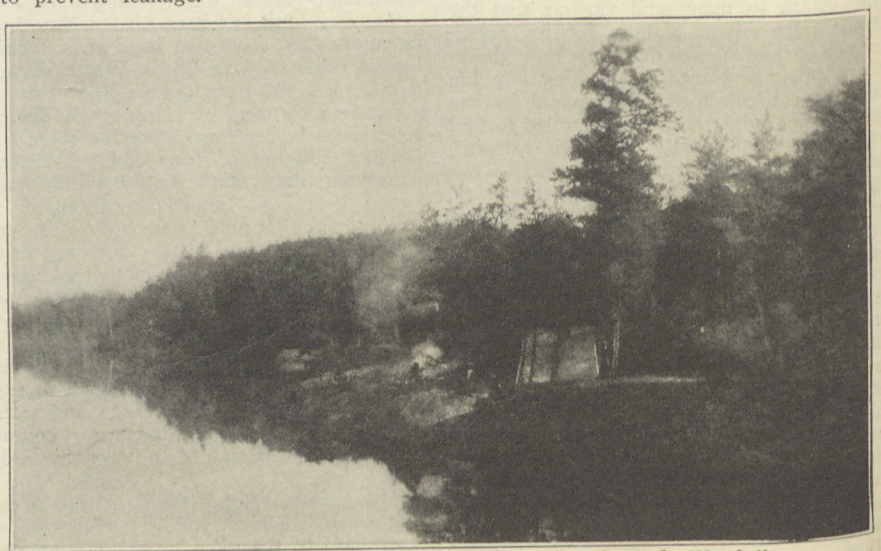
Fortunately, my stove is large enough to radiate heat faster than it can escape through the punctures, and fuel supply is limited only to my ability to cut and carry it. As I thoroughly enjoy that sort of work, my predicament is not so serious as the foregoing lamentations imply. A strong wind would undoubtedly wreck my lodging but this campsite is so well sheltered that such a catastrophe is hardly possible. Already one gale has passed over without causing a flurry around the tent, although several large aspens suffered broken tops, and one, that threatened to fall on the ridgepole, had to be cut down to soothe my apprehension.

After the first shock of disappointment and dismay had subsided, my principal emotion was chagrin. It was humiliating to confess that I, who so often counselled others to *always* examine every item of camp equipment, *before leaving town*, had been guilty of such gross negligence. It hurt, and still hurts, my professional pride.

Other complaints on my outfit could be enumerated. For instance; I have neither rubbers nor moccasins, merely hob-nailed, leather boots, which are not at all suited to local winter conditions. Before leaving Kenora I tried to buy a pair of leather-topped rubbers, *without heels*, but could find none to fit me. One merchant assured me that he could have a pair sent from Winnipeg within forty-eight hours, so I gave him an order, with instructions to forward them, by next boat, to the "stopping-place" I expected to visit before pitching tent.

When that boat came along, heavily loaded and towing a barge, a rough sea prevented it from landing at "our" wharf. Before it could arrive, on its return trip, the bay had frozen over. The present location of those rubbers is mere conjecture.

While sojourning at the aforementioned "stopping-place" I gave my old moccasins to an Indian. They were to be used as a pattern for a new pair, that his squaw would make from smoke-tanned moose-



"Little wonder that years ago I fell in love with Lake of the Woods."

hide. "Me fetch um back, maybe two days," he said; but he didn't. On the third day I paddled my outfit to this cove, intending to return some borrowed tools when camp-making was completed. Next morning the bay was covered with ice and canoe navigation definitely closed for the season.

Another thing I will miss is my eider-down robe. I parted with it, about a year ago, at a time when future camping seemed an impossibility for me. More than a month back, I asked a friend to send one to me at Kenora but, so far, I have received neither the robe nor an answer to my letter.

Blankets, even good ones, are a poor substitute for a down robe and mine are trashy things, hardly good enough for summer nights. I haven't been cold at night, yet, but this is due to the fact that I don't undress before going to bed. All I take off are my boots and glasses. Also, I have learned to tuck myself in, almost hermetically, and to sleep all night without changing position. When I awaken it is usually time to get up. Then I really do feel cold. But in about five minutes after loading the stove with birch bark and dry wood the tent is so hot that I have to open the door flap. From then on I am as comfortable as a cat in a sun parlor.

I like this new stove. Its size, sturdiness and simplicity appeal to me. Already it has proved its worth. It is twenty-eight inches long, thirteen inches wide and twelve inches high; all fire box. Feeding is done through a 7x12 inch oval hole which is covered with a flat piece of sheet-iron. This cover is not attached to the stove in any way. For convenience in lifting, there is a quarter-inch hole at each corner. The lifter is simply a two-inch, steel picture-hook, screwed into one end of a round, birch stick, six inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick—a very useful implement for any camp cook. There are two inch and a half draft holes in front, but no door. The pipe emerges from the rear end, goes out through the front of the tent. This permits the entire top of stove to be used for cooking, and leaves tent roof unimpaired for summer use. Two elbow joints, not too tight, allow adjustment to desired angle and height.

There are no legs on this stove. It rests on two short, thick (7 inch) sections of a green aspen log, laid horizontally. These are protected from scorching by a three inch layer of mineral soil (not turf) that was put into the stove before the first fire was started in it.

A stove like this has ample capacity for large sticks of green wood that will hold fire for eight or nine hours. In it, one can burn almost any kind of wood, wet, sour or green. Since the first night in this camp I have used dry wood, only when cooking. At all other times it is fed with the stuff that I cut while clearing the camp site. Most of it could not be burned in an ordinary sized tent-stove.

This combination of inferior fuel and large capacity makes an oven unnecessary, for me. Some part of the top has always just the right degree of heat for the kind of cooking, or baking, I want to do. Bannock can be baked in a covered frying pan without burning the crust. Beans are simmered for eighteen hours with absolutely no attention. Soups remain on the stove for even longer periods and nothing has been scorched yet. Of course, I have to change their positions when I want a quick, hot fire for frying. At such times, the pails containing scorchable provender are set on the wire grate that stands beside, and touching the stove. There, they

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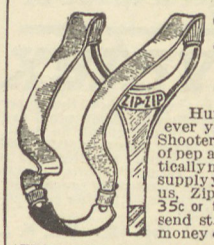

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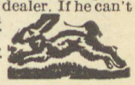

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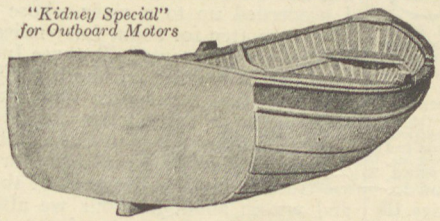

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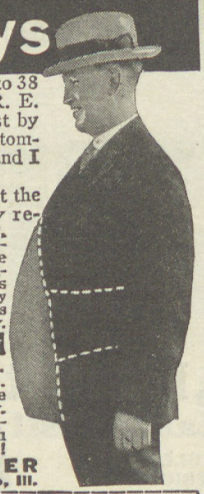

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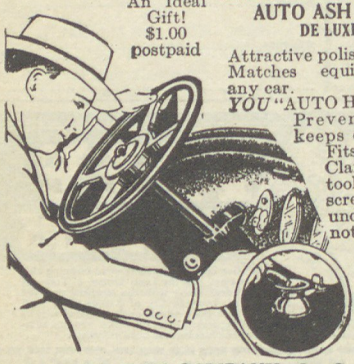

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INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL, Dept. 517, Indianapolis, Ind.

remain at the boiling point, if covered, but do not burn. Altogether, a very satisfactory arrangement for a one-man camp. It suits me.

My bunk is built across the back end of the tent. It is seven feet long, three feet wide and eighteen inches high. This height is measured from the hewed top of the outer side-rail that is used as a seat. Eight slender saplings constitute the spring. Between these, the balsam boughs, two and a half feet long, are thrust. Every bough stands erect, with its tip pointing towards the head, and, as they are packed solidly against each other, the whole mass is a combined spring and mattress. I have often used this style of bed. It is easily made with an axe, without nails, and lasts indefinitely.

In the narrow space between the bunk and rear wall I built a light "A" shaped frame. Its peak rests against the ridge-pole. Across this, several horizontal bars are nailed, and from these there now hangs, by hay wire hooks, enough junk to start a small, second-hand store. Most of it will be used before spring so I don't begrudge it the space and handling. As to back-packing it, there is but small chance of that being necessary. This is a big lake and, although I have camped for months at a time along its shores, I don't know half of it, even by sight. Its many, and infinitely varied, interesting features will be more than sufficient to keep me from leaving it very soon.

Little wonder that, years ago, I fell in love with Lake of the Woods. What sportsman could resist its charms? Every species of fish, native to the region, can be found here and small-mouthed bass—planted about twenty-five years ago—are now plentiful along, at least, fifty miles of its northern shore.

In, on or near Lake of the Woods I have seen almost every kind of wild animal that inhabits the North Woods and I doubt if there is a better duck pasture in Minnesota than the rice beds fringing the Northwest Angle.

As to scenery one can hardly make fair comparisons. Some demand mountain ranges, others prefer desert plains. But, for beautiful vistas of pine-clad islands, river-like stretches of shining water, marvelous sunrises and sunsets, glorious moonlit panoramas and wilderness conditions within an hour's paddle of modern hotels and transportation, no other place I know of can equal Lake of the Woods.

Years ago, when timber-cruising near this very spot, I told my tent mates that I hoped it would be possible for me, when I retired from "active service," to spend the remaining years of my life on one of the thousands of lovely islands in this Lake. Well: here I am.

A Hunt in Central America

By ADAM BREEDE

A true story of camping in the jungle

NOT many years ago I left New Orleans for Nicaragua on a thirty-five foot boat that was built to accommodate fourteen persons, including the captain, the engineer and an even dozen youthful civil-engineers.

During the voyage we encountered a terrific storm. Something went wrong with our little craft, and we were carried far out of our course by the gale. Our fresh water supply became exhausted. We had no fresh water to cook with nor any water to drink, and for two days we lived on canned goods, ginger ale and pop.

Several days over due, we arrived safely at Blufields. Here my guns and ammunition were taken over by the government, because the officials said I had enough to start a revolution over night. Perhaps they were right, because it requires only a couple of repeating rifles and a few rounds of ammunition to start a revolution in Central America.

I had expected to find Blufields a city of seventy-five or a hundred thousand. Instead, I found a squalid little town with less than three thousand population, made up entirely of Negroes and Indians. After some effort I persuaded the only white man down there to let me take his rifle, an old black powder gun of thirty-two caliber.

From Blufields I took a small boat for what is called Pearl Lagoon. This is nothing more than an Indian village. Thence I proceeded up to a river whose name I have forgotten for about forty miles, where I made arrangements with three Indians to take me in a dory up another river that they said had never been navigated more than thirty or forty miles.

The first day out with the oldest Indian, who was my guide, I got lost. Three times we tried to find our way out of the jungle and within about an hour we always returned to the same point from which we started. After the third failure the guide motioned to me to climb a tall cocoanut tree and he climbed another. After we had gone up about twenty or thirty feet he pointed out the top of a mountain from which he got his bearings as to the location of our camp. We got down, I tied a handkerchief around a long bamboo and used that for a marker to guide the Indian out of the jungle by keeping this bamboo pointed in the direction of the mountain peak and by this means we finally made our way.

The next day, while rowing up the river, a large tiger-cat crawled out on the limb of a tree that was overhanging a narrow stream and crouched close to the branches. One shot brought him to the ground with a thud.

We hurried to the shore and climbed up the bank, but before I could get a second shot the beast had crawled off into the dense underbrush and was lost in the swamp. We followed the trail as far as we could by the blood stains, but it led us into such deep mire that we were compelled to return.

As we were proceeding quietly up the river, one of the young Indians entitled "Napoleon" cried, "Monkey, monkey!" I looked up into the tree where he pointed to see an animal I had never seen before. It looked somewhat like a small alligator and also resembled a huge lizard.

When it jumped to the ground and stood erect, it appeared more than two feet tall, and as it ran along on its hind legs a thick tail about three feet long was conspicuous. As we got nearer the creature it jumped into the tree again, giving us a shock. The animal fell in the water. No quicker did it strike the surface of the river than Napoleon was out of the boat in one plunge fully ten feet and returned holding in one hand the curious creature, an iguana. That night the Indians certainly had a wonderful feed, as they consider iguana a rare morsel.

We fished our way up the stream next morning. When noon came we had three

fine, large fish but there were four of us. I selected a spot for camping and the Indians headed the nose of the boat shoreward. Just as we were about to land, one of the Indians accidentally hit a huge fish with an oar and it flopped into the boat. That completed the menu for our dinner—one fish per.

As soon as fire was started, one of the Indians went into the jungle and came out with a large armful of broad leaves, about a foot wide and three feet long, while the others cleaned the fish. As soon as the fish were cleaned, they were wrapped in these leaves and placed in the red hot coals; in fact they were completely smothered. In about a half hour the coals were raked away, and there were the fish roasted to a crisp brown. Strangely they were properly seasoned.

To make camp in the jungle the natives take their machetes, huge knives resembling an old fashioned corn knife, and clear off a space of about an acre in area. Then, the Indians go each in a separate direction. When they return one has an armful of bamboo poles, another has a load of leaves, like palms, another an armful of vines. They fasten the bamboo poles to other trees and thus by the aid of these vines erect a framework. Then, they take the palms, which are about ten feet in length and fasten them together for a roof. The ultimate result is a comfortable camp and a shelter that will protect amply against a two-inch rain.

On account of the dangerous snakes and plentiful insects we did not sleep on the ground but in hammocks, which swung from tree to tree beneath this protection.

My experiences with snakes were varied and many, and one accident was with a huge boa constrictor which I had to shoot several times, and the other was with what is called a tommygaff. The latter is a snake only about two feet long, an inch and a half in diameter with a flat head that looks very much like a copper head. It is said to be one of the most poisonous snakes in the world. I shot one of these within almost a foot of Napoleon, as he and I came out of a clearing. Another one was within a few inches of my hand when I discovered its presence.

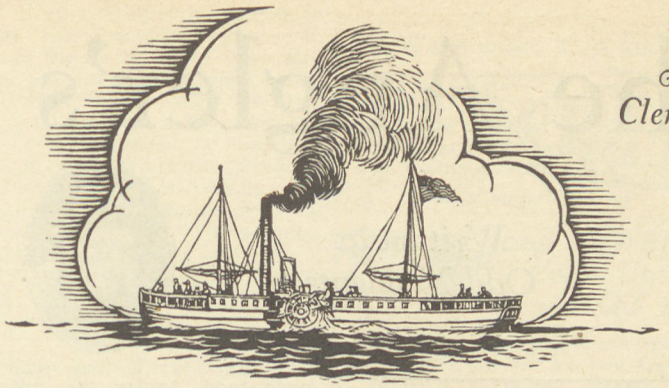
There are a great many hardships one must undergo on a big game hunting trip to Central America, and among them must be listed the ticks and black ants. One gets his body so full of ticks every day that he has to jump into the river every night whether he wants to or not, as that is the only way they can be removed. Now, that would be all right if it were not for the fact that the rivers are filled with crocodiles and alligators, while tiger cats and panthers are ever present.

The black ants take charge of everything when they start on a march. They build their nests out of mud in trees. Their barrel shaped bodies are about half an inch high and an inch long, and they have eyes about the size of a number six shot. When these pests decide to change their camping ground, absolutely nothing can stop them. They travel in armies by millions.

If one attempts to cross their camp, his entire body will be almost instantly covered with them. They will crawl in his eyes, his ears and over his entire body, and all the fighting he can do will only delay his doom.

I encountered an army of these black ants changing their headquarters and I made a detour of about five miles to avoid their acquaintance.

The next day I found the remains of a tiger I had wounded, and it had been almost devoured by the ants—in fact, there were only the bones and a little of the pelt left for identification.



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The Johnson Light Twin of 1922, weighing 37 pounds, was a tremendous advance in outboard engineering. With the improvements of Full-Pivot steering, a float-feed carburetor, and automatic tilting, it pioneered a new era in water motoring.

Being years ahead, the Light Twin created a preference for Johnson which has steadily increased.

Constantly alert to the water motorist's desires and needs Johnson has continued to pioneer and develop. The first outboard to speed better than 32 m. p. h. is a Johnson. The first class B outboard to attain better than 26 m. p. h. is a Johnson.

The influence of Johnson engineering is noted in the embodiment of many of its features in other outboard motors—a tribute to Johnson's engineering genius. *1928 brings even greater Johnson development.*

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Johnson

Outboard Motors

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Preliminary Cast.

We stand to-day within the portals of the New Year. What has 1928 in store for us all? Who knows? Here is wishing all readers of the NOTEBOOK *a straining line and singing reel: an empty creel and a full heart, which is better than a full creel and empty heart. Do you get what I mean?*

O. W. S.

Pleasures and Perils of Ice Fishing

I AM not just sure that ice-fishing is *au fait:* excusable, sportsmanlike and all that. (I don't like that word "sportsmanlike," it has such a multitude of meanings. Generally it means the individual's method of fishing, all others being *un*-sportsmanlike. It is very like orthodoxy and heterodoxy of theological quibblers—"Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is thy doxy." When it comes to angling, sportsmanship is a higher, finer thing than mere tackle and methods, though methods and tackle enter in. As I define it, "Sportsmanship is the love o' fair play raised to the N-th place.") So when critics rise up to say that ice-fishing is "unsportsmanlike," I gird myself for a wordy battle. Ice-fishing *can* be as sportsmanlike as any angling, and it is a red-blooded sport for the physically fit. As to whether or not it is advisable, well, that is another question entirely.

I am ready to declare against winter fishing in the interests of conservation of fish. Ice-fishing does not compare, in my mind, with angling in the good old summer time. If it can be shown that the sport is taking undue toll of fish-life, destroying breeders and all that, then we should stop the practise. But looking back over my seldom excursions I am ready to say that I have never left the frozen surfaces over-burdened with prey. Once I caught a dozen yellow perch and that was an event. I know many fish are taken at times, if one can believe reports, but I have never had the great good luck—or bad luck—to be in on a killing. I have taken a few "pickerel," now and then a croppie, and more yellow perch. Ordinarily I "freeze out" before the fish begin to bite. Of course cisco are taken through the ice and that is legitimate, as is the fishing for lake trout on old Superior, practised usually on a commercial scale. But as to ice-fishing for sport, well, I am still from Missouri, and don't want to be understood to-day as advocating the method, though I am writing of its charm. It will be discovered, I think, that its great attractivity comes from the setting rather than the game taken.

The tools for the craft are neither elaborate nor expensive, indeed their very simplicity commends them to the blasé angler, cumbered with much tackle. Bless you, it takes a trunk these days to contain the average angler's paraphernalia. A simple tip-up can be constructed from a strip of quarter inch board, say 18 inches long, arrow-shaped, with a hole bored through about 6 inches from the smaller end. The line, rigged with hook and sinker, is attached to the smaller end, all of which can be done in the house where Jack Frost can't numb fingers as he does on an open lake. If the ends of the tip-up are forked, the tip-up itself becomes an ideal line-stringer. The method of using such a home-made contraption is simple. A rod, cut on shore, is thrust through the hole and the tip-up placed over the hole made through the ice, the baited hook dropped down and that's all there is of it. When a hungry perch swallows the bait the tip-up waves for aid. Oh, there are more elaborate rigs, with bells, red signals and all that, but I like the primitive. One can get along with a branch thrust in the surface snow and take as many, or as few fish. But as I said a moment ago, it is not the fish, but the fishing which intrigues.

Now there is more to cutting a hole through the ice than first appears. There lies open before me a magazine article upon the subject. The writer goes on to say that one should cut a round hole, leaving the core of ice intact, then when loose, lift said core out upon the surface, so "avoid the necessity for skimming particles of ice from the water." Sounds nice, but like many a pretty sounding theory I am afraid it would not work out in practise. First of all, in order to keep that core intact one would have to cut a large hole, large enough for a man to slip through, unnecessary and dangerous. Better far just cut a long narrow gash in the ice, converging as you go deeper, which will be a great aid in swinging the axe. Good idea to have the blacksmith make an ice chisel, which you fasten to a wooden haft or handle: simply an exaggerated wood chisel, that's all. A skimmer, to remove the floating particles of ice will come in handy, and can be the kitchen variety, or just a tomato can with holes punched through the bottom. Don't make the outfit elaborate, robbing the sport of its intriguing simplicity and primitiveness.

One must needs dress warmly for there is no such thing as a pleasant day on the surface of a wind-swept lake in midwinter. I have never been out when the wind did not blow, no matter how quiet the day seemed on shore. The ice-fisher will be glad to cut holes just in order to keep the blood in circulation, and for the same reason he will tote great armfuls of wood out on the ice for a fire. He will try all manner of expedients in the way of windbreaks, from blankets erected on stakes—which will blow down—to the protection

"Once I caught a dozen yellow perch through the ice, and that was an event."

offered by a Ford or automobile. I know of no place where an open fire is more welcome and more vexatious. One stands around, roasting on one side and freezing on the other; the wind whipping the flame here, there and everywhere. Frying a pan of perch over a fire on the ice is an event and a triumph, that is, unless you wisely let it burn down to coals before you begin operations.

But it is the broad-reaching expanse of glittering ice, sometimes snow-covered, that gets me. There is something gripping about it. Even a small lake will appear limitless and strange under the necromantic touch of Jack Frost. Well for the ice-fisher if his perch-bed is just off shore, probably out beyond a margin plat of weeds, for then he may be fortunate enough to have the protection of the shore-line. Pick out a western shore if possible, one well clothed with thick trees, then the howling wind will be balked a bit, though it will sneak around now and then, shrieking in unholy glee as it tosses the flames and flaps overcoats. A great jester is the west wind in midwinter, fond of practical jokes and rough tricks. Nothing pleases him better than to wrap the red flames about the legs of some ice-fisher standing incautiously near the fire. Then, too, he greatly enjoys splashing water from the skimmer all over the ice-fisher, busy removing the annoying particles of ice from the open hole, the drops of water congealing into globules of ice instantly. No use getting mad at Jack, for he won't care, and there is no way in which the tables can be turned.

I remember one mid-winter fishing excursion with especial delight. First, we packed into the lake through a fairyland, for there had been a light fall of clinging snow the night before and the evergreens which surrounded the lake were clothed in immaculate loveliness. The tall hemlock marched down to the very ice's marge to see what we were doing, their branches freighted with a load of snow. It was a picture for an artist, and while I got a number of photographs, they could in no-wise suggest the delicate coloring, for above and beyond, the purple-gray winter sky was an effective background. Only a Turner could reproduce such impossible coloration. And we got fish that day, it was the day of 12 perch before mentioned. Cold, yes, for the thermometer hovered around the zero point, but there was only a slight breeze, which in summer would have been denominated "gentle," though it had no qualities of the sort, I well remember. Baiting up with small minnows was a heart-breaking task, and even removing the fish from the hooks took courage. We would remove a fish, rush to the fire and warm our hands; back to the hole, bait up, then sprint to the fire again.

Something interesting about that experience was the fact that the perch, thrown out upon the ice, were frozen stiff in a few minutes; but six hours later, when we placed them in water to thaw out—cold water of course—they came to life again and were as chipper and active as when first taken from the hooks. I have had bull-heads come to life, if that is the correct expression, after lying over night frozen. Just how long a fish will live when frozen is a question I have never heard answered. No doubt about such fish being fresh when carried home in that condition! I remember once dressing perch while frozen, and in the pan on the fire, they squirmed and twisted most disconcertingly as they thawed out.

So much for winter ice-fishing. I am here to tell you that only the physically fit should essay it, for it is a strenuous sport. It has been years now since I have pulled even a perch through the ice, for I have not lived conveniently located to perch water. Oh, I made a trip once to a distant lake where the perch were said to be biting, and though we fished faithfully all afternoon not a single fish took our baits. I talked with a boy who had eight big yellow perch which he had taken before our arrival, the eight weighing something like nine pounds. He said he took them all in less than an hour. "Did we take some perch home?" Your question, Franklin, is insulting. Think I would BUY fish. I should say NOT, that is, not when someone gives me a couple.

Random Casts and Unexpected Rises

"Dear O. W.—Just finished reading your article 'With the Autumnal Bass,' and to say I enjoyed it would hardly express my feelings. In my opinion any one of your articles is worth the price of a year's subscription to OUTDOOR AMERICA. You have a wonderful gift of combining description, information, and imparting the soul of nature. Your article came at a particularly fine time for me as it explained one of the reasons why my fishing has been so good of late. . . . Several years ago the fine fishing on the St. Francis river was hurt by canals, drainage ditches and mud-flooding dams; hardly anyone in a radius of one hundred miles got any good fishing. I had about given up hopes, when I heard of an out of the way place and imparted the information to a friend. He was willing to take a chance, so we loaded up the Ford and investigated. Well, it was all more than we or anyone had a right to expect. On that trip the two of us got 22 fine bass, the next 24, and now we know the territory it is easy to take any limit. Obviously I can't tell just where this fishing is located, but it is *good*. If you ever happen this way, I would be glad to take you out.

"P. B., Memphis, Tenn."

And believe me, I would be glad to go. I am satisfied with a pair of bass, and it would seem that in your locality, wherever it is, a pair would not satisfy. But go slow in your fishing, lest your secret waters be depleted as apparently is the case with other lakes and streams in the locality. We just can't have our cake and eat it. Thanks for the good words and all, we are honestly blushing right now, as we hammer out these words.

All joking one side, we appreciate your sincere commendation. O. W.

Length of Casting Rod

"Dear O. W.: How long should a casting rod be?" S. D., Chicago.

What you got agin' me, Sam? There is no correct length, all depending upon the character of the fishing and the likes and dislikes of the fisher. A good general rod is 5½ feet long, affording plenty of action and strength withal. When a man tells you a rod must be thus and so, shy, for he is a rod-o-maniac and not a safe guide. What's one man's meat, here, is another fellow's poison. The 5½ footer is a good average length. O. W.

Talks Too Much?

President Coolidge's guide in the Adirondacks, one of the oldest of old timers, was asked,

"Is the President a good fisherman?"

The old timer's answer was,

"He fishes all right but he won't ever make a real fisherman. Talks too much."

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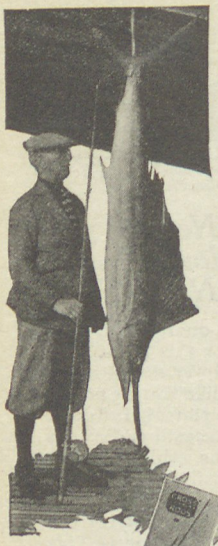

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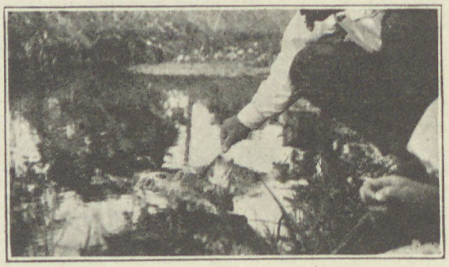
Clap Hands

By CHARLES BROWN

"CLAP hands, come along, Charley." Quickly responding to the rhythm of the sound and rising from the cool depths wherein he makes his home, comes Charley, a big black bass, to greet those who call him by his familiar sobriquet.

Charley was reared and probably bred in Clear Creek, one of the beautiful streams of Osage County, Oklahoma, from which he was taken on hook and line in October, 1926, by Lee McDonald. He weighs 3¼ pounds and is fifteen inches in length. Serenely gliding to and fro with wavy motion and making a small wave on the smooth surface of Williams' pond as he answers his master's call, he dwells contentedly. His earlier home was in the fish hatchery of the Pawhuska Chapter of the Izaak Walton League where he was placed when caught a year ago, and where he did his part toward producing the 50,000 fingerlings which were placed in the creeks in that vicinity by the Pawhuska "Ikes."



"Charley" coming up for a bite.

Three-year-old Charley, however, can do more than merely recognize his own name. When his ring-master, genial Fred Williams, known to all lovers of the piscatorial art in Osage County as one of the most persistent and sportsmanlike followers of the fly and rod, walks along the other side of the pond, claps his hands and calls "Charley" the trained bass immediately gets his bearings, swims in the direction of the noise, jumps clear of the water and takes out of Williams' hand the succulent grasshopper which he has learned awaits him as a reward for being an "apt scholar."

Charley's training began when he was removed from the hatchery to Williams' pond on the 29th of May, 1927. He soon began to appear at the surface of the water when attractive morsels were thrown upon it and his training has progressed until at the present time he will not only take food from the hand of his trainer but will allow himself to be petted and may even be gently lifted from the water by the hand of his owner without any move of protestation. There is but one thing of which Charley is afraid and that is a string or line. The question has often been asked: "Do you suppose he remembers having been caught on a line, or, do you suppose that so many of his ancestors having come to an untimely end through such medium that it is second nature to Charley to shun the thread?" No one has satisfactorily answered the query.

As the bass is a protégé of the Pawhuska Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, he was named after Charles Robinson, second president of the Pawhuska "Ikes," and like his namesake he does his "Stuff" in an efficient and pugnacious manner.

To some who read this article, it is but another fish story; and a "Whopper." Others more gullible will believe it word for word. Both groups will be right, for it is a fish story and it is true. Facts don't lie, neither do pictures, as the above reproduction proves.

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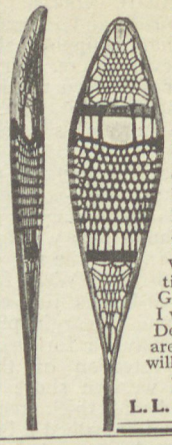

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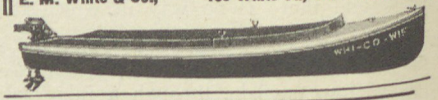

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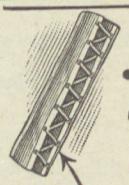

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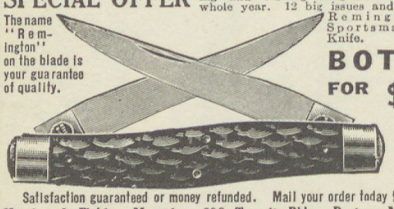

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

Iowa Holds Casting Tournament

THE Sixth Annual Iowa State Bait and Fly Casting Tournament was held at Des Moines at the casting pool on the I. W. L. A. grounds.

The Meet was attended by Casters from twelve Iowa cities, and everybody seemed satisfied as to the facilities for casting and the handling of the meet. The scores made this year were not up to the standard of some of the previous meets, although the weather was ideal, and better scores should have been made.

Frank J. Marnette, of Spirit Lake, was in attendance. Mr. Marnette might be called the father of casting in Iowa as it was he who organized the first casting clubs in the state; he also won the All-Round Championship for four of the last five years that State Meets have been held, but this year Frank must hand the trophy to Senator E. E. Cavanaugh of Fort Dodge.

The feature of this year's meet was the work of the fifteen year old caster of Coon Rapids who was not satisfied just to win the 5/8 oz. Accuracy in the Boys' Event with a score of 98.9 but decided he could win the Official Event, which he did with a score of 99.5. There were twenty-seven entries in this, the largest event in point of numbers.

Another Coon Rapids caster, D. W. Davis, seems to have the three Distance Bait Events at his mercy as at nearly all State Meets he wins the trophies for these events, winning all three events this year.

After an extended debate Marshalltown was selected to handle the 1928 State Meet, and from the interest shown it is certain that this will be the largest meet ever held in Iowa.

Following are the high scores:

All Round Championship

E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge	34
D. W. Davis, Coon Rapids	45
F. J. Marnette, Spirit Lake	48

¼ oz. Distance

Caster	Average	Longest
D. W. Davis	158.6	166
Frank Marnette	149.2	156
R. Alex	146.7	150

½ oz. Distance

D. W. Davis	215.9	229
E. E. Cavanaugh	208.4	229
Frank Marnette	175.4	184

⅝ oz. Distance

D. W. Davis	187.5	193
E. E. Cavanaugh	177.1	205
Frank Marnette	165.4	189

¼ oz. Accuracy

E. E. Cavanaugh	98.7
D. W. Davis	98.6
F. M. Packard	98.2

½ oz. Accuracy

E. E. Cavanaugh	99.3
D. W. Davis	99.0
Frank Marnette	98.3

⅝ oz. Accuracy

R. H. Cory	99.5
L. Sample	99.4
E. E. Cavanaugh	99.2
L. Coon	99.2

Distance Fly

Frank Marnette	86	89
Don Lenhart	81⅓	85
E. E. Cavanaugh	76⅓	80

Dry Fly Accuracy

R. Alex	99-4
L. Coon	99-3
Don Lenhart	99-2

Accuracy Fly

F. M. Packard	99-6
Frank Marnette	99-0
R. Alex	98-13

¾ oz. Accuracy (Ladies)

Mrs. Weller	98.2
Mrs. Finch	97.7
Mrs. Bowman	97.6

⅝ oz. Accuracy (Boys)

R. H. Cory	98.9
R. Tallman	98.8
Ed Alex	98.1
J. Chavannes	98.0

CASTING DISTANCE FLY

"Barney" Bornholt is here shown finishing a forward cast. Note the position of the hand and wrist and the pressure of the thumb which can almost be felt. He is being tended by Leonard Hopkins, a former caster of Chicago, but who, according to latest reports, is now in Alaska, casting with the Eskimos, no doubt.

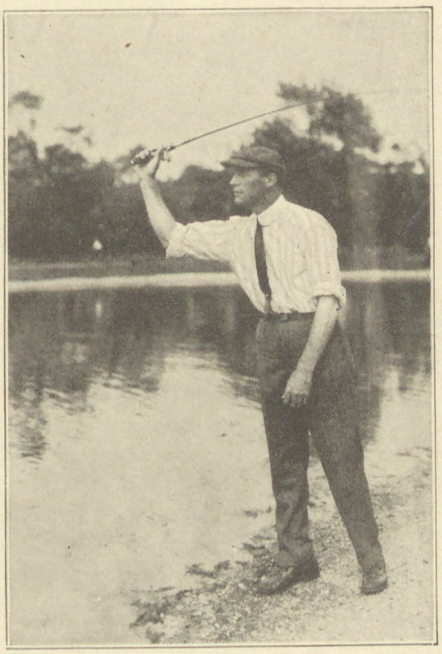
Short Biographies of Famous Casters

The first of a few short accounts of noted casters who have left our ranks to join the "great majority."

CALL J. McCARTHY

CALL J. McCARTHY, one of the best known and most successful casters with the bait and fly rod in America, was born in Ireland, in 1877.

His father was known as an authority on tackle and from his early childhood the son absorbed "fishing knowledge" from the sportsmen who frequented his father's shop.



Upon coming to America, Call identified himself with casting in the east but soon came to Chicago to become the foremost fly caster of his day. He won the All-Round Championships of 1914, 1916, and 1921. This last win was at Portland, shortly before his untimely death which occurred at Chicago, October 21, 1921.

He had been ill at Portland but nevertheless undertook the hard trip to the famous Rogue River where he had a famous battle with a Chinook salmon near the mouth of the river within close sight of the entire party of visitors.

McCarthy excelled in the fly events; in distance he was never surpassed by but one caster and in accuracy, he displayed unusual skill and perfect form. If anyone deserved the title of artist with a fly rod, he was the one. A writer has said, "He was perfectly at home on the casting platform, with a serene confidence born of life long experience and justified by uniform success."

His many friends as well as the members of the N. A. S. A. C. have erected a monument at Mount Olivet, Chicago, as a tribute to this most noted angler and caster. It stands as a "token of recognition not only of a true sportsman and lover of the out-of-doors but as an expression of admiration for one of the greatest experts with the rod and reel that America has known." In former days the waters of the Calumet often backed up and filled the little valleys where Mount Olivet now is. This was known as splendid fishing ground and the Indians used to camp here. No spot could have been more appropriate for Call's last resting place.

San Francisco Casting Club Has Remarkable Season Averages

GOOD news comes from this club, one of the oldest in America, which has still some of its charter members and also others who have been members for twenty-five years. The club is very much alive and is constantly enrolling new members, all of whom are being carefully instructed in the art of fly casting. Fly casting is favored at San Francisco as their scores indicate and it is the only club that casts regularly the Delicacy and Accuracy Fly, the most artistic game of all, according to its western devotees.

Two of the Pacific Coast casters have had remarkable scores in the fly events for the past season. One, J. P. Cuenin, won the All-Round Fly Championship of the Western Association of Scientific Angling Clubs at Seattle this season, casting a score of 99 13/15. His season's work in the Accuracy Fly for eight events resulted in three perfect scores, one off in three events and two off in two others making an average of 99 14/15 for the season. In the Dry Fly at unknown distances he finished first in each contest cast with a grand total of 21 demerits for the eight contests, averaging about 99-12½. These two averages are quite out of the ordinary and have never been duplicated according to reports received. Cuenin did well in the baits also. He was close to L. F. Guerin, who is well known to Tournament casters. Guerin had the high average in the ½ oz. Accuracy, ½ oz. distance, ⅝ oz. Accuracy, ¼ oz. Accuracy and Distance Fly. Cuenin won the Dry Fly, also the one at unknown distances, Accuracy Fly, and they tied in the ¼ oz. Accuracy and the Delicacy and Accuracy Fly. Of the nine events Guerin won five and Cuenin four, with exceptionally good average scores.

Harry Under, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association, is a member of this club and will look after any visiting casters. It is hoped that both Guerin and Cuenin may be able to visit Columbus for the coming Tournament.

Do All Get This Idea?

EACH evening as upon the bus
Beside Park lake I've past,
I've watched with eager eye and seen
The casters as they cast.

You know what pains a golfer takes
Before he ever putts?
Well, these fishermen look to be
That very kind of nuts.

They seem to want as good control
As pitchers in a pinch.
Apparently accuracy must be
Within a sixteenth-inch.

I've seen "Cue Sharks" about to shoot
But ne'er in any game
Have I seen them tie these birds
For taking careful aim.

Now I am not a fisherman;
My ignorance I show.
But I've a question and here is
Just what I'd like to know:

When these men go a-fishing do
They weight their lines with lead
And when the fish stick up their snouts
PLOP!—sock them in the head?

—R. S. R.

On the long, long trail

NIGHT in the great outdoors. So dark that a lump of coal looks like a piece of chalk. You know what I mean. And I want to tell you that I wouldn't hit *that* trail without a good flashlight.

And to make the good flashlight doubly good, I'd see that it was loaded with genuine Eveready Batteries. Yes, *Sir*, Eveready and nothing else but. I wouldn't take chances with any battery but the best out there.

I know I could bank on Evereadys for bright light and long life, because they are made by the makers of Eveready Radio Batteries. They are packed with pep, power and potential light.

Get the flashlight habit. It may save a leg—maybe your neck. To say nothing of the big convenience.

The Ship o'Shallows

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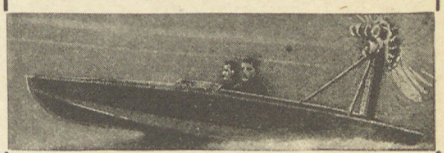

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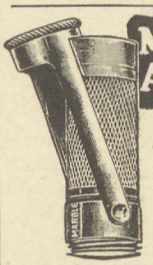

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L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dakota

Birds of North America

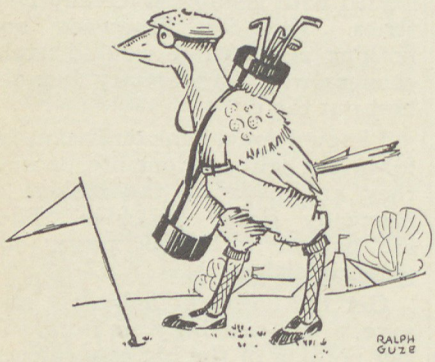
Descriptive Sketches of Six of Our Wild, Feathered Friends

(With apologies to John James Audubon)

Written by SCOTT B. ITTNER

Illustrated by RALPH GUZE

BOBOLINK
(Golfyx nutus)



ONE of the greatest poseurs of all the birds. Has a variety of call notes the most printable of which is—*F o r e , F o r e ,* uttered chiefly when other birds are near. The BOBOLINK is most often seen flapping its course in company with others of the species. Migrates in winter to Florida and the Carolinas.

NIGHT HAWK
(Gayus sportus)

CONFINES itself chiefly to the larger cities, where it wheels about the electric lights, and makes a hearty supper of the little, winged insects they attract. This bird is known as a high flyer, although it frequently swoops down upon its prey in low places.

RED BIRD
(Radical radicalis)

OFTEN mistaken for the CUCKOO because it resembles that bird in its erratic flights. The RED BIRD is everywhere associated with "movements." When confined, it becomes frantic and proceeds to bump its head against the "bars of its cage." Its call is an alarming squawk, which has no definite sound and can be best described as noise.

TAILOR BIRD
(Collegianus)

CALLED also: SNAKE BIRD, CAKE-EATER. So named because of its faultless plumage, is a gregarious bird of the first order. In the fall of the year, especially, these birds flock together in great numbers. At such times their familiar guttural *Rah, Rah, R-R-R-Rah* is often heard.

FLAPPER
(Flaminga youtha)

CALLED also: SWIFT. This brilliantly colored creature seems always to be on the wing, and to alight only to partake of food, which it has very little trouble in securing. Its most common song is *G i m m e , G i m m e , G i m m e* uttered in quick succession. This frivolous bundle of pretty feathers is an incessant love-maker.

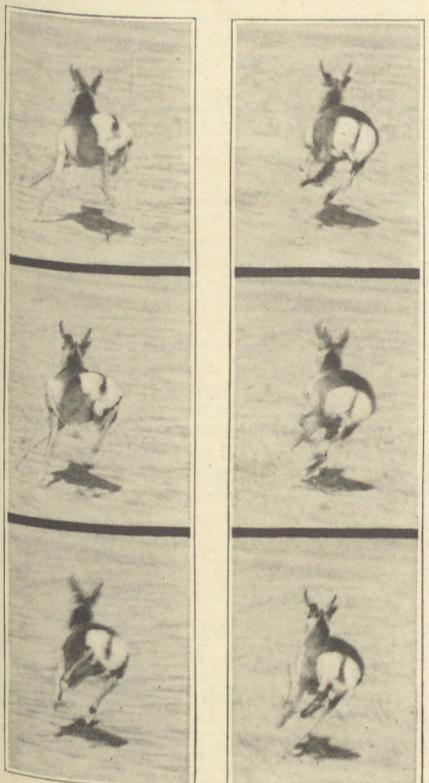
CAT BIRD
(Gossipes Idlesis)

NO bird has a more appropriate generic name than this species—"gossipes." This is obvious after one has heard its low hissing note—*I - h e a r d - s h e - s a i d - I - h e a r d* which it commences early in the morning and continues until late at night. The CAT BIRD is very vain and delights in dirt baths after which it carefully preens its feathers.

William L. Finley on Lecture Tour

THE successful shooting of game with a motion picture camera is a type of sport that requires marked skill and patience. Good outdoor photographs aid in the conservation program of the Izaak Walton League of America. A camera hunter is devoted to the good cause of bringing back his story of wild animals in their forest and mountain haunts, so others may enjoy the sport.

William L. Finley stands in the front ranks of the conservation movement on the Pacific coast, and is near the top as a lecturer in the art of camera hunting. For many years he and Mrs. Finley have photographed nearly everything that runs, flies or swims, from Alaska to Mexico. A year ago they cruised among the outpost islands of the Bering Sea and brought back one of the most remarkable stories of wild life ever pictured with a camera. These pictures were shown last season to various chapters of the Izaak Walton League, many clubs, colleges and other organizations through the middle-west and east. Mr. D. C. Davies, Director of the Field Museum of Natural History, said that Mr. Finley's lecture with his motion pictures equalled any lecture given at the museum in recent years.



A glimpse of William L. Finley's motion pictures of antelope, the swiftest wild animals on the continent.

During the past summer Mr. and Mrs. Finley have been in the field, and are now touring the middle-west and east with the most thrilling and spectacular motion picture story of camera hunting ever taken in the United States. The subject of the new lecture is "Getting Your Goat" or "Travels in the Land of Fear." In the wildest regions of Montana, along the roof of the Rockies, movies of goats were taken at a distance of fifty feet. Big horn sheep, mule deer, bear, beavers building a dam and others were pictured in a way that few people have ever seen.

The Izaak Walton League has undertaken a campaign to establish a Federal reservation for antelope and sage grouse, as related in Mr. Finley's recent articles in OUTDOOR AMERICA. This effort will be greatly aided by new and remarkable series of motion pictures of wild antelope. Early in the summer and late in the fall the Finleys made a thorough survey of the antelope country, through southern Oregon and northern Nevada. Antelope fawns a day old, prong-horns at home in the sage-brush and old bucks and does photographed during the running season from an automobile traveling at 45 miles an hour, and many other views, make up a reel of the most spectacular pictures ever taken of these, the swiftest wild animals on the continent.

Any chapters interested in arranging for Mr. Finley's lectures can take up the matter with the Chapter Service Bureau.

NOTICE

IN the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, Dr. Robert T. Morris, well known surgeon and author was mistakenly designated as "one of America's foremost entomologists." We regret this error.

Dr. Morris in his article on drainage in the December issue strongly advocated the appointment of a Fact Finding Commission by President Coolidge, which might open our eyes to the criminal waste attendant on unwise irrigation projects.

In his book "Editorial Silence" Dr. Morris makes some most pertinent comments not only on drainage projects, but also on the possibilities of the development of our marshes by "wet farmers" whom he prophesies belong to the food providers for tomorrow.

Wet lands when devoted to crops for which they are suited—*water plants, marsh animals and waterfowl*—will bring higher returns in food and profit than most of our uplands. Drainage of wet lands for the purpose of raising upland plants to which the soil is unsuited is leading to appalling drainage crimes.

This question is of immense interest to conservationists and sportsmen having at heart the best interests of America's marshes and swamp lands.

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SEE PAGE 76
INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 44)

Boy Scout in uniform cleaning his gun, while another scout was presiding over a campfire at which the evening meal was being prepared. Another Boy Scout was sitting on a big log from which the fuel for the campfire was secured, and a fourth scout was sitting in a canoe taking care of his fishing tackle. The floor of the stage was filled with autumn leaves—the carpet of the forest—and the scene was beautiful and inspiring. On the background of the stage were trophies of the chase and the results of fishing trips.

This was one of the largest and most important meetings of the local chapter, the fact that it was held on the night of Armistice Day was a fitting climax to a celebration of the heroes of the World War.

Starts Tennessee Activities

The meeting had its effect throughout the state. Plans are already progressing to put Tennessee among the leading Waltonian states of the nation, and the chapters throughout the state are on their toes, eager to go, and quotas are already being turned in.

"The great outdoor resources of Tennessee need the guardianship, and, especially, the constructive help—the propagation of more game and more fish and the creation of more opportunities for outdoor recreation—of the Izaak Walton League," declared Dan Wolf, "and we are going to see that this is brought about, and brought about in a fashion such as only Tennesseans can do a thing when once they get up their steam. And that time has come right now. Watch us!"

Glenn's Ferry on Rampage

GLENN'S FERRY, Idaho, is a small town but its Waltonian activities loom big in the West. It is helping to organize no less than ten other chapters. R. L. Cline, secretary, writes that their method is to get some members of the local chapter together and move, en masse, on neighboring towns. He says the duck saving campaign of the League in the West has helped a lot.

Help Game Protectors

THE Syracuse, N. Y., chapter has an idea that gamewardens are its best friends. It had a meeting recently with the chief of fourteen gamewardens—they call them game protectors in New York, and it really sounds better—who patrol the vicinity of Syracuse, and it resulted in the discovery that the chapter could do a great deal to help the wardens, and that the wardens could do a great deal to help the chapter. How about a meeting of your chapter with all of the gamewardens near your town? A good idea for this winter. Talk things over. It helps.

"Tell It to Seth"

THAT'S a sort of slogan more and more chapters are adopting. Seth Gordon is the one they mean. Here's a part of a note from the Sioux Falls chapter:

Our membership drive and get together meeting was held on November 2 at 6:30 P. M.; two hundred of the membership of the Sioux Falls Chapter sat down to a very fine banquet with members from Sioux City, Ia.; Centerville, S. D.; Dell Rapids, Madison, Hartford, Humboldt, Lennox, Brandon, and Parker. Seth Gordon was with us and it is useless to say that he put pep into the meeting, for those who have heard Seth sure know that he knows how to put it over, and let me ask here—why shouldn't he? That has been his life's work, conservation, and the propagation of game and fish. It is a real treat to any one who is interested in this great outdoors of ours to listen to Seth; and brother, if you ever have the opportunity do not pass it up. Well to make a long story short * * *

But the rest of the letter is ancient history: How Seth, of course, knocked 'em cold and left them feeling that their work was worth while. (And they should know—Didn't Sioux Falls just put over one of the finest sewage plants in the country? They did.)

Walton Float Wins

NEAR Lock Kill, Pa., recently, they opened a new concrete highway. More than forty floats took part in a great parade, and all competed for prizes. In the procession was a float representing the Walton League chapter: hunters in full array, a bird dog, everything made to resemble a hunting party in the field. It took first prize. All of which proves the Schwaben Creek Valley chapter a real live one. Take part in every community activity—that's the way to success. That's why this chapter has doubled its membership since June.

Eats for 1000

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., chapter recently staged a barbecue and picnic at which one thousand persons were served. Was the affair a success? Well, you can't get that many people together at one time, especially when all are interested in the outdoors, without making it a grand success. That's what Bloomington did. They had an archery exhibition, some fancy shooting, a bait casting contest, and to top off the day, Robert Scholes, Illinois State President, gave a rousing talk.

Buffalo Federation

A FEDERATION of all conservation groups in its territory was recently brought about by the Buffalo, N. Y., chapter. To quote from the Buffalo papers:

The association is fathered by the Buffalo Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America and includes: Allegany Field and Trail Club, Audubon Society, Buffalo Anglers, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Campfire Girls, Woodcrafters and Erie County Conservation Society. Henry W. Keitzel, president of the local chapter of the Izaak Walton League, has been chosen temporary chairman.

Scholes Again

DOES this man, Bob Scholes, President of the Illinois division, ever stay at home? We have just opened our third successive letter in which the writer says President Robert Scholes was there and gave a rousing talk. This one is from Pekin, Ill. And Secretary Halladay (who's seldom home either) was there to give an explanation of the working of the state organization. It begins to filter into our head that perhaps the reason the Illinois division is always on the map is because its officers are so often out late at night. And don't forget, Pekin is the place the new chapter hounds mentioned in the letter above come from.

Charter for Tremont

TREMONT, ILL., "came in" on Nov. 10 while the whole town cheered at the local movie house. Waltonians from Peoria, including State Secretary Halladay and State President Bob Scholes were on hand to welcome them, and Tremont is on its way to become one of the live chapters of Illinois. And, better yet, here's what Mr. Halladay writes about it:

Great credit must be given to District Director Charles Hatcher and President Bob Smith of the Pekin Chapter for the organization of this chapter. These two men have another Charter Chapter at Hopedale, Illinois, under way and have three more prospectives. You will hear more relative to this in a few days.

Another Big Feed

OF course the losing side paid for the big baked ham supper that the Belleville, Pa., chapter staged at a nearby hunting camp. That's the trouble with being on a losing side: the eats are always on you. But even the losing side in this big membership drive was a glorious one, because they got enough new members to have made them winners most any place else. The membership of the chapter was exactly tripled as a result. Of course the new members got in on the feed. It must be swell to be a new member!

Utica Plants Trees

"IT'S shady in Utica, N. Y." That's the sort of a heading we expect to see in a few years when the Utica chamber of commerce begins advertising its city. No matter how shady Utica is now, it's going to be shadier. (We mean shade from trees, of course.) The Utica chapter, under the capable direction of Ward B. Edwards, president of the New York State Division, is planting trees right and left. The chapter has reforested Tassel Hill, which required 150,000 seedlings. The chapter has also donated prizes for the best acre of trees planted by boys and girls under sixteen years of age on the property of parents and relatives. Also, with the Boy Scouts, planted five acres in the city park. Also—but why go on? "It's shady in Utica, N. Y."

150 Barrels!

LIKE many other Walton chapters last Fall, the Jackson, Minn., chapter had a knock-out exhibit at the fair. There were at this exhibit, among other things, two immense tanks for fish, with four compartments in each. These were lighted with electric lights, and on the whole the effect was brilliant, and the display was enjoyed by large crowds.

But it was enjoyed by nobody more than by Loyd Dunlavy, president, and Lester Day, secretary of the chapter. Here's the tale: It was discovered that there was no running water available at the fair grounds. The tank was ready to be filled, and the fish were on hand. So the two officers, on the night before the fair opened, faced by failure, stayed up all night and carried 150 barrels of water to fill those tanks.

"Elephants," said Mr. Day, "would have looked like minnows beside those fish. They took water outside as well as in."

A good one on the two husky officers, but shows the true Waltonian spirit of "never fail," just the same.

The Fly-ing Tactics of a Famous Fisherman

(Continued from page 18)

was drawing me. Again he waved me back with a graveness of expression which could accompany only the most serious circumstance.

Doctor is not a drinking man, it could not be that he was trying to delay my arrival until bottles could be hidden. Surely there was no danger of the other of man's most probable pit-falls, for no man living would select such a place for clandestine romances. Through my mind there passed many conjectures, all possible, none probable. Ideas came and went, fast and furious. What reason could there be for my staying there when I could see in the distance the anxious face and the upper part of the writhing body of my consort?

Finally Will Vickers came closer to me and said, "For God's sake, woman, can't you see he has a whopper on? Don't get him excited now, he has almost done his stuff, he'll have him in a minute."

I stopped and waited while he stole back toward the stream. Minutes seemed hours to me, waiting there, watching the strange manipulations of Doctor's arms, his rod and reel. It was only when I saw the lunging and jerking of this colorful speciman, a three pound Rainbow trout, maneuvering in the landing net, that I understand why my appearance was so disturbing.

Doctor's face was wreathed in boyish smiles, the kind I see far too seldom in these later years, and Will Vickers was jumping up and down as I imagine a Comanche Indian would giving thanks to his Sun-god.

When Doctor reached the bank and saw me he was limp. When he found that Junior was all right and that the errand which brought me was of no alarming nature, he crumpled in a heap and said, "Oh! Honey, this is the happiest moment of my life. Few catches like that come to a man in a lifetime, and to think you saw me land him!"

Just then Will Vickers said, said he, "Now, Doc, I guess after this you will take my advice 'bout them d—high flutin' flies you're always preachin' 'bout. You see everything you've caught worth puttin' in that creel of you'n, you got with common ordinary worms, eh?"

Important Announcement

The date of the Sixth Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League has been changed to April 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st, because the previous dates set would have come during Holy Week.

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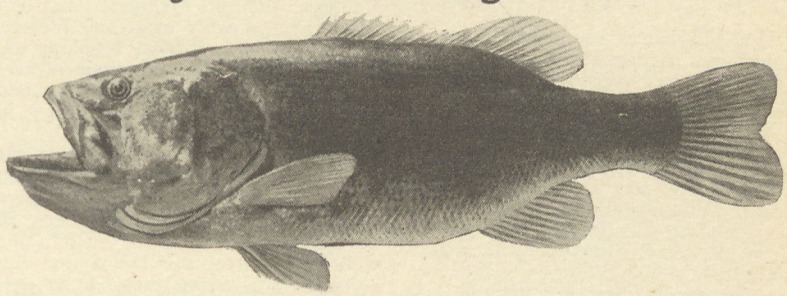

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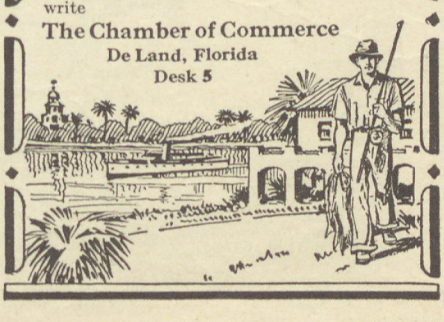

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Your Dog And Mine

Close Ranging Shooting Dogs

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY
Dog Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

LOCALITIES which are the exact antithesis of each other in topography caused the writing of this article. It covers a wide field of roaming by a canine lover who never was contented except when acting in season like a migratory bird. Always, barring a few years, his home was in the South for shooting in Winter and when Spring came he succumbed to the tremendous lures of the North Country, remaining there until late Fall.

The only reason, however, that this is mentioned is that it flung him constantly in the midst of various kinds of game birds that are hunted with pointers and setters. Also into the company of sportsmen who, in almost every instance, are influenced by locality, particularly the topography and the character of the frequenting places of their favorite game; whether they were lovers of ruffed, pinnated or sharp tailed grouse, the sport provided by quails, Hungarian partridges, woodcock or the exotic which has thriven so well, upon which the name of ring necks, or Chinks, has been bestowed. I say this chiefly because the standards of the performance of a shooting dog are mostly regulated by shooting conditions. Sportsmen are astoundingly independent in all their ideas. Universally, they declare that what suits them best is what is best for them. Only a carping critic can take issue with them on such a statement, and it would be one altogether irrefutable, were it not often a fact that when the performance of a dog suits him well in certain territory, he is often likely to become one-celled in this respect and enlarge upon the declaration by saying that such a dog is the only kind for all sorts of shooting grounds. At this moment I consider it pertinent to make the remark that the right kind of a dog for a person is the one which he feels suits him best, for in no other will he have faith.

If ever a man should take himself seriously, it is when he is training his cover shooting dog. Perhaps I am not speaking broadly enough when I say "cover shooting dog" and should return to the term or designation I first used, close ranging shooting dog, because there are some sportsmen living in big, open spaces where birds are plentiful who like this sort of worker, though their country is made to order for the big going chaps. But in no case must the training be regarded as easy; first of all, that man who expects to make a real, lasting success must make the actual efforts at training antecede and supersede all interest in hunting. In other words, when a man breaks his dog, he ought to give up the idea of combining hunting and training. Both are separate acts. The combination never works to the good of the pupil, because the lust to kill game will surpass that of handling the dog skillfully. One must be sacrificed. Say what you will, during the short open seasons of the present era, a sportsman will concentrate his mind more on game than on his canine charge. If this were not true, we would not see such a number of pointers, setters, springers and cockers which are palpably atrocious footscenters and are arch tyrants at breaking shot to retrieve game, although their owners declare they are perfectly broken, and are in every instance the best dogs in the world.

The main quality of the close ranging shooting dog is one which never gets out of sight, and all the time ranges within fifty yards or less of the master. Cover developed the desire for such a dog, as well as the erroneous belief that the fast going dogs overrun birds. Only those do that which are deficient in scenting ability or have been made to develop a habit of hunting for trails or footscent instead of body scent.

The lovers of close ranging dogs want their dogs to quarter their grounds, notwithstanding the direction of the wind and the poor performance in this is caused by men constantly calling in their dogs and developing in them a style of crisscrossing back and forth that leaves a lot of likely ground unhunted. While on this matter, I might well allude to the fact that this method is overdone, and a lot of territory is overlooked. Yet there are thousands of hunters who continue working their dogs in this way and the strangest part about it is that they praise the dogs' stamina, when, in actuality, a high class dog given to its natural ranging propensities and opportunities for a liberal display of bird sense covers more ground in a day and stands more gruelling work at the same time than one of those supposed paragons of crisscrossing does in fifteen.

Obviously, the average man finds trouble in cutting the range of a wide goer to close ranging, particularly if the dog has brilliant speed and a dashing gait. It is cruel, or at least unfair, to the dog, and stresses the handler considerably. Furthermore, in the end, the achievement, if accomplished, is not always satisfactory. The best idea is to select the prospect, choosing an individual which is not naturally fast, or one combining speed and a surpassing desire to reach out ahead of the hunter, and see what he can discover in the next county. Dogs lacking in class are the best prospects if they have a good nose. Often naturally wide goers are slowed down and made to range close by attaching long chains to their collars to trip or entangle them if they start running. Long sacks are used for the same purpose. Another type of training instrument used to prevent a dog's ranging wide or indulging in an exhilarating gallop is composed of two cords snapped on the collar. They extend about a foot farther in length than the dog. At the end of each is a solid rubber ball or one of wood. Just let the dog get gay, and they will wrap around his legs and stop him right off. But they are bad to catch in bushes or any sort of close growth.

Despite all these impediments used to cut a dog's speed and range I have frequently seen big going dogs that totally avoided or partially circumvented all these handicaps. The Lord had put speed and wide going in their systems and nothing could eradicate them. To be partially relieved of their torture, they ran along with wide spreading legs to avoid the trap set for them, and skilfully eluded man's esteemed contraptions. But there is no denying the fact that in most cases such training instruments help considerably, though they are not often required with the majority of close ranging dogs of field trial parentage, if all the class is taken out of them when they are young, or before they realized they possessed it.

As a young man I discovered an almost infallible system for avoiding ranginess in dogs when their owners demanded them

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for close cover work. Nor did I like the idea of putting it into effect; yet I had to in many cases when I anticipated hard sledding with youngsters whose parents I knew were rangy fellows. I had always conceived of something by which the tendency of going blood to range could be easily controlled before the dog was given actual training for hunting, as I felt sure the difficulties encountered in cutting range were greatly increased by waiting to do it while hunting, or engaging in some other step of training.

While the idea then was my own, it was borrowed from watching men training some high-stepping, show ring horses in order to give them an eminent knee action. These animals were shod very heavily, and all their exercise was given in an enclosure filled knee deep with straw. Every time they extracted their feet from the straw, not only were the feet burdensome with the shoes, but they had also to lift them high at each step to extricate them from the straw. Continual exercise in this manner and the high-stepping action was assured. Even the horses which were originally deficient in it, automatically were forced unwittingly to acquire it.

Youngsters are imitative, and I was no more exempt from this trait than others. Why could not this method be applied to cramping a dog's range until it became natural with him, and any tendency otherwise could be entirely eradicated by starting the animal young enough? Before any training was begun, or big going ideas had a chance to sprout? Briefly, I was going to hack all speed and wide range perpetually out of their natures before it appeared.

For this purpose I chose to exercise the youngsters only in the high weeds in which it was difficult for them to force their way and they had constantly to look around for me to discover my whereabouts, and I actually exercised them until the poor little fellows could hardly get any farther. Afterward I exercised them —and let their hunting instincts have full sway—only in a certain trammelling and spiny growth which is abundant in some of the abandoned farm areas of the South. This was in wild dewberry patches. The ground was so woven and interlaced in some parts that it was mighty hard for a man to navigate. Any dog that tried to indulge his running propensities was prevented by the briars as well as flung headlong by the restrictive vegetation, if he attempted it. Dogs that were never exercised anywhere but in weeds and the dewberry patches I had selected, by the time they were a year old, had lost all their going ambition, and were astoundingly responsive to any command taught them. Frankly, in this way, I ruined many classy dogs for the benefit of their masters who wanted them solely for close work, yet had, notwithstanding the call of blood line, purchased prospects out of winning field trial strains.

The next thing was teaching the dogs to keep a course, after they had learned to quarter in the dense growths in which I exercised them. I accomplished this by always casting them ahead and invariably keeping a straight course myself. If I put them in a piece of cover for woodcock or grouse, they kept that cover always the right distance ahead, and hunted it thoroughly. In this manner my close rangers were never lost, never got out of sight, though it was often painfully difficult to forge my way through alders, spruce, pines, blackberry thickets and some varieties of second growth. Even in the heaviest hazel and elbow brush I could see my dogs ahead so I was never required to put a bell on them, as is the custom of the

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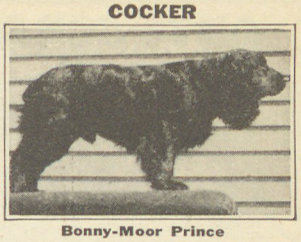

Bonny-Moor Prince

NOW is the opportunity to get a fine Springer or Cocker female mated to one of our Field Trial winning and Champion sires at a price very little more than the stud fee. Get a litter of early Spring puppies when the sales are the best and have a good pup for yourself for next fall. We are selling all our females and now is the time to get one when the price is so low. SEND FOR LATEST SALES LIST.
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Trial Allowed: Coon, Opossum, Skunk and Mink Hounds. Fox and Wolf Hounds. Rabbit, Squirrel and Big Game Hounds. Trained and untrained. Old and young Stock. Also guns. Camping, Hunting and Fishing Equipment. Dog Medicine and Supplies. *Write for Catalogue Free.*

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For 33 years the leading Distemper remedy. Used and recommended by leading breeders. Give as a preventive before too late. Cannot harm the youngest puppies. 60 cents and $1.20 at drug stores or direct. Write for free booklet on Distemper and its treatment.
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Natural aquatic food plants that will bring thousands of Wild Ducks and Fish to your waters. Wild Rice, Wild Celery, Duck Potato and 30 others described in free illustrated booklet. Write, describe waters, and receive free planting advice.
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Feed Your Dogs or Puppies Perfection Dog Food
A food that is cooked and prepared in such a way as to be relished by dogs, all breeds and puppies, all ages. Order a direct factory shipment of 5-lbs. for 60c or 10-lbs. for $1.00. We prepay shipping charge to any point in the U. S.
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MAKE BIG MONEY—We Supply Stock and pay you following prices for all you raise: Belgian Hares $2 each—New Zealands $3 each —Cainchillas $4 each—Flemish Giants $5 each. 32-page illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of **Fur Farming** magazine, tells how to raise skunk, mink, fox, etc., for big profits, all for 10c. Address
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Why Not Spend Spring, Summer and Fall, gathering butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth $1 to $7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price-list. Send 10c (not stamps) for my Illustrated Prospectus before sending butterflies.

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A big saving on wire netting in all sizes for any type of bird or animal enclosure. Wholesale prices and prompt delivery from our large stocks at Clinton, Mass., Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle and Minneapolis.
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"The Skin You Hate To Touch"

If your dog is unpopular with yourself and children because of MANGE, ECZEMA, RING WORM or SKIN VERMIN, you can reinstate him as a companion with a few applications of

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the prompt-acting proven hospital treatment, in use for years. It is a soothing and powerful specific, penetrating to the deepest germ, yet safe because it is an external remedy with a reputation for success. Large 16 oz. can at your druggist or post paid upon receipt of $1.00. Kennel size, 1 gal., $6.00. FREE. Write for pamphlet on the skin diseases of dogs. PEDRICK LABORATORIES, INC., Pedrick Building, Dept. OA.1, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

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The healthy dog is the properly fed dog.

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For sale by grocers, druggists, veterinarians, sport goods and department stores, feed stores and pet shops. Write us for FREE sample can.

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K-27

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by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY
and
CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

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The gamest and fastest fighting of all pit games, and the most beautiful. Send for catalogue.

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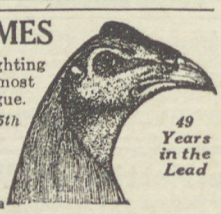
Young stag and 2 pullets now $12.00



49 Years in the Lead

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RAISE GUINEA PIGS For Us Easy way to make extra money in spare time. We buy all you raise. Big profits—easily raised anywhere. Write for FREE book how to start.
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majority of woodcock hunters in order to locate their dogs when on point. On many occasions I have had cause to believe that the bell frightens the birds and giving loud commands increases the tendency of both woodcock and grouse to flush before a dog points them.

In no time, commands of voice could be changed to those of a whistle, with the same responsiveness, and later to noiseless signals of the hand.

Youth is constantly striving for a little more knowledge for the purpose of using it to improve his inchoate ways or methods. Like others, I saw that close ranging dogs could be made to work for and point to body scent only, and thus improve their value a hundred percent, over the faulty trail seeking or foot scenting methods. Nor was this at all difficult, if I began early and always hunted youngsters, notwithstanding all obstacles, against wind. It was easy for them ultimately to find and point birds in this manner. They became so accustomed to feel the air for body scent they were unable to conceive any other route as correct.

It is easy to see that working a close ranging dog is successfully accomplished only by step-by-step, simple endeavors, never hurrying, and exercising indefatigable patience. I feel sure that the reason so many of them go wrong and turn out to be back and forward specialists is on account of their handlers never teaching them quartering and especially because they themselves never keep a course, always leaving partially hunted cover for some other that they see to the side or behind them. Dogs do just as their masters do, ultimately following the process of indiscriminate guessing, the same as they.

The training of the covert dog is nothing else than a continuity of intelligent work, devoid of the spectacular occasions incidental to the performance of the big going fellows. Yet such animals are necessary for certain hunting. Well broken dogs add vastly to the charms of a grouse, quail or woodcock hunt. Indifferently trained dogs produce only half of the shooting that good coverts ought to afford.

Ask Ozark Ripley

HE IS GLAD TO ANSWER YOU

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I wonder if you could help me find the kind of a duck dog I want, or suggest the kind that I need?

In 1916 I was duck hunting in New Mexico, and a man I met had a very wonderful duck dog. He said that he was a Laplander. His description runs a little taller than a Springer Spaniel, heavy set, had two coats of smooth short black hair, and five toes.

Any information you could give will be greatly appreciated.

Your very truly,
GEORGE E. NEWTON,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Mr. Newton:

The dog to which you refer is a Labrador. They make good duck retrievers. Watch the ads in Outdoor America, and you will be able to pick up an excellent youngster at a low figure. They are easy to train.

Your very truly,
OZARK RIPLEY.

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have an English setter from the Senator Ben Nap, Count Whitestone breeding, a very fine and intelligent animal, color orange and white, very large type. He is now three years old and has been shot over three seasons. Mostly on snipe. Have found him a great retriever, both on land

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Miller's A-1 Ration

satisfies the vigorous appetites of sporting dogs and keeps them healthy and happy with a minimum amount of care. If your dealer cannot supply you with this health food, send ten cents for samples and your copy of "The Pink of Condition."

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Attract the Wild Ducks

Food Is the Secret

Have the ducks been plentiful on your local waters the past year or did you have to take a long trip to some good wild-duck resort? This is unnecessary. You can bring the ducks to your local waters, instead of going after them if you plant their favorite foods—

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and 40 others for attracting ducks, fish and game. Something for every condition. Liberal discount if ordered during winter. 32 years' planting experience. Help with planting problems—descriptive literature, price list free. Write

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Pheasants
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Ornamental Geese and Ducks
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Everything in wild animals, game, fancy birds for parks, menageries, private preserves and collections of fancy fowl.

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Large, vigorous breeders of outstanding type, color and breeding ability. Prices and particulars upon request.

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TWO FREE BOOKS

Breed squabs and make money. Sold by millions at higher prices than chickens. Write at once for two free books telling how to do it. One is 40 pages printed in colors, other 32 pages. Ask for Books 3 and 4. You will be surprised. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 216 H Street, Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts.** Established 27 years.

and water. This seemed to come natural from the start. I would like to know how it is possible to cut down speed, so that I can use him in the heavy cover we get in this province?

He hunts well and shows lots of style and head action, and is always eager to hunt, but I have not as yet seen him get a good "point" on birds.

Quite a few times snipe hunting, the snipe will rise ahead of him. In one case I placed him down on the marsh, and he was quite pert and fast. He started in to hunt right away. The snipe left the ground abou ten feet ahead of him.

My problem is this—how can I make him careful and staunch to shot and wing? Are there times when game will not lie good to a pointer or setter, and is it possible for me to make a real good bird dog out of him, considering he is not "pointing" well as yet?

Would you suggest sending him out to a farm for a month and let him self hunt a while? I don't feel like doing this. Sort of think the farm boy might let him go wild, and he would be faster than ever and flush and chase everything in sight.

Do you advise me to send him to some trainer in the U. S. A. who has cover with lots of game? If so kindly advise me.

Would you advise me to cut down range, and how can I get him to "point." I fully understand once I get him pointing on a bird, I can adjust the long check cord and give him the drop when he attempts to break.

An early reply would be greatly appreciated.

Very truly yours,
JACK ELLIS,
Montreal, Quebec.

Dear Mr. Ellis:

Regret I did not receive your letter earlier, as I only left my summer home at Hudson, Quebec, a few days ago.

Frankly, your dog ought to be pointing by now, and perhaps will this year. If I were you I would send him to be worked by some trainer on quails. He is what is known as a covert shooting dog, and you ought to get him to point by checking him up with a force collar and long cord attached to it, but be sure and hunt him invariably against wind so he will learn body scent.

On quails he will pick up more ideas about handling birds than he ever could get on grouse and woodcock in your province. The best woodcock and grouse dogs I have ever seen were dogs that were broken to close ranging on quails.

Recently I had the pleasure of shooting at Mr. Patenaude's place near Nominique.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I note in Outdoor America, an advertisement of your book "Bird Dog Training Made Easy." Do I understand this book to treat of training dogs for upland shooting only, or is there a part of it devoted to the training of retrievers for water fowl shooting? The upland shooting in this locality has been gone for many years, and about the only use we have for a bird dog, is for water fowl shooting. I am thinking of getting a new dog for that purpose, and would like to have your opinion. I have never seen one, but thought that I would like a Labrador for river shooting, mostly on the Missouri. What color are they? Is their disposition good? Are they keen scented? Intelligent and learn easily? Are they a large dog something like a Chesapeake?

Which would be preferable for this kind of shooting, a Labrador or an Irish Water Spaniel? Thanking you for any information you may give, I am

Yours very truly,
A. L. NEUMANN,
Oakland, Nebraska.

Dear Mr. Neumann:

While the book you mentioned was specifically devoted to upland shooting the part on retrieving will cover everything for dogs used duck hunting.

Labradors make good retrievers. They are intelligent and keen scented. Their color is black. They vary in size, and some are as large as the largest Chesapeakes. It is really a matter of taste. I can see no advantage in a Labrador over a good Irish Water Spaniel.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

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Famous Writer of Outdoor Stories

Every Hunter and Fisherman Reads Them—Outdoor Classics For All

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BY OZARK RIPLEY
His Latest. Dedicated to the Izaak Walton League. Carries the real flavor of hunting in field and forest.

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Win Thompson, 401 Greystone Terrace, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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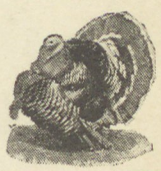
Ring-Necked Pheasants . . . Wild Mallard Ducks . . . Mammoth Bronze Turkeys

THE increasing popularity of Montcalm pheasants of all kinds has entirely exhausted this year's supply; although good hatches and successful brooding produced an exceptionally fine crop of birds. Orders are now being received for next year's hatch.

We are in a position to furnish our vigorous strain of beautifully colored Mallard Ducks for parks, private estates and high-class young Mammoth Bronze Turkeys for next year's breeders. Send for our new catalog. For prices address Montcalm Game Farm, R. F. D. No. 3, Box G, Phoenixville, Pa.



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Can furnish any number in season for restocking or coursing. Place cottontail orders now which can be shipped only in the late fall and winter months, can furnish Jacks at all times except in summer when the weather is hot. **MY PRICES WILL INTEREST YOU.** Live arrival guaranteed. Every customer satisfied.

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The Prize Winning Ranch

35 Pairs of Breeders
35 Pairs of Prize Winners

All Foxes Bred and Offered for Sale are from Prize Winners Only

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Catalog SABATTIS, N. Y.

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Big Profits from Silver Foxes Get our prices on Standards, Alaskans, or Borestone prize-winners. Let us help you get started on the way to wealth. Prolific well-furred, pedigreed stock. Write
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Classified for the Convenience of our Readers

January, 1928, Issue Outdoor America

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Address: Classified Advertising Department

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536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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MIRRORS resilvered at home. Costs less 5 cents per square foot. You charge 75 cents. Immense profits plating auto parts, reflectors, tableware, stoves, refinishing metalware, etc. Outfits furnished. Details free. Write, Sprinkle, Plater, 720 Marion, Indiana. (3-2)

BANKRUPT and Rummage sales. $50.00 daily. We start you, furnishing everything. Distributors, Dept. 238, 429 W. Superior, Chicago. (9x27)

Archery

YEW bow staves from the Cascade Mts. of Oregon. Yew bows, target hunting and flight arrows, leather quivers, arm guards and archers' gloves to order. Hunting arrow heads, finest steel, hand made, $3.00 the dozen. H. D. Hobson, Lyons, Oregon. (3-3)

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AUTO owners. Clean your car easily and quickly with Lanowa Polishing Mitt. No muss or fuss. Send for descriptive circular and price. Schade & Co., 541-E. 117th St., Whiting, Ind.

Boats and Motors

NEW Eltos and Lockwoods, also demonstrators and used outboards. Prices on request. John C. Jago, 107 Sycamore Street, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-1)

MAKE 16 foot rowboat. Blueprint 30c. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Michigan. (3-2)

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"BAIT for Fish," by the author of "Signs for Fishermen." Tells how to get, keep and use bait and many old fishermen's secrets. Cloth binding $1.00. Full leather $2.00. Harry R. Yale, Lima, Ohio. (2-2)

BURHANS' famous dog book on profitable breeding, feeding, training, selling, diseases, remedies, puppy rearing, kennel management. 68 pages, illustrated. Postpaid for 10c. A. Burhans, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-1)

BOOK on Ginseng, Goldenseal culture. 50 cents postpaid. Reed Starcher, Kenmore, Ohio. (3-3)

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CHOICE Cabin Sites. Mantrap Lake, Itasca Park Region, Minnesota. Large lots $125.00 upwards. $5.00 down, $5.00 per month. Free Literature. Guy E. Chinn, 1534 Searle, Des Moines, Iowa.

ARIZONA Lion Hunting. We have well trained hounds, good horses. Guarantee one or more lions. Lee & Mayer, Paradise, Arizona. (3-1)

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Decoys

FOR Sale: Small type English call decoys. Northern grown and hardy. Neck bands free with each fowl. Remember this address for eggs this spring. Send you baby duck if you rather. Styles & Son, Hartford, South Dakota. (3-2)

LIVE mallard decoys, $1.50 each. Genuine small English calls, hens $2.50, Drakes $2.00. sent COD. Guaranteed. C. G. Coffman, Carthage, Illinois.

GUARANTEED genuine little English call ducks. Japanese silky bantams. Eggs for spring delivery. Audley Russell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-2)

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Dogs

Airedales

AIREDALE puppies for sale from registered hunting stock, eligible to register. Males, $12.00; females, $7.00. J. D. Hartwell, Tamarack, Minn.

REGISTERED Airedale pups, 5 months old, priced right. Chas. Leeper, Clarksville, Ia.

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BEAGLE puppies from good hunting and field trial bloodlines. Eligible for registration. $12.50 each. Alfred Greuel, Effingham, Illinois. (3-2)

BEAGLE Pups, males, $8.50. Females, $7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-3)

BEAGLES, rabbit hounds. C. O. D. Trial. Plowman, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-1)

BEAGLES broken. Puppies, Coon Dogs. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (6-5)

Bull Dogs

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull pups, $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-1)

Chesapeakes

AT stud: McIntyes' Brownie Mac Grand Champion Chesapeake Bay. Dead grass color. Five Chesapeake puppies for sale. Yellow Lake Lodge, F. C. Ullrich, Webster, Wisconsin. (3-3)

DEAD grass colored Chesapeakes. Trained dogs and pups from my champion and experienced retrievers. Oliver Porter, M. D., 2510 Dupont Ave. S, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-2)

CHOICE Chesapeake Bay puppies $25.00. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-3)

Collies

HIGH-CLASS puppies, eligible, intelligent, type, bloodlines, trustworthy, courageous, excellent specimens, $20.00. Floyd Hale, Farmersville, Ohio. (3-1)

Dalmatians

CHOICE Coach Puppies, eligible to registration. Prices reasonable. Regal Dalmatian Kennels, Nevada, Ohio. (3-2)

COACH puppies. Eligible to registration. Registered dogs at stud. Kane, Leland, Illinois. (6-1)

Dogs

Eskimos

GENUINE Labrador and Greenland Eskimo Dogs make attractive, intelligent, and trustworthy pets. Pedigreed pups fifty dollars and up. Edward P. Clark, West Milan, N. H. (3-1)

Hounds

COON hunters, if you are through experimenting with inferior and unreliable coonhounds, and if you are willing to pay the price a good dog is worth, it will pay you to investigate the Oorang Top-Notch Coonhounds, which are the outstanding choice selection of thousands of highly trained dogs. Oorang Top-Notch Coonhounds sell at $150.00 each and they are shipped on ten days' trial with the understanding that we pay return express charges out of our own pocket and refund purchase price if you are not entirely satisfied. We also have other Coonhounds at $75.00 to $100.00 each which are better than are usually found at the price. Our complete catalog of the world's largest dog kennels mailed to your address for ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9-B, LaRue, Ohio. (3-3)

ARKANSAS best hunting hounds. Extra high class coon hounds $100.00. High class coon hounds $75.00. Extra high class coon, skunk and Opossum hounds $75.00. High class combination tree hounds $50.00. Good average combination tree hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Partly trained. One and two year old hounds $20.00. Coon hound pups $10.00. Extra high class fox hounds $75.00. High class fox hounds $50.00. Good average fox hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Champion Rabbit hounds $20.00. Trial allowed. References in your State. Twenty-two years a shipper. Henry Fort, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale, extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds, fox, wolf and coyote hounds, rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started at $15.00 each. Pointers and setters, Foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Catalogue ten cents. (12x27)

COONERS Bluetick Black, tan, hardened hunters. No trash, $40.00 to $75.00 each. Redbone spotted combination hunters, $30.00 to $50.00 each. Rabbit routers, gun field broken, $15.00 to $17.50. 10 day trial. Ginger, Box 4, Herrick, Illinois.

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds cheap. Trial. Redbones, Blueticks, Blacks, Tans, Spotted. Coon, Opossum, Skunk, Mink, Wolf, Rabbit Hounds. Hunting Supplies. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, SH25, Herrick, Illinois.

RUSSIAN wolfhounds, staghounds, greyhounds; redbone coonhounds. Trailhounds, staghounds cross. All ages. Stamps photos, 10c. Henry Neu, Curtis, Nebr. (2-1)

TRAINED Walker foxhounds and puppies. Bred from a pack that have won fifty-eight trophies since 1920. South Mountain Kennels, Smithsburg, Maryland. (3-3)

FOR Sale: Coon, skunk, opossum, rabbit hounds. Free trial. V. Langdon, Dresser, Ill. (3-1)

HIGH Class fox, deer, coon hounds. 20 years a shipper. State wants. Stephens Kennels, Marshall, Ark. (3-1)

HUNDRED hunting hounds cheap. Hunting supplies. Kaskaskennels, S. H. 25, Herrick, Illinois.

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

HUNTING Hounds, Cheap; Trial. Dixie Kennels, A 2, Herrick, Illinois. (3-1)

REDBONE pup, 15/16 purebred, $7.50. Wolf Bros., Ligonier, Ind. R. 4.

Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs

THE World's largest kennel has Oorang Airedale watch-dogs, automobile companions, children's playmates, hunters, retrievers, stock-drivers. Also Big Game Hounds, Coonhounds, Foxhounds and Rabbit Hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by canine specialists and shipped on trial. Price $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies $25.00 to $45.00 each. Catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-2)

FOX terriers, collies, bulldogs, pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Indiana. (12-5)

RAT Terriers, Fox Terriers, Police, Beagles. Lists 10c. Pete Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill. (6-3)

FOR Sale: St. Bernard male pup. Eligible to register. Thomas Rockford, Earlville, Illinois.

GREAT Danes, registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (6-5)

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FOR Sale: Thoroughbred Newfoundland pups. Also two registered females two and three years old. A. G. Murray, Square Deal Kennels, Nashville, Michigan.

BEAUTIFUL pedigreed Newfoundland puppies. Children's safest companion and watch guard. Lone Cedar Farm Kennels, Hartsville, Indiana.

NEWFOUNDLAND puppies. Pedigreed. Best companions for children. M. C. Huckbody, Wausau, Wis.

THE Lieblein Kennels, Dodge, North Dakota, offer for sale registered Newfoundland Puppies, Landseers and blacks. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL intelligent pedigreed Newfoundland puppies for sale. Robert Cochran, Dewey, Illinois.

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POINTERS and setters. Have some extra fine puppies, all ages. Also some partly trained dogs and a few thoroughly trained dogs. All extra fine individuals and the best of bloodlines, all shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Catalogue ten cents. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (12x27)

60 HIGH class pure bred English Irish Gordon setters and pointers. Broken dogs and young dogs all ages for sale. Some beautiful stud dogs and bred bitches. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minnesota. (3-1)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

BARGAIN, English setters whelped January 1st. Eugene M. Strain, best dogs ever went afield, yard worked, over distemper. Twenty-five dollars. H. C. Guinea, Weiser, Idaho. (3-1)

BROKEN pointers, dog and bitch 3 years old. The kind to kill the limit over. $65.00 each C. O. D. 3 days trial. Guy W. Moore, R. 5, Memphis, Tenn. (3-1)

IRISH Setter pups 4-9 months; Champion Terry of Boyne Bud Law, Champion Bob of Down and Champion Palmerton. Connemara Grand Breeding. E. T. Burke, Farmersville, Illinois.

PEDIGREED English Setter Puppies. Two months old. Riley Frush and Count Moring breeding. Males, $20.00. F. H. Adams, Hartley, Iowa. (3-3)

FOR Sale: Real honest to goodness Irish setters now ready to train, all papers. L. D. Hegg, Covington, Indiana. (3-2)

IRISH setter puppies. Good blood. Papers furnished. J. E. Prai, Brainard, Nebraska. (3-2)

TRAINED pointers and setters, staunch, and real game finders. $45.00 each, on trial. W. Finley, Sedalia, Ky. (3-1)

AT stud: Irish Setter: by Sean of Boyne, Pocahontas Red Jacket. Fee $15.00. Axel Nelson, Newell, Iowa. (3-3)

Dogs

Police Dogs

60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (6-4)

BEAUTIFUL police dogs, bitches, pups and stud; reasonable. Hedback Kennels, Cumberland, Wisconsin. (3x27)

HUNDRED pedigreed police pups, grown dogs, priced to sell, approval. T. M. Helmer, Hannaford, North Dakota.

EXTRA fine Police Pups five months old. Price very low. Lee Pickering, Minerva, Ohio.

SPLENDID Police Matron registered $50. Gardiner, Winterset, Ohio.

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SPRINGER pups from exceptional working strain, combining blood lines of Prince of Avendale, Field Trial Champions Rex, Flush and Flint of Avendale and Colinette, and International Champion Laverstoke Powder Horn. Five handsome bitches, $25.00 each, one dog $40.00. Shipped on approval. S. B. Buckner, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER spaniels at stud. "Rivington Valentine" (imp) black and white. "Rivington Roysterer" (imp) Liver and white. At one show their progeny won thirteen firsts, two seconds, including best in show, all breeds. Illustrated particulars. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-2)

FOR Sale: A. K. C. pedigreed black cocker spaniel puppies. None better. Sired by Rocko Rockatello, grand sire, Bonny Moore Prince. Males $30.00, females $20.00. Sidney Adema, Roscoe, Ill. (3-2)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Choice farm raised pups. Avandale blood. $25.00 upward. Partly broken bitches in whelp. Bargain. Papers furnished and ship on approval. Lakeland Kennels. H. J. Robertson, Olivia, Minn. (3-2)

CLOSING out. High class springer spaniels. Pups $15.00 to $25.00. Grown dogs $35.00 and up. Best blood lines. Papers furnished. J. F. Meyer, Chadron, Nebr.

FOR Sale: English Springer Spaniel puppies. Sire Imported Rivington Royesterer. Dam, blue ribbon winner. Whelped Oct. 15, W. Carlson, Hoopeston, Illinois.

FOR Sale: Irish Water Spaniels of the best working strain procurable. The greatest retrieving spaniel and the best all round sporting dog. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-1)

IRISH Water Spaniel Puppies, from experienced, well bred workers. Splendid retrievers land or water. Wonderful intelligence. E. A. Haney, Manson, Iowa.

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. Sire by Rivington Bob and Dams by Champion Port of Avandale, and Champion Springbok of Ware. C. A. Bahde, Frankfort, South Dakota.

SPRINGER spaniels. Litter puppies, 4 months old. Real stock, priced right. Tip of Iowa at Stud. Fee $25.00. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wisconsin. (3-3)

SPRINGERS: We are short of room and will sell a few choice puppies in liver and white, and black and white, at $25.00 each. Joe Stephenson, Boyne Falls, Mich. (3-2)

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males $15.00, Females $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-2)

AMERICAN Brown Water Spaniel Puppies. Genuine "Curly Coats" registered stock. Marc Woodmansee, Box 87, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-1)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

AT Stud: A Reg. Irish Spaniel. Sire—Irish Toney, Dam—Topsy O'Dare. Fee $15.00. Ship to J. W. Lockie, Pomeroy, Ia. (3-2)

COCKER Puppies from first class show and hunting strains. Some ready for training. Rowland, Greensville, Ontario. (3-2)

COCKER Spaniels. Beautiful youngsters; from thorough hunters, registered; $25 up. Pellor Farm, Northeast, Pa. (3-3)

FOR Sale: Several Springer and Cocker Spaniel puppies. Good ones and bred in the purple. Nishnabotna Kennels, Red Oak, Iowa.

IRISH water spaniel puppies, best of breeding, from real workers. All papers for registration. H. L. Franklin, Greeley, Colorado. (3-1)

IRISH Water Spaniels. Working strains with type and brains. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Mont. (3-3)

REGISTERED Springer Spaniels, puppies, beautiful stock, price right. Phil Ziebarth, Plentywood, Mont.

SPRINGER Spaniels, puppies, youngsters and trained dogs. All papers. G. L. Gosney, Dayton, Washington.

SPRINGER spaniel puppies (Springbock of Ware breeding). Choice. W. H. Milward, Madison, Wisconsin.

THIRTY springers. Send for list. Avalon Kennels (Reg.). Al. Nichter, Canal Fulton, Ohio. (3-3)

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DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

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IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

A FEW choicely bred wirehaired fox terriers. Puppies and grown dogs. Marathon Kennels, Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-1)

FOR Sale: Irish terriers, six months old. Pedigreed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Alba Elkins, Kokomo, Ind.

SCOTTISH terriers—(die-hards) puppies from imported prize winning stock. H. C. Hanson, 82 South Clinton St., East Orange, New Jersey.

TWENTY-ONE years' breeding registered classy fox terriers. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-1)

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GET my special rate for training shooting dogs. Also Pointers, Setters for sale. McGovney's Kennels, Washington C. H., Ohio.

WANTED field trial and shooting dogs by month or job. J. B. Jefferies, Ripley, Miss. (3-1)

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WANTED puppies, all breeds. Write age, sex, lowest price in first letter. Market Pet Shop, 439 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and fcund as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

WORM your dog, give Revilo the genuine Tetrachlorethylene. Safer and more effective than any wormer yet discovered. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Bulk prices sent on request. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 18, Quincy, Illinois. (8x27)

RUNNING—Barking—Fits or Fright—Disease. The oldest most reliable fit cure on the market. In most cases the symptoms disappear after the first pill. Worst case cured in 3 days. Your money back if not satisfactory. 30 pills $1.15, 100 pills $3.00, 200 pills $5.00. Prepaid. Superfines Beagle Remedy Co., Manistique, Michigan. (3-1)

REGISTER your dog. Application blanks and rates for stamp. American Dog Breeders Stud Book, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-3)

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B&M SPORTER introduces a properly stocked factory made rifle. The first designed throughout for Hunting Scope use. The only completely equipped Sporter at a popular price. Consists of Remington Express Barrel (with special sights) and action (hand smoothed) and a special stock of Whelen design, complete with special sling equipment. B&M steel Butt-plate (shotgun type) and special Watson gold bead. Available with B&M Scope and Bolt Sleeve Sight. Write for free circulars on the new low priced Sporter, Telescope and Metallic Sights, Cleaning Rods, and reloading tools. Or send 50c stamps for complete B&M Handbook. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-1)

SPECIAL close out of new guns and rifles: N. R. Davis $17.50, Baker Batavia $27.50, Fox Sterlingworth $31.00, L. C. Smith $34.50, Lefever $24.00, Remington or Winchester pump guns $41.50, Winchester model 94 carbine $26.50, Remington model 14A $38.00, Savage model 99A $31.00. The above guns and rifles all gauges and calibres. Wanger & Co., 302 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. (2-1)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles, Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in the U. S. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (6-1)

THE Ovr-Unda gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (6-1)

EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking to order from five to eight dollars. Thirty-five years' experience. Work guaranteed. William Tietz, So. St. Paul, Minnesota. (3-2)

OVER-STOCKED Winchester '86 cartridges at $2.00 per hundred. Special pump guns at $33.75. McCallister's, Baltimore, Md. (3-2)

FACTORY secrets on gun bluing. No paint or lacquer. Formula and instructions mailed for $1.00. E. J. Simon, Dane, Wisconsin.

WANTED—Paterson and Walker Colt Revolvers, Colt dragoons, shoulder stocks and cylinder rifles. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-1)

NITRO Solvent formula, 25c. V. Deberthauser, Bowling Green, Missouri.

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TERRELL'S Giant Wild Rice Seed and 35 other plants for attracting fish, game, muskrats, etc. 32 years experience. Expert planting advice free. Discount on orders placed during winter. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 71 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-2)

MINNESOTA giant wild rice seed. Write for special price for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minnesota. (6-4)

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ANIMATED weedless bucktail and feather Bass flies, $6.00 per dozen; or your ideal from sample or faithful description at reasonable prices. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kansas. (3-1)

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BUTTERFLIES, bugs, insects, coins, eurios, Indian beads and arrows are more effectively displayed in a Shewana Display Fixture. Protected from dust and the touch of inquisitive hands. Swings from wall on special hinge. Ask for illustrated folder on Model G. Shewana Cabinet Works, Shipshewana, Indiana. (3-1)

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SPRUCE Gum. Refined from high grade stock fresh from Maine forest. Twenty 5c packages to box, $1.00 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-2)

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Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

ALL kinds of evergreens for forest planting. Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Write for price list. Keene Forestry Association, Box 378, Keene, N. H. (6-4)

MAPLES, elms, walnuts, etc., trees, three to six feet; $6.00 per dozen. Order now. Spring delivery. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-2)

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BARGAINS in new and used guns, binoculars, watches, diamonds. I buy, trade or sell. List free. Robert G. Parman, Arkansas City, Kansas. (3-1)

WILL exchange star gauge especially selected Springfield, excellent condition, for good shot gun. Samuel R. Dighton, Sanford, Florida. (3-1)

SIBERIAN genuine Tonquin Musk and artificial musk Ambrette. Fred Klotz, Reading, Pa.

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SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 30, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-1)

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WE offer extra fine, dark, Northern Minnesota Muskrats from our Battle Creek and Pine River Muskrat Ranches, for breeding stock, for delivery during 1928. $25.00 per pair for single pairs. Special prices for quantity contracts. All orders will be taken care of in the order received. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corp., R. F. D., Lake Elmo, Minnesota. (9x27)

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SUCCESSFUL Mink Raising, 22 pages 6x9 of practical information, pen drawings, illustrations of pens and animals. Mailed for $1.00. Our surplus 1927 mink are now sold. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-2)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-1)

FERRETS. Over thirty years experience. White or brown, females $5.50 each, males $4.75 each. Will ship C. O. D. Instruction book free. Levi Farnsworth, New London, Ohio.

SKUNKS easily raised. Bred skunks, raccoons, minks. Instructive interesting catalog, 10c. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minn. (3-2)

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BIGGER profits in Silver Foxes, if you buy our kind. Write for our attractive prices. Mengelt Fox Farm, Bangor, Wisconsin.

BEAVER. Breeding stock of animals pronounced by Government as best in the world. Write. Midway Land Co., Midway, Wis. (3-1)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-3)

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PHEASANTS. Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-2)

WILD geese—wild ducks—decoys—Breeders. Beautiful folder free. Wild Game Farm, Mohler, Ore. (3-3)

WILD live Ozark cotton-tail rabbits and fox and gray squirrels for sale. Live arrivals guaranteed. H. S. Ferrell, Cassville, Mo. (3-1)

500 — PHEASANTS — 500, Golden, Silver, Ring-Necks. Amazing Prices. "Hurry." Highland Pheasantry, Findlay, Ohio. (3-1)

WILD live Jack and Cottontail Rabbits. Live arrival guaranteed. Our prices will interest you. N. M. Cessna Co., Rago, Kansas. (3-1)

FERRETS, hand trained. C. O. D. $5.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa.

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FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Ozment Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (1x28)

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INDIAN eagle feather war bonnets only $10.00. Indian Silver bracelets, turquois mounting $5.00. (Send 25c for arrow head, foreign coin and catalogue). Indiancraft O. A. Company, 466 Connecticut, Buffalo, N. Y. (11x27)

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BARGAINS in 21 jewel Elgins, Walthams, Hamiltons and other standard watches, $24.50. Guaranteed to pass railroad inspections. Robert Parman, Arkansas City, Kansas. (3-2)

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WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-1)

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HAND engraved name plates for gun cases, dog collars, etc., with rivets for attaching, 50c. W. C. Alexander, Elkhart, Ind., R. 7, Box 200.

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SPORTSMEN: Beautiful 7x11 oil colored enlargement from your favorite vacation film. $1.00. Lawrence's, 433 12th St., Toledo, Ohio. (3-3)

TRUE oil painting of highest quality from your favorite snapshot, $10.00 and up. Send photo for estimate. The Voyageur's Studio, Adrian, Mich. (3-1)

ENLARGEMENTS—from your films—8x10 or 7x11 inches, fifty cents. Three same, one dollar. Hobby Shop, Box 6, Traffic Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (3-3)

PHOTOGRAPHS of live wild game. 50c each postpaid. H. Dillaway, Seattle, Wash., 2617 Boylston, North. (3-1)

Poultry

PLANS for poultry houses. All styles, 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 517, Indianapolis, Indiana. (5-3)

Printing, Stationery and Rubber Stamps

150 BOND letterheads, 8½x11, and 150 Envelopes printed to order $1.50. 125 Business cards $1.00. J. Ferreira, 249 Eugenia St., New Bedford, Mass. (3-1)

SPECIAL offer—150 Bond Letterheads, 8½ x 11, and 150 envelopes printed to order, $1.50. John Ferreira, 249-1 Eugenia St., New Bedford, Mass. (3-3)

YOUR name and address printed on 100 Bond sheets (5½x8¼) and 100 Bond envelopes, $1.50. W. R. Seltzer, 640 "E" St. Northeast, Washington, D. C. (Money with order.)

200 NOTEHEADS and 100 envelopes, $1.15, postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1268, Chicago. (3-2)

Rabbits

CHAMPION strain chinchillas Reds, Flemish Giants. John Robert Hemeyer, Snow Road, Cleveland, Ohio. (3-1)

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands. Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (3-3)

SILVER Fox Fur Rabbits, pure bred at reasonable prices. J. Smith, Yelm, Washington. (3-1)

Real Estate

CANADA Tax Sale. Buy these bargains by mail. Pay in monthly payments $5 or $10. $49.50 for 2 acres lake front. $63.00 for 25 acres on road. $180.00 for 100 acres with creek. $112.50 for 1,000 yards river frontage. $450.00 for 300 acres game preserve. $67.50 for 5 acres on Georgian Bay. $171.00 for 79 acres Ocean front. These are a few items taken at random from our new twenty page illustrated booklet of Canadian properties seized and sold for taxes, which is free for the asking. Beautifully situated hunting camps and fishing lodges where there is real hunting and fishing, summer cottage sites, islands, heavily wooded acreages situated in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario and the New North. Also farms in Old Ontario, Quebec, the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. You couldn't buy these for ten times the price in the ordinary way. Now is the time to invest in Canada's future—minerals, forests and farms. Don't delay. Send no money, but send for the booklet today so you will have first choice. Full particulars. Tax Sale Service, Room 610, 72 Queen Street West, Toronto 2, Canada. (3-3)

WANTED to get in touch with party wanting to lease several thousand acres of land in lower South Carolina, the best of quail shooting, also squirrels, rabbits, coons and foxes. Ideal climate. Land can be leased reasonable. For further particulars write J. C. Godwin, Colleton, S. C.

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-1)

CHOICE Land suitable for muskrat farming. Write, Einar Knudtson, Eau Claire, Wisconsin. (3-1)

FOR Sale: Lakeshore property in Arrowhead Country. Arrowhead Lakes Land Co., Tower, Minnesota. (3-3)

Schools

BECOME a Landscape Architect. Uncrowded profession. Wonderful opportunity for money-making. Easily mastered by mail. Earn while you learn. Est. 1916. Write for details. American Landscape School, 91, Newark, N. Y. (3-1)

Stamp Collecting

SENSATIONAL values. Over 140 different Algeria, Barbadoes, Cameroons, Gabon, etc., 10c. Lists free. 100 diff. U. S. 30c. 1000 hinges 9c. Hawkeye Stamp Co., Cedar Rapids, 49, Iowa. (3-2)

1000 DIFFERENT genuine stamps, only $1.00. Guaranteed to please or money back. A. B. Nickles, 213 Seaton, N. E., Washington, D. C. (3-3)

AFRICAN stamps free with orders, 10c packets; 500 different, 39c; 1000 different, 79c. High grade approvals. Simmons Stamp Company, Horton, Michigan. (3-3)

FIFTY different United States 10c. Stamps on approval at 60% discount. C. Seidenberg, Baroda, Michigan. (3-1)

1,000 DIFFERENT, $0.80; 2,000, $3.50; 500, 40c. Fred Onken, 630 79th Street, Brooklyn. (3-3)

FREE! Special illustrated fall bargain list. Stamps at 1-10 catalogue. Pennsylvania Stamp Company, Greensburg, Pa. (3-1)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-2)

BIG bargains, ¼ c up. Babcock, 405 E. Fort, Detroit, Michigan. (3-3)

STAMP collection for sale or trade, valuable rarities. R. Heike, Clayton, Illinois. (3-1)

3 NORTHERN, 3 Southern Rhodesia, 10c postpaid. Allion, Angola, Indiana.

Taxidermy

BETTER Taxidermy. Work that really reproduces nature. Scientifically correct and life-like, according to approved and tested modern museum methods. Experts in charge of all phases of the work. Birds, game heads, fish, tanning, museum groups. Get our free circular and list of moderate prices. Wire or write to the largest natural history house in America. General Biological Supply House, 761-763 East 66th Place, Chicago, Illinois. (3-3)

PROF. STAINSKY of national reputation, originator of Plastic Art in Taxidermy. Medals awarded at World's Fair, Paris, Chicago, St. Louis. We have climbed to the top not by pulling others down, but by carefully stepping over them with the assistance of the best methods known to science. Ship to Colorado Springs, Colorado, established 1874. (3-1)

GOOD taxidermists everywhere. Select their panels from our catalog. It's free. Nippon Panel Co., Williamsport, Pa. (3-1)

L. E. DRAWVER, Taxidermist, 23 years experience. Buffalo Heads for sale. 306 West Noble Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. (3-1)

TAXIDERMY, furrier service. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ralph Feld, 331 S. State, Marion, Ohio. (3-3)

GLASS eyes: G. Schoepfer, 16-18 W. 36th St., New York. (3-3)

Wanted

WANTED: White, red, spotted, freak raccoon. Acil Underwood, Maple Rapids, Michigan. (3-1)

CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 73. (7-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

OPPORTUNITY

for Red Blooded Americans Only

THE FOUNDER'S BUTTON
is awarded to those who organize new chapters.

THE FOB
is awarded to those who get five and ten new members.

IF you feel the urge to do something without pay; if unselfish services to God, Man and Country appeal to you; if you feel that the boys and girls of today and tomorrow should be given a square deal—an opportunity equal to that you enjoyed; if you are a Red Blooded American, and you must be or you would not have read this message to this point, then here is your opportunity to earn

WALTONISM'S "Marks of Merit"

If you love the fragrant breeze of outdoors, the sigh of the wind in the pines, the sublime artistry of Autumn's tinted woods—the lightning break of the hooked trout or bass—if you realize and want to save our natural resources, so America and Americans may continue forever to lead the world, say that you are willing to help this League "DO AND GROW" so that those things you love and long for may be perpetuated.

In order to designate those who have done their full share in this great work, the Izaak Walton League awards marks of merit. The Silver Founder's Button is awarded to those who organize new chapters. It is Waltonism's highest badge of service. The specially designed watch fob is given, in bronze, to those who get five new members for the League. The same fob, in Sterling Silver, is given those who get ten new members. There are special fobs in gold for chapter and division officers whose units most exceed their quotas.

Simply tear off—check how you will help, and mail today. Don't wait —do it now, before it is too late.

Izaak Walton League of America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

I want to—and I will—help.

Tell me how I can help you save the Potomac River Falls—the Superior National Forest—the Bear River Ducks—and to win flood control.

- ☐ I want to become a member.
- ☐ I will add (say how many).....new members. Please send me application cards and instructions.
- ☐ I will organize a chapter in..... (Name the town). Please send me instructions, so I may earn a Silver Founder's Button.
- ☐ The attached list of friends I have nominated for membership, to whom please send a copy of OUTDOOR AMERICA, and I will ask them to join the League.

Signed (name).....

Address.....

City and State.....

Are you a member? ☐ Yes ☐ No.

What Would YOU Do?

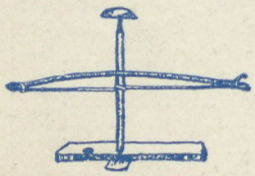
LOST IN THE WILDS -- NO FOOD -- ARISIN[illegible]VER --

For Food

No one acquainted with Ernest Thompson Seton ever starves to death in the wilds. He tells you about dozens of emergency foods. Roots, berries, mushrooms, lichen growths, etc., etc.

For Medicine

The woods are a regular drug store for those who know the medicinal value of the various leaves, barks and roots. One of the forest remedies which Ernest Thompson Seton suggests for a cold or fever is the flowering dogwood. He tells you how to identify the remedies he recommends.



For a Fire

If your matches get wet and you are cold it is well to know the several ways of starting a fire **without** matches. Above is a drawing by Seton which shows the use of drill, block, tinder, bow and socket, all made from materials you will find in the woods.

I am lost. Help!

If you should break a leg in the wilds, if you were sick and were becoming worse every moment, you should use the S. O. S. of the forest—two fires about fifty feet apart which will send up two columns of smoke. Other means of bringing aid from considerable distance are also suggested by Mr. Seton.

The Library of Pioneering & Woodcraft will tell you what you should do and entertain you too!

If your strength was failing—your head full of tortured thoughts of starvation—your throat parched for water—what would you do? A seasoned woodsman would not get in such a position. He would know how to avoid it. Even in a strange country, he would know how to locate water, how to keep his bearings, what roots, berries and other wild foods would sustain him in time of need. But do **you** know how to avoid it? Do you know how to "carry on" if it **does** ever happen to you? Food is at your feet if you can but recognize it. Medicine is on a nearby bush but you must know which one. Help is for sale if you know how to signal for it.

Prepare **now** for this emer[illegible]re now to **avoid** any of the hardships of the [illegible]re to enjoy your outing or hunting trip **as y[illegible]ave enjoyed one before!** Learn every secret of [illegible]om Ernest Thompson Seton's **Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft.**

No other man knows animals, plants, Indians and pioneer life as he does. No one else can tell you about it all so entertainingly. You can virtually sit at this master woodsman's camp-fire and listen to him talk as you read these six wonderful volumes on life in the open. Here is every feature of outdoor life, from preparing your outfit to trailing animals and first aid.

READ THESE BOOKS 5 DAYS FREE

Then Return or Pay Low Price in Easy Payments

The six books of **The Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft** are illustrated with 1450 drawings and photographs by the author. The type is large. They are handsomely bound with royal blue cloth. 1700 pages of outdoor thrills and adventure. They come to you without a cent of cost.

See for yourself why Seton is so popular with outdoor lovers. See how he thrills you. Read the articles on woodcraft. Read story after story of wild life in the open. Spend five happy evenings with Seton. Then if you are not singing his praises at the top of your voice send the books back at our expense.

Mail the coupon now! Read the books five days. Then, if you can make yourself part with them, send them back. But if you can't bear to see them leave, if Mr. Seton has become your friend, remit only $1 first payment and then $2 per month for 5 months. You don't risk a penny. Send for your set **today!**

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. S-391, Garden City, N. Y.

Mail This Coupon!

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. S-391,
Garden City, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me for free examination, the Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft (6 vols.) by Ernest Thompson Seton, illustrated with 1450 drawings and photographs by the author, and handsomely bound in National Blue Cloth. I shall either return the books within 5 days or send you only $1.00 as first payment, then $2 a month till the full price of $11.00 has been paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....